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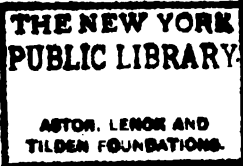












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GENERAL BURGOYNE

*Publish'd by W.<sup>m</sup> Jones, N<sup>o</sup> 86 Dame Street Dublin*

J O N E S's  
BRITISH THEATRE.

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VOL. VIII.

CONTAINING,

I.

THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

II.

THE HEIRESS.

III.

THE MAID OF THE OAKS.

IV.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

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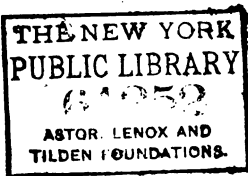
D U B L I N:

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FOR WILLIAM JONES, No. 86, DAME-STREET.

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1795.

W. A. S.



THE  
LORD OF THE MANOR.

A  
COMIC OPERA.

BY LIUET. GENERAL BURGOYNE.

ADAPTED FOR  
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

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## P R E F A C E.

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AMONG the many unpleasing circumstances attending the concealed writer of a dramatic piece (and they are more than are apt at first to occur to him), it is not one of the least considerable to a liberal mind, that other persons become sufferers by his failings. Thus while the real Author, on one hand, has enjoyed the compliment of having the Lord of the Manor ascribed to several men, for whom it is great literary credit to be mistaken; so, on the other, he has had the pain to see criticism extended from poetical to political principles, and made a vehicle for party reflections upon persons who never saw a line of his writing. Not only have the erroneous guesses shifted from man to man, they have fallen also upon men in a body: different scenes have been given to different pens; and sometimes these supposed writers have multiplied upon the imagination, till they became almost as numerous as the personages of the drama.

PERHAPS an apology may be due to every man who has been charged with this foundling; and the more especially as the parent himself means to continue still unknown—confessing ingenuously at the same time, that his temptations to break from his

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concealment far over-balance his discouragements: for after duly weighing every defect of fable, conduct, dialogue, &c. with which the severest critic could tax him, what candidate for praise in poetry would not bear the weight ten-fold, for the sole pride of avowing in his own name the songs which by many respectable judges have been attributed to Mr. SHERIDAN.

It is unnecessary to trouble the reader with the motives upon which so flattering a gratification is resisted.—Some of them perhaps are mere peculiarities of temper—Suffice it to say, that they are such, upon the whole, as induce this Author to request the few friends, who necessarily have been entrusted with his secret, not to think themselves at liberty, from any thing here said, to divulge it. For his own part he is desirous so far to satisfy the public curiosity (if curiosity remains upon so trifling a subject) as to declare that every word in the following Opera is the production of a single person; and should a mistake still rest upon any individual, it is fit that the burthen should be made as light as possible, by removing some prejudices which have been levelled unjustly against the *man*, whatever may become of others which may have been conceived against the *piece*.

BE it known, then, that these scenes were written last summer in the country for mere amusement

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—to relax a mind which had been engaged in more intense application—and the only view in bringing them upon the stage was a continuation of amusement, encouraged and enhanced by the reflection, that, if they were defective in many parts, they were harmless in all; that although they might not correct the follies, they would not offend the morals of the spectators.

It could not but be matter of surprise and some pain to a writer intent upon these principles, to find himself accused of having introduced the character of Captain Trepan, for the purpose of impeding the recruiting service of the army. To be thought a bad Poet, is but a common misfortune, and it may be borne with temper and in silence; but the imputation of being an ill-intentioned citizen requires an answer, though in this case, it is trusted, a short one will suffice.

THE writer has ever conceived, that as to shew the enormous vices of the time in their utmost deformity ought to be the great end of dramatic satire; so, in a lesser degree, to expose to ridicule any practice that favoured more of abuse than absolute vice, had its use. They who think the fallacies and frauds of recruiting dealers about this town necessary evils, which ought to be connived at, as contributory to the military strength of the nation, are ignorant of facts, or blind to consequences. So little is the writer of that opinion.

that he has thought it incumbent upon him to restore in print the passages which from apprehension of sudden misconstructions, and from no other apprehension, were omitted in the representation. An abler hand might have carried satire on this subject infinitely further, not only with a consciousness of doing no harm, but also a confidence of doing good. Let us suppose, for illustration-sake, that his Majesty were pleased to command the First Part of King Henry IV. and to order all the boxes to be kept for the new Commanders, which the policy of the times (from the scarcity undoubtedly of veterans) has placed at the head of corps raising or to be raised; and one of the galleries devoted exclusively to the Crimp Captains and their subalterns—might not public benefit be united with entertainment by a just exhibition of old Jack Falstaff's levies? and should it happen that any person present in such an audience were conscious of "*having misused the King's press damnably*"—or from any other cause were "*ashamed of his ragamuffins*"—surely he could not but feel grateful for so gentle a hint! and we might see effected by wit and mirth, a reformation, which under a harsh Sovereign might have been thought deserving of direct and exemplary reprehension.

A more serious defence can hardly be requisite upon this subject, after publication of the piece. At the Theatre, where the attention naturally (and in this instance most deservedly) has rested much

upon the music, the public sentiments sincerely meant to be inculcated may have escaped notice; but, in the closet, the writer, without a shadow of fear, rests his justification from the charge of ill-will to the military service, upon passages too numerous to be pointed out. He might almost say upon every character of the Drama—but particularly upon that of Trumore, where the two extremes of that passion which fills, or ought to fill, every youthful breast, is employed to excite martial ardour: in one instance, *disappointment* and *despondency* in love are made the motives for enlisting as a private foldier; in the other *success* in love, the supreme happiness in human existence, is not admitted as an excuse for relinquishing the military service during the exigencies of our country.

To disavow the aspersions I have mentioned, was the principal purpose of this address to the candour of the reader; but having taken up the pen, I will venture to offer to his further indulgence a few thoughts upon Opera, and particularly that species of it attempted in the ensuing pages.

THE Opera is a favourite entertainment in all the polite countries of Europe, but in none, that I know of, held subject to the laws of regular Drama. There is neither usage nor statute of criticism (if I may use that expression) to try it by, unless we look for such in some musical code. Metastasio, though a very respectable stage writer, has never been

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brought to the same bar with Corneille or Racine, or any other professors of correct Tragedy. The vital principle and very soul of Italian Opera is music; and provided it be well maintained in composition and execution, every inconsistency, in fable, conduct, or character, is not only always pardoned, but often applauded.

THE French Opera (without entering into the disputed points concerning its music or denying the many beautiful passages which may be extracted from its poetry) is if possible more absurd than the Italian in its departure from probability. To the powers of sound is added all that decoration, machinery, beauty, and grace, can supply to enchant the eye and the fancy, and so forcible, it must be allowed, is their effect, that the judgment receives no shock, when tyrants and lovers, heroes and peasants, gods and devils, are singing and dancing in amicable chorus all together.

THE reader will go with me in applying every thing yet said to the serious or great Opera. Another species, but no more of the legitimate family of Comedy than the former is of Tragedy, has been introduced in all the countries I have alluded to. In England both have been in use in our native language, but with very different success. I have no hesitation in pronouncing an opinion, that the adopting what is called recitative into a language, to which it is totally incongruous, is the cause of

failure in an English serious Opera much oftner than the want of musical powers in the performers. In countries where the inflection of voice in recitative upon the stage is little more than what the ear is used to in common discourse, the dialogue of the drama is sustained and strengthened by a great compass of tones; but in our northern climates, in proportion as the ordinary expression comes nearer monotony, recitative, or musical dialogue, will seem the more preposterous\*.

I WILL not contend (though I have my doubts) that it is impossible for genius to invent, and for voice to deliver, a sort of recitative that the English language will bear. But it must be widely different from the Italian. If any specimens can yet be produced of it's having been effected, they will be found to consist only of a few lines introductive of the air which is to follow, and as such received by the ear just as symphony would be. Very few serious pieces, except Artaxerxes, can be recollected upon our Theatre where it has not entirely failed, even when assisted by action: in Oratorios it is, with a few exceptions, and those sustained by accompaniment, a soporific that even the thunder of Handel's chorusses are hardly loud enough to overcome.

THERE may be enthusiasts in music who will treat the disagreeable I have described to want of ear.

\* SEE Mr. Addison upon this subject, Spectator No. 29, and others of his papers upon the Opera.

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Let ear be understood merely as the organ by which the mind is to receive more or less delight from sublime English verse, and I should be happy to see the dispute brought to public issue—the test should be the performance of Alexander's Feast as now set to music throughout; and the performance of that inimitable ode with the songs alone preserved in music, and the rest delivered by Mrs. Yates without accompaniment, or other melody, than her emphatic elocution.

I TRUST that in contending against musical dialogue in English, I shall not be understood to think that all music is inapplicable to the higher compositions of our stage. On the contrary I am convinced that under judicious management music is capable of giving them effect beyond what our best authors can attain without it—music can add energy to Shakspeare himself. Indignant as an English audience would be to hear King Lear deliver himself in recitative, I believe no person, who had a heart or taste, ever contemplated the mute groupe of Cordelia with the aged parent asleep in her lap, and the physician watching by, without an encrease of sensibility from the soft music which Mr. Garrick introduced into that scene. The same observation will hold good with respect to the additional horror excited in Macbeth, and delight in the Tempest, from the judicious use of both song and instruments. I cannot help quoting another instance of the application of music which I have always

thought a happy one. At the close of the tragedy of the Gamester, when the distress is raised to such a pitch that language fails under it, how forcibly is the impression left upon the audience by music, accompanying the slow descent of the curtain over the mournful picture! How preferable such a conclusion to the usual one of an actor straddling over dead bodies to deliver a tame moral in tame rhyme to the pit, in the same breath, and often in the same tone, in which he is to give out the play. But surely no man can be so void of discernment as not to see clearly the difference between recitative and music thus applied: the one diverts the attention from sense to sound, breaks the propriety and very nerve of our language, and by giving to the expression of the passions cadences of which we never heard an example, nor can form a conception in real life, destroys that delusion and charm of fancy which makes the situations before us our own, and is the essence of dramatic representation: the other upon the principle of the chorus of the antients, serves to excite and to combine attention and emotion, and to improve and to continue upon the mind the impressions most worthy to be retained.

I AM aware that I have entered further into the grave Drama than my subject required: but the digression will be found excusable in as much as the same doctrine applies to comic productions, and as it will serve to shorten the trouble of the reader in what I have further to offer.

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ONE branch of comic opera which meets with success on our stage is evidently a graft from the Burletta of the Italians; and little as I may admire it in general, I will venture to say, respectively to the writing, it is improved in our soil. Midas, the Golden Pippin, and some others, considered as pieces of parody and burlesque, are much better than any Italian Burletta I know. In fact, there is in general in the Italian Drama of this name an insipidity, mixed with buffoonery too low to be called farcical, which would make the representation insupportable in England, were the language understood, or attended in any other view than as the introduction and display of exquisite music.

I CANNOT easily bring myself to allow the higher branch of our Comic Opera, to be of foreign extraction. From the time the Beggar's Opera appeared, we find pieces in prose, with songs interspersed, so approaching to regular Comedy in plot, incident, and preservation of character, as to make them a distinct species from any thing we find abroad—and is it too much to add that the sense, wit, and humour to be found in some of them are sterling English marks by which we may claim the species as our own? The musical pieces at Paris, upon the Theatre called *Les Italiens* sprung up from the decline of a sort of Drama where half the personages were Italian, as was half the language. When Harlequin and Argentine grew unfashionable, such other representations as served best for an hour of mere dissipation succeed-

ed, and the light and easy music with which they were accompanied, made them very popular. But the pieces are either parodies, or founded in general upon materials which would be thought in England too flimsy for any thing but an after-piece. They are composed with an amusing playfulness of imagination, which runs Love through all its divisions, and usually contain abundance of very pretty vocal music with a scarcity of incident and little variety of character. It is not intended to degrade or depreciate this stile of writing as applicable to a Paris audience: it is only meant to state it more widely separate and distinct from the force and spirit of regular comedy than our own. They who are unacquainted with the Paris theatre, are referred for judgment upon this subject to the *Deserter*, *Zemira and Azor*, and other direct translations; and to *Daphne and Amintor*, and *Thomas and Sally*, and other after-pieces, very good in their kind, but written after the French manner. The *Padlock* is above this class in display of characters; and the French have nothing upon their Musical Comic Stage to compare as resembling *Comedy*, with *Love in a Village*, or the *Maid of the Mill*, or, to take still greater credit to our Theatre, the *Duenna*.

THE Lord of the Manor, although the leading incident of the story is professedly taken from the *Silvain* of *Marmontel*, is an humble attempt at the species of Opera which I have ventured to call English, and to describe as a drama the next in grad-

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tion below regular Comedy, and which might perhaps be carried a step above it. It will not therefore be thought want of attention to the excellencies of Marmontel's piece, which as adapted to French manners I believe no man of taste will dispute, but respect and preference to our stage, that induced me to alter and enlarge the plan and conduct of the original, to substitute characters, and to add scenes and circumstances entirely new.

I KNOW not a feature of character preserved from Marmontel, except the sensibility and artless innocence of the young women—qualities which to be truly represented, admit of little diversity by change of country.

I SHOULD be sorry if taking part, or even the whole of a story from a foreign stage, when such a story can be made applicable to our customs and characters, and is entirely new worked up for that purpose, could be deemed plagiarism, because it would be a confinement to the invention rather pedantic than useful.

BUT while I am taking credit for borrowing so little as one incident, there may be those who think I had better have borrowed a great deal more. I can only say that translation, or imitation, would have cost less pains, as it is easier to spin \* sentiment, than

\* *Filer le Sentiment.*

to delineate character, and to write twenty songs to please the ear, than half as many lines of such Comedy as ought to satisfy the judgment. I do not contend that a direct copy of Marmontel would not have been a much better thing than my talents have been able to make; I only insist it would not have been English drama. Continued uninterrupted scenes of tenderness and sensibility (*Comédie larmoyante*) may please the very refined, but the bulk of an English audience, including many of the best understanding, go to a comic performance to laugh in some part of it at least. They claim a right to do so upon precedents of our most valued plays—and every author owes it to them, so long as the merriest amongst them shews he is equally capable of relishing and applauding what is elevated and affecting—an observation I have always seen hold good in an English gallery.

It might be assuming too much to quote any passages from the Lord of the Manor, as a test that every part of the house can relish refined sentiment; but were the fact ten times more apparent, I should still adhere to my former opinion, and intermix mirth. The censure of a critic of fashion here and there in the boxes, who reckon every thing low which is out of their own sphere, would never persuade me to turn Moll Flagon out of my piece (easy as it would be to conduct the story without her) while she excites so much pleasure in general, as to prove the character can neither be false in nature, nor void of humour.

AND now a few words upon what I conceive would be the plan of writing, were men of genius and taste to try a specimen of correct musical comedy.

IN a representation which is to hold "a mirror up to nature;" and which ought to draw its chief applause from reason, vocal music should be confined to express the feelings of the passions, but never to express the exercise of them. Song, in any action in which reason tells us it would be unnatural to sing, must be preposterous. To fight a duel, to cudgel a poltroon in cadence may be borne, in a burletta, upon the same principle that in the serious opera we see heroes fight lions and monsters, and sometimes utter their last struggles for life in song, and die in strict time and tune: but these liberties would be totally inadmissible in the kind of drama which I am recommending. My idea might be further explained by a passage in the piece of Marmontel before referred to. It appeared to one of the newspaper critics, that I had been guilty of a great error in not introducing a scene in the *Silvain*, wherein the *Gardes Chasse* of the Seigneur attack the sportsman with guns in their hands, threatening to shoot him unless he surrenders his gun, which he persists in preserving. By the bye, this sort of authority is more natural in France than I hope it would yet be thought to be in England: but that was not my principal objection. This scene, upon the French stage is all in song; and even at

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Paris, where licence of throwing action into song is so much more in use than it is here, and where I have often seen it excellently performed, the idea of five or six fellows with fusils presented at a gentleman's head, and their fingers upon the triggers, threatening his life in bass notes, he resisting in tenor, and a wife or daughter throwing herself between them in treble, while the spectator is kept in suspense, from what in reality must be a momentary event, till the composer has run his air through all its different branches, and to a great length, always gave me disgust to a great degree.

MUSIC, therefore, if employed to express action, must be confined to dumb shew. It is the very essence of pantomime; and we have lately seen upon the opera stage how well a whole story may be told in dance; but in all these instances music stands in the place of speech, and is itself the only organ to express the sentiments of the actor.

TO return to the application of vocal music upon the English theatre: it must not only be restrained from having part in the exercise or action of the passions; care must be also taken, that it does not interrupt or delay events for the issue of which the mind is become eager. It should always be the *accessory* and not the *principal* subject of the drama; but at the same time spring out of it in such a manner that the difference can hardly be discerned, and that it should seem neither the one nor the other could be spared.

AND notwithstanding all these restrictions, vocal music judiciously managed would have many occasions to distinguish its own specific charms, at the same time that it embellished, enriched, and elevated regular dramatic compositions. In tragedy, I am convinced, the mind would peculiarly feel its powers.

"Not touch'd but rapt, not waken'd but inspir'd."

IN the humbler, but not less instructive line of comedy, its office would be to convey through the sweetest channel; and to establish by the most powerful impressions upon the mind, maxim, admonition, sentiment, virtue.

SHOULD any thing I have said strike a man of genius and taste with the distinction I have endeavoured to establish between comic opera and musical comedy, viz. between "elaborate trifles" made secondary to music, and sense and spirit inculcated and sustained by it, new subjects could not be wanting to engage their trials; or if it occurred to men of that description to try an experiment upon an old subject, and a poet could be found courageous enough to engraft upon Shakespeare, as has been done upon Milton in *Comus*; perhaps no subject could be found in the whole range of fancy better fitted for musical comedy than the play of "As you like it." Indeed it seems by some songs thrown into the original, that it was the idea

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of the great author himself. To multiply the songs, excellent materials might be taken from the piece itself, without injury to the eloquent and brilliant passages which are better adapted to the energy of elocution and action. And where materials failed in the original, what true votary of the Muse would not find animation, and assistance in his inventive faculties, from the prospect of being admitted before the public a companion to Shakespeare !

In the mean time the Lord of the Manor has been offered, not as an example, but an excitement to improve that species of drama.

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— fungar vice cotis ; acutum  
 Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exfores ipse fecandi.

It would be affectation in me, as well as ingratitude to the public, to deny the pleasure I have had in the very favourable reception of this piece. At the same time I trust that I am duly sensible how much of the success is to be attributed to the exertions of the performers, the merits of the Orchestra, and the excellence of Mr. Jackson's composition. Among all the circumstances of satisfaction, there is not one more pleasing to the reflection than that the bringing this humble production upon the stage, has been the means of making me acquainted with a man whose harmony I sincerely believe to be characteristic of his mind,——equal to any

exertions, but peculiarly exquisite; when expressive of the social, tender, quiet, and amiable qualities of the human heart.

BEFORE I dismiss this theatrical subject, upon which I have hazarded many opinions that for ought I know may be singly mine, I am free to confess, that in calling upon men of genius to try the effect of my ideas, I have had my eye particularly upon Mr. Sheridan. As an author, he is above my encomium; as a friend, it is my pride to think we are exactly upon a level. From the consideration of him in both those capacities, I feel myself more interested than the rest of the world, in a performance he has some time given us reason to expect. His Muse, though without participation of my cause, will naturally and of necessity be the advocate of it, by verifying and exemplifying true musical comedy; and such a sanction from the author whom all respect, will be rendered doubly precious to myself by its proceeding, also from the man I love.

THE AUTHOR.



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*DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

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*DRURY-LANE.*

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*Men.*

SIR JOHN CONTRAST,	-	-	-	Mr. Parsons.
CONTRAST,	-	-	-	Mr. Palmer.
TRUMORE,	-	-	-	Mr. Vernon.
RASHLY,	-	-	-	Mr. Bannister.
RENTAL,	-	-	-	Mr. Aickin.
LA NIPPE,	-	-	-	Mr. Dodd.
CAPTAIN TREPAN,	-	-	-	Mr. Baddeley.
SERJAANT CRIMP,	-	-	-	Mr. R. Palmer.
HUNTSMAN,	-	-	-	Mr. Du Bellamy.
CORPORAL SNAP,	-	-	-	Mr. Williams.

*Women.*

ANNETTE,	-	-	-	Miss Prudon.
SOPHIA,	-	-	-	Miss Farren.
PEGGY,	-	-	-	Mrs. Wrighten.
MOLL FLAGON,	-	-	-	Mrs. Suett.

**SOLDIERS, RECRUITS, COUNTRYMEN.**

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THE  
LORD OF THE MANOR.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

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*At the close of the overture a peal of bells is heard at a distance, the curtain continuing down. When the peal is nearly finished the curtain rises, and discovers a magnificent entrance to a park, with a view of a Gothic castle on an eminence at a distance. On the side scene, near the park gate, the outside of a small neat farm house with a bank of turf before the door, on which SOPHIA and ANNETTE are seated and at work—ANNETTE throws down her work, and runs to meet PEGGY, who enters immediately on the other side—SOPHIA continues her work pensively.*

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*Peggy.*

**K**EEP it up, jolly ringers—ding dong and away with it again. A merry peal puts my spirits quite in a hey-day—what say you, my little foreigner?

*Ann.* You know, Peggy, my spirits are generally in time and tune with yours. I was out of my wits for your coming back to know what was going on—Is all this for the wake!

*Peg.* Wake! an hundred wakes together would not make such a day as this is like to be. Our new landlord, that has bought all this great estate of Castle Manor, is arrived; and Rental the steward, who went up to London upon the purchase, is with him, and is to be continued steward. He has been presenting the tenants—and they are still flocking up to the castle to get a sight of Sir John,—Sir John—

*Ann.* What is his name?

*Peg.* I declare I had almost forgot it, tho' I have heard all about him—Sir John Contrast—Knight and Baronet—and as rich as Mexico—an ox is to be roasted whole—the whole country is to be assembled—such feasting—dancing—

*Ann.* Oh! how I long to see it! I hope papa will let us go—do not you, sister?

*Soph.* No, indeed; my hopes are just the reverse; I hate nothing so much as a croud and noise.—Enjoy the gaiety for which your temper is so well fitted, Annette, but do not grudge me what is equally suited to mine—retirement.

*Ann.* I grudge it to you only, Sophy, because it nourishes pain.

## SINGS.

*If an amorous heart,  
Is distinguished by smart,  
Let mine still insensible be;  
Like the Zephyr of spring,  
Be it ever on wing,  
Blythe, innocent, airy, and free.*

*Love, embitter'd with tears,  
Suits but ill with my years,  
When sweets bloom enmingled around;  
Ere my homage I pay,  
Be the godhead more gay,  
And his altars with violets crown'd.*

*Peg.* Well said, my mademoiselle! though I hate the French in my heart, as a true Englishwoman, I'll be friends with their sunshine as long as I live for making thy blood so lively in thy veins. Were it not for Annette and me, this house would be worse than a nunnery.

*Soph.* Heigh ho!

*Ann.* Aye, that's the old tune. It's so all night long! sigh! sigh! pine! pine! I can hardly get a wink of sleep.

*Peg.* And how is it ever to end? The two fathers are specially circumstanced to make a family alliance. A curate of forty pounds a year has endowed his son with two sure qualities to entail his poverty, learning and modesty; and our gentleman, (my master, God bless him!) is possessed of this

manſion, a farm of an hundred acres, a gun and a brace of ſpaniels—I ſhould have thought the example ſo long before your eyes of living upon love might have made you——

*Soph.* Charmed with it, Peggy—And ſo indeed I am—It was the life of a mother I can never forget. I do not paſs an hour without reflecting on the happineſs ſhe enjoyed and diffuſed—“ May ſuch be my “ ſituation! it is my favourite proſpect.”

*Peg.* “ Aye, ’tis like your favourite moonſhine, “ juſt of the ſame ſubſtance.” Helpleſs ſouls! you have not a ſingle faculty to make the pot boil between you—I ſhould like to ſee you at work in a dairy——your little nice fingers may ſerve to rear an unfledged linnet, but would make ſad work at cramming poultry for market——

*Soph.* But you, my good Peggy, ought not to upbraid me; for you have helped to ſpoil me by taking every care and labour off my hands—the humility of our fortunes ought to have put us more upon a level.

*Peg.* That’s a notion I cannot bear. I ſpeak my mind familiarly to be ſure, becauſe I mean no harm; but I never pretend to be more than a ſervant; and you were born to be a lady—I’m ſure on’t—I ſee it as ſure as the gypsies in every turn of your countenance.——Read Pamela Andrews, and the Fortunate Country Maid.

*Soph.* Have done, Peggy, or you’ll make me ſeriously angry! this ſeems your particular day of nonſenſe.

*Peg.* No nonsense, but a plain road to fortune. Our young landlord, Sir John Contrast's son, is expected every hour: now get but your silly passion for Trumore out of your head, and my life on't it will do——I dreamt last night I saw you with a bunch of nettles in your breast for a nosegay; and that's a sure sign of a wedding—Let us watch for him at the park gate, and take your aim; your eyes will carry further, and hit surer, than the best gun your father has.

*Ann.* Peggy, how odd you are!

*Peg.* Yes, my whole life has been an oddity——all made of chequers and chances—you don't know half of it—but Margery Hearts-ease is always honest and gay; and has a joke and a song for the best and worst of times.

## SINGS.

*I once was a maiden as fresh as a rose,  
And as fickle as April weather;  
I lay down without care, and I wak'd from repose,  
With a heart as light as a feather.*

*I work'd with the girls, I play'd with the men,  
I was always or romping or spinning;  
And what if they pilfer'd a kiss now and then,  
I hope 'twas not very great sinning,*

*I married a husband as young as myself,  
And for every frolick as willing;  
Together we laugh'd while we had any pelf,  
And we laughed when we had not a skilling.*

*He's gone to the wars—Heaven send him a prize!*

*For his pains he is welcome to spend it;*

*My example I know is more merry than wife,*

*—But, Lord help me, I never shall mend it!*

*Ann.* It would be a thousand pities you ever should.

*Peg.* But here comes your father, and Rental the steward;—they seem in deep discourse.

*Soph.* Let us go in then; it might displease my father to interrupt them. [Exit Sophia.

*Peg.* Go thy ways, poor girl! thou art more afraid of being interrupted in discoursing with thy own simple heart.

*Ann.* Peggy when do you think my fighting time will come?

*Peg.* Don't be too sure of yourself, Miss; there is no age in which a woman is so likely to be infected with folly, as just when she arrives at what they call years of discretion. [Exeunt.

*Enter RASHLY and RENTAL.*

*Rent.* But you are the only tenant upon the manor, that has not congratulated our new lord upon taking possession of his purchase.

*Rash.* (*aside*) Strange disposition of events! That he of all mankind should be a purchaser in this country!—I must not see Sir John Contrast.

*Rent.* Why so? he is prepared—in giving him an account of his tenants, your name was not forgot.

*Rafb.* And pray, my friend, how did you describe me?

*Rent.* As what I alway found you——an honest man. One can go no farther than that word in praise of a character; therefore to make him the better acquainted with yours, I was forced to tell him the worst I knew of you.

*Rafb.* Good Rental, what might that be?

*Rent.* I told him, you had the benevolence of a prince, with means little better than a cottager; that consequently your family was often indebted to your gun (at which you were the best hand in the country) for the only meat in your kitchen.

*Rafb.* But what said he to the gun?

*Rent.* He shook his head, and said, if you were a poacher, wee be to you, when his son arrived.

*Rafb.* His son!

*Rent.* Yes, his only son, in fact. The eldest it seems was turned out of doors twenty years ago, for a marriage against his consent. This is by a second wife, and declared his heir. He gives him full rein to run his own course, so he does not marry—and by all accounts a fine rate he goes at.

*Rafb.* And what is become of that elder?

*Rent.* Nobody knows. But the old servants who remember him are always lamenting the change.

*Rafb.* You know him well.

*Rent.* What do you mean?

*Rafb.* A discovery that will surprize you——I have lived with you, the many years we have been acquainted—an intimate—a friend—and an impostor.

*Rent.* An Impostor!

*Rash.* Your new master, the purchaser of this estate is an obstinate father—I am a disinherited son—put those circumstances together, and instead of Rashly, call me——

*Rent.* Is it possible!

*Rash.* Call me Contrast.

*Rent.* Mr. Rashly, Sir John Contrast's son!

*Rash.* Even so—for the sole offence of a marriage with the most amiable of womankind, I received one of Sir John's Rescripts as he calls the signification of his pleasure, with a note for a thousand pounds, and a prohibition of his presence for ever. I knew his temper too well to reply.

*Rent.* You must know him best—I had conceived him of a disposition more odd than harsh.

*Rash.* You are right; but this oddity has all the effects of harshness. Sir John Contrast has ever thought decision to be the criterion of wisdom; and is as much averse to retract an error as a right action. In short, in his character, there is a continual variance between a good heart and a perverse head: and he often appears angry with all mankind, when in fact he is only out of humour with himself.

*Rent.* I always thought you must have been bred above the station I saw you in, but I never guessed how much—could you immediately submit to such a change of situation?

*Rash.* No, I thought of different professions to support the rank of a gentleman. I afterwards placed my eldest daughter, then an infant, under the

care of a relation, and went abroad——There my Annette was born, and for the sake of economy for some years educated. In short, after various trials, I found I wanted suppleness for some of my pursuits, and talents perhaps for others; and my last resource was a cottage and love, in the most literal sense of both.

*Rent.* But why did you change your name?——the pride of Sir John Contrast would never have suffered it to be said, that his son was in the capacity of a poor farmer.

*Rafb.* Our claims were upon the *virtues*, not the weaknesses of the heart; and when *they* failed, obscurity was not only choice but prudence. Why give our children the name and knowledge of a rank that might alienate their minds from the humble life to which they were destined?

*Rent.* What a sacrifice! how strange this situation must have appeared to you at first!

*Rafb.* My Anna was equally fitted for a cottage or a court. Her person, her accomplishments, her temper—the universal charm of her society, made our new life a constant source of delight——

——“ The desert smil’d,  
And Paradise was open’d in the wild.”

SING S.

*Encompass’d in an angel’s frame,  
An angel’s virtues lay;  
Too soon did heaven assert the claim,  
And call its own away.*

*My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,  
Must never more return!  
What now shall fill these widow'd arms?  
Ah me! my Anna's urn!*

*Rent.* Not so, my good fir, you have two living images of her; and for their sakes you must try to work upon this old obdurate—Heaven has sent you together for that purpose.

*Rafb.* No, my friend, he is inflexibility itself—I mean to fly him—it must be your part to dispose of my farm and little property.

*Rent.* Your intention is too hasty—I pretend to no skill in plotting, but I think I see my way clearly in your case—dear fir, be advised by me—

*La Nippe.* (*without.*) Hollo, countryman, do you belong to the lodge?

*Rent.* Hey-day, what strange figure have we here?

*Rafb.* As I live the young heir's gentleman. I got acquainted with his character when I was in London to solicit the stewardship, and it is as curious as his master's.

*Rafb.* What countryman is he?

*Rent.* True English by birth. He took his foreign name upon his travels to save his master's reputation—nothing so disgraceful now-a-days, as to be waited upon by your own countrymen—pray be contented to——

*Enter LA NIPPE, affectedly dressed as a foreign valet de chambre, with a little cloak bag made of silk on his shoulder.*

*La Nippe.* Hollo! countrymen, which is the nearest way—What, Mr. Rental! faith the fun was so much in my eyes I did not know you.

*Rent.* Welcome to Castle-Manor, Mr. Homestall—I forget your French name.

*La Nippe.* La Nippe at your service; and when you see me thus equipped, I hope you'll forget my English one.

*Rent.* Pray how came you to be on foot?

*La Nippe.* A spring of the chaise broke at the bottom of the hill; the boy was quite a bore in tying it up; so I took out my luggage and determined to walk home.

*Rash.* The prettiest little package I ever saw.

*Rent.* What may it contain?

*La Nippe.* The current utensils of a fine gentleman—as necessary to his existence as current cash. It is a *toilette à la chasse*, in English the macaroni's knapsack—It contains a fresh perfumed fillet for the hair, a pot of cold cream for the face, and a calico under-waistcoat compressed between two sachets à l'adorat de *Narcisse*; with a dressing of *Marchalle* powder, court plaister, lip-salve, eau-de-luce—*[Rashly smiling.]*

*Rent.* (*laughing.*) To be sure that cargo does not exactly suit the family of the Homestalls.

*La Nippe.* Non, non—my master would not trust a black pin in my hands if I did not talk broken English—I expect him here every minute.

*Rent.* What time was he to leave London?

*La Nippe.* The chaise was ordered at one this morning—I must allow him an hour for yawning, picking his teeth, and damning his journey—that would bring it to——

*Rafb.* Upon my word, a pretty full allowance for such employments.

*La Nippe.* Nothing—I have known Lord Dangle and his friend Billy Vapid in suspense in St. James's-Street, between a fruit shop and a gambling house, thrice the time, and the chaise door open all the while.

*Rafb.* Well said, Mr. La Nippe. I see you are a satirist.

*Rent.* But what time of the morning had you brought him to?

*La Nippe.* Two o'clock—oh, he dares not stay much longer—for he is made up for the journey. I doubt whether he could take himself to pieces; but, if he could, I am sure he could never put himself together again without my assistance—his curls pinned, his ancles rolled, his——

*Rafb.* His ancles rolled! pray what may you mean by that?

*La Nippe.* The preservation of a Ranelagh leg—the true mode of keeping it from one season to another—What's a Macaroni without a Ranelagh leg—our's has carried it hollow six seasons together.

*Rafb.* We don't understand you.

*La Nippe.* Why, fir, with fix yards of flannel roller to sweat the fmall, and prop the calf; and only an hour's attention every day (nothing for a gentleman to fpare,) to fit with his heels in the air, and keep the blood back, I will undertake to—oh I'll leave nature in the lurch at her beft works—and produce a leg with the mufcle of a Hercules, and the ancle of the Apollo Belvidere.

*Rafb.* And is this a common practice?

*La Nippe.* Common! what do you think, but to hide the roller, makes the young fellows fo damn'd fond of boots at all hours?—they can't leave them off at the play-houfe now-a-days—but let me be gone.

*Rent.* Nay, nay, you have time to fpare.—He muft be many miles off; for it is a hundred and twenty from London.

*La Nippe.* Lord help you! I fee you have no notion how a genius travels.

*Rent.* He cannot fly, I fuppose.

*La Nippe.* Yes, and in a whirlwind—over orange-barrows and oyfter-baskets at every corner—You may trace his whole journey by yelping dogs, broken-back'd pigs, and difmembered geeſe.

*Rent.* Ha! ha! ha!

*La Nippe.* There's no deſcribing it in common words—I'll give you a ſample in muſic.

S I N G S.

*O'er the pavement when we rattle,  
Trim the drivers, ſharp the cattle,*

*How the people gape and wonder!  
Whirling with our wheels in choros,  
Ev'ry earthly thing before us,  
We come on with peals of thunder!  
Cracking, smacking,  
Backing, tacking,  
Brats here bawling, fir,  
Dogs here sprawling, fir,  
Now they tumble, now they skip,  
Zounds take care, fir!  
Safe to a hair, fir!  
Helter, skelter,  
Sweeter, sweeter,  
Dust and fun, fir,  
Help the fun, fir,  
Oh! the glories of the whip!*

*Rent.* Glories! I am sure it has made you sweat to describe them; and I hardly know if I have a whole bone in my body at hearing them.

*La Nippe.* Well, I'm glad it pleases you; but as sure as death my master will get home before me—*(going.)*

*Rent.* Never fear; you've time enough, I tell you—He stops short at the edge of the forest—His game-keepers and pointers meet him there—  
~~He shoots home.~~

*La Nippe.* What the Devil signifies that? the sportsmen of fashion shoot as fast as they travel [*whistle without.*] Zounds! there's his whistle—If he finds me loitering here, he'll vent more oaths

in a minute than have been heard in this forest since its foundation.

*Rafb.* Sir, you may step into Mr. Rafbly's house till he is gone by.

*La Nippe.* I thank you, sir. *[Exit.*

*Rafb.* My brother here! fare well, Rental—*(going)*

*Rent.* Stay, sir, it is impossible he can have a suspicion of you—Let us see whether he tallies with this impudent fellow's account—fist him boldly—I have a thousand thoughts for you.

*Rafb.* If he answers the description I have heard, I shall never keep my temper.

*Rent.* Perhaps so much the better—but he is alighting from his horse.

*Cont. (without.)* Searchum, take up the dogs, one might as well beat for game in Hyde Park.

*[Enters, attended with game-keepers—a gun in one hand, and a silk parasol in the other.]*

The manors are poached to desolation, the saddles are gridirons, and the air is impregnated with scurf and freckle——In another half hour I shall be a Mulatto in grain, in spite of my parasol, by all that sultry—but come to business——

*[Gives the gun to one of his attendants.]*

Searchum, get warrants immediately for seizing guns, nets, and snares, let every dog in the parish be collected for hanging to-morrow morning—give them a taste of Norfolk discipline——“ Nothing like executions to support government.

*Rafb.* I hope, young gentlemen, you will be better advised than to proceed so rashly.

*Cont.* And, pray, friend, who may you be, that are so forward with your hope?

*Rafb.* A tenant upon this estate these sixteen years, where I have been used to see harmony between high and low established upon the best basis—Protection, without pride, and respect without servility.

*Cont.* Odd language for a farmer!—but in plain English it implies indulgence for arrears, and impunity for poaching.—And you, sir, what may be your occupation?

*Rent.* I have been long, sir, steward at Castle Manor; your father's goodness continues me so. I'm sorry, sir, you have had no sport—but your game-keepers are strangers—if this gentleman had been with you, he knows every haunt of the country.

*Cont.* Oh I don't doubt it; and is this gentleman qualified to carry a gun?

*Rafb.* I always thought so, sir.

*Cont.* Where is your qualification?

*Rafb.* In my birth-right as a free man—Nature gave the birds of the air in common to us all; and I think it no crime to pursue them, when my heart tells me I am ready, if called upon, to exercise the same gun-against the enemies of my king and country.

*Cont.* A period again! if it were not for his dress I should take him for a strolling orator escaped from Soho—but to cut the dispute short—You, Mr. Steward, and you Mr. Monitor of the forest, take

notice that I require unconditional submission in my supremacy of the game.

*Rent.* In what manner, sir ?

*Cont.* The county goal shall teach transgressors—thanks to my fellow sportsmen in the senate, we have as good a system of game laws as can be found in the most gentleman-like country on the continent.

“ *Rasb.* By gentleman-like, I am afraid, young  
“ sir, you mean arbitrary—It is true we have such  
“ laws—modern and unnatural excrescences, which  
“ have grown and strengthened by insensible de-  
“ grees, till they lie upon our statute-book like  
“ a wen upon a fair proportioned body—a deform-  
“ ity fed by wholesome juices.—I hope, sir, we  
“ shall have your assistance to remove the evil.”

“ *Cont.* Just the contrary. Tho’ our system be  
“ excellent for the preservation of game, it still  
“ wants a little foreign enforcement—In France  
“ the insignia of a lord Paramount of the chase are  
“ gallowses with his arms upon every hill in his  
“ estate—they embellish a prospect better than the  
“ finest clump Brown ever planted.” You look at  
me with surprise, old reformer of the groves.

*Rasb.* I confess I do, sir ! In days when I frequented the world, a high-bred town spark and a sportsman were the greatest opposites in nature—The beau and the squire were always——

*Cont.* Oh, I begin to take you—your days—the rusticated remains of a ruined Temple Critic—a smatterer of high life from the scenes of Cibber—which remain upon his imagination, as they do up-

on the stage, forty years after the real characters are lost—Thy ideas of a gentleman are as obsolete, old speculator, as the flaxen wig, and, “flap my vitals.”

*Rafb.* May I presume, sir, to ask what is the character that has succeeded?

*Cont.* Look at me——(*turning round.*)

*Rafb.* We are comparing, sir,——

*Cont.* Coxcombs——never baulk the word——the first thing in which we differ from your days is, that we glory in our title, and I am the acknowledged chief.—In all walks of life, it is true ambition to be at the head of a class.

*Rafb.* And may I ask, sir, if the class over which you so eminently preside is very numerous?

*Cont.* No, faith; and we diminish every day; the cockade predominates——the times have set nineteenth of our men of fashion upon being their own soldiers—I shou’d as soon have thought of being my own gunsmith.

*Rafb.* But is it possible you can have been idle at such times?

*Cont.* Idle!——I never killed more birds any seven days in my life than in the precise week the French were off Plymouth.

*Rafb.* Singular character!

*Cont.* Right for once, old Tramontane—singularity is the secret of refined life. In the present day it connects the Nimrod and the man of taste—thus we hunt our pointers at full speed; our foxes at mid-day; crown the evening with French.

cooking, and wash down our fatigues with orgeat and icid lemonade.

*Enter LA NIPPE running.*

Sir, fir,—*apart un instant Monsieur*—such an adventure! I have discovered such a girl! such a shape! such——

*Cont. Bête!* did you ever know me think of a woman in the country.

*La Nippe. (aside.)* No, nor much any where else.

*[Takes him aside, and seems eagerly to press him.]*

*Rest. (aside to Rasb.)* I think, I discover Monsieur la Nippe's business——humour it, I beseech you, fir, and ask Contrast in.

*Rasb.* Sir, will you accept any refreshment my poor house affords?——I hope you take nothing ill I have said,

*Cont.* No, fir, I bear no malice, and I will drink your health in a bowl of milk and water——*(aside.)* I'd not take the trouble of looking at his daughter, if it was not for the hope of being reveng'd of this old crusty *de tristibus*.

*La Nippe. (aside.)* I must get him into this intrigue, for my own sake with the maid, if not for his with the mistress.

*Enter TRUMORE.*

*Tru.* How surely and involuntarily my feet bring me to this spot! Conscious scenes! Sophy! Dost thou remember them with my constancy?—Dost thou visit them with my sensibility?

## SINGS.

*Within this shade, beneath this bough,  
We passed the tender mutual vow;  
Recording loves were list'ning round,  
And in soft echoes blest'd the sound.*

*Come, Sympathy, with aspect fair,  
And, soaring Hope, that treads on air,  
Smile on our truth, our cause befriend,  
And sooth the passions that you blend!*

Is it possible to get a glance at her at a distance if I could but do it unperceiv'd—

*Enter PEGGY.*

*Peg.* So, sir, do you think I did not spy from the window, prowling like a fox about a roof? but set your heart at rest, the pullet you in search of will soon be upon a perch too high your reach.

*Tru.* What do you mean?

*Peg.* Do you see that castle there?—there—John Contrast's great feat—mine are no castle the air.

*Tru.* Well, what of that?

*Peg.* Well then, if you had my second sight, would see Sophy in a coach and six white horses driving in at the great gate.

*Tru.* What would you lead my thoughts to?

*Peg.* Patience!—Reason!—Sir John's son is in his address within—Consult Sophy's intentions and your own too in the end, and resign her.

*Tru.* Horror and distraction! you cannot be in earnest—would Sophia suffer even a look from a stranger without a repulse.

*Peg.* Time enough to repulse when strangers grow impertinent—mean while, why not be courted a little? there's curiosity in it, only to see how many ways the creatures find to please us.

*Tru.* These are your thoughts—but, Sophia.

*Peg.* Thinks like me, or she's not a woman. Look ye, I hate to be ill-natur'd—but don't fancy I'm your enemy, because I'm *her* friend; and depend upon it we all love to be tempted—some few to be sure for the pride of resisting, and that may be Sophy's case—but ten for one think the pleasure of yielding worth the chance of repentance. I won't promise I am not one of the number.

## SINGS.

*All women are born to believe*

*In the sweets of the apple of Eve:*

*If it comes in my eye,*

*'Tis in vain to deny;*

*I so much long to try,*

*I must bite tho' I die—*

*—'Tis done!—and, oh, fye!*

*Lack, how silly was I!*

*Oh, the devilish apple of Eve!*

[Exit.

*True. (alone.)* Tormenting woman,—I cannot however but be alarmed, and shall watch your steps closely, young gentleman; yes, my Sophia, I will hover round thee like a watchful spirit—invi-

sible, but anxious to prove thy truth, and, if necessary, to defend it.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

[*Changes to the inside of the house, CONTRAST, LA NIPPE, RASHLY, SOPHY, ANNETTE.*]

*La Nippe* (*apart to Contrast.*) What do you think of her eyes?

*Cont.* Passable for a village.

*La Nippe.* Her complexion! her skin! her delicacy!

*Cont.* Oh perfectly delicate; she looks like the dist of her nursery, extract of a leveret and pheasant with egg.

*Rash.* Girls, you may retire when you please.

[*As they are going off, enter PEGGY with a guitar.*]

*Soph.* Peggy, what are you doing?

*Peg.* (*aside.*) "God, but he shall see a little more of her first."——It's only the guitar, madam!——It hung so loose upon the peg, I was afraid the kitten wou'd pull it off—— [*Touches the string.*] Lord! it speaks of itself, I think——just as if it wanted——

*Cont.* (*aside.*) Music too—a fyren complete—I am to be tempted by all the enchantments of Calypso's Grotto——à la bonheur, try your skill, my dear.

*Soph.* Officious girl, carry it back directly.

*Cont.* Oh, by no means, miss, pray favour us with a song.

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*Rafb.* Come, girls, don't be ashamed of an innocent and pleasing talent—perhaps the warble of Nature may please Mr. Contrast, from its novelty.

*Soph.* Indeed, sir, I wish to be excused; upon any word, I am not able to sing——

*Annet.* Dear sister, sing the song my father made upon a butterfly—I have laugh'd at the insect ever since.

*Sophia SINGS.*

*Hence, reveller of tinsel wing,  
Inspid, senseless, trifling thing;  
Light spendthrift of thy single day,  
Pert insignificance, away!*

*How joyless to thy touch or taste  
Seems all the spring's profuse repast;  
Thy busy, restless, varied range  
Can only pall the sense by change.*

*Cont.* Bravo, Miss; very well indeed——  
*Peg.* (as going off.) Gad, I don't know what to make of him; but all great men are of the family of the Whimsicals.

*Cont.* La Nippe, on to the castle; announce me to my father, and get things to cool—I am still hot enough to be page of the presence in the palace of Lucifer. [Horns without.] What horns are those?

*La Nip.* (looking out.) Your honour's master of the hounds, and your whole hunting equipage are arrived.

*Cont.* Have they the new liveries?

*La Nip.* They have——and for elegance it would shame the hunt at Fontainebleau.

*Cont.* Let them draw up before the door, I'll tell them as I pass.—[*Exit La Nippe.*] One word parting, friend Rashly.—Your daughters are without attractions——nor you void of a certain sort of oddity that may be diverting; but your game must be surrendered, and from a pheasant to squirrel——*chasse defendue*——no pardon for poaching——and so good day, old Æsop in the shade

[*E.*

*Rent.* I must follow——but I request you to take no steps till you see me again——give me but time to work in your favour!——

*Rash.* You are too sanguine——but I consent upon condition that I do not see my father.

*Rext.* As yet it is no part of my plan that you should. [Exit several

### SCENE III.

*Changes to the outside of the house. Enter CONTRAS LA NIPPE, and Huntsmen.*

*La Nip.* The huntsmen, sir, have been practising a new chorus song; will you hear it?

*Cont.* A hunting song quite breaks my ears, is a continued yell of horn and morn, wake the dog and bark away—but they may begin; I shall hear enough as I walk off.

I.

*When the orient beam first pierces the dawn,  
And printless yet glistens the dew on the lawn,  
We rise to the call of the horn and the hound,  
And nature herself seems to live in the sound.*

CHORUS.

*Repeat it quick, Echo, the cry is begun,  
The game is on foot, boys, we'll hunt down the fun.*

2.

*The chase of old Britons was ever the care,  
Their sinews it brac'd, 'twas the image of war,  
Like theirs shall our vigour by exercise grow,  
Till we turn our pursuit to our country's foe.*

CHORUS.

*Repeat it shrill Echo, the war is begun,  
The foe is on foot, boys, we'll fight down the fun.*

3.

*With spirits thus fir'd, to sleep were a shame,  
Night only approaches to alter the game,  
Diana's bright crescent fair Venus shall grace,  
And from a new goddess invite a new chase.*

CHORUS.

*Be silent, fond Echo, the whisper's begun,  
The game is on foot, boys, we want not the fun.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Sbrubbery.*

*Enter SOPHIA and ANNETTE, arm in arm.*

*Sophia.*

**I** CONFESS, Annette, you are a very forward scholar in affairs of the heart: but would you really persuade me, that the women in France scorn to be in love?

*Ann.* Just the contrary. Love, there, is the passion of all ages. One learns to lisp it in the cradle; and they will trifle with it at the brink of the grave; but it is always the cherup of life, not the moping malady, as it is here.

*Soph.* And according to the notions of that fantastical people, how is the passion to be shewn?

*Ann.* Oh! in a woman, by any thing but confessing it.

*Soph.* Surely, Annette, you must now be wrong; insincerity and artifice may, for aught I know, be the vices of fine folks in courts and cities; but in the rural scenes, where you as well as myself have been bred, I am persuaded the tongue and the heart go together in all countries alike.

*Ann.* So they may too: it would be wrong if the tongue told fibs of the heart; but what occasion for telling *all* the truth?—I wish you saw a girl in

Provence as she trips down the mountain with a basket of grapes upon her head, and all her swains about her, with a glance at one, and a nod at another, and a tap to a third—till up rises the moon, and up strikes the tabor and pipe—away goes the baskets——“*Adieu paniers, Vendange est faite!*”——her heart dances faster than her feet, and she makes ten lads happy instead of one, by each thinking himself the favourite.

*Soph.* But the real favourite is not to be in suspense for ever?

*Ann.* No no; she solves the mystery at last, but in a lively key.

(“*A short French song.*”)

*Soph.* I admire your vivacity, Annette; but I dislike your maxims. For my part I scorn even the shadow of deceit towards the man I love, and would sooner die than give him pain.

*Ann.* So would I too, dear sister—but why not bestow pleasures with a smile?

*Soph.* Giddy girl—you know not love.

*Ann.* Oh! but you are mistaken—I understand sentiment perfectly, and could act it to admiration. I could gaze at the moon, prattle to the evening breeze, and make a companion of a rose for hours together——“only I don’t like to prick my fingers with it”——*à propos* now; here’s a charming bush in full blow, and you shall hear me address it exactly in your character——

SINGS to a rose.

*Rest, beauteous flow'r, and bloom anew,  
To court my passing love;  
Glow in his eyes with brighter hue,  
And all thy form improve.*

*And while thy balmy odours steal  
To meet his equal breath;  
Let thy soft blush for mine reveal  
Th' imprinted kiss beneath.*

*Soph.* Get you gone, you trifler—you'll make me angry.

*Ann.* Well, I'll only stroll with you as far as yonder great tree, and leave you to kiss the rest of the roses to the same tune. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter LA NIPPE, beckoning CONTRAST.*

*La Nip.* Yonder she is—and the young one going away—now's the time—at her, sir.

*Cont.* It's a damn'd vulgar business you're drawing me into, La Nippe—I could never shew my face again if it were known I was guilty of the drudgery of getting a woman for myself.

*La Nip.* What do you mean, sir, that you never make love?

*Cont.* No, certainly you blockhead—modern epicures always buy it ready-made.

*La Nip.* “Aye, and in town it is fitted to all purchasers, like a shoe in Cranburn-ally—but  
“here——

*Cont.* Is it the scene of novelty and experiment  
 “—be it so for once—it is the sporting season—  
 “I’ll course this little puss myself.” But hold, she  
 is turned, and coming this way. [Exit La Nippe.

*Enter SOPHIA.*

*Soph.* I did not recollect that these walks are no longer to be open for the neighbourhood—How simple was that girl not to remind me! If I should be seen, I may be thought impertinent—and alone too——

*Cont.* So, Miss Rashly, we meet as patly as if you had known my inclinations.

*Soph.* (*aside and confused.*) He too, of all others! —I know it is an intrusion, sir, to be here—— I was retiring. [To him.

*Cont.* It is the most lucky intrusion you ever made in your life.

*Soph.* (*Still confused*) Permit me, sir, to pass?

*Cont.* Not till you hear your good fortune my dear. You have attracted in one moment what hundreds of your sex have twinkled their eyes whole years for in vain——my notice—I will bring you into the world myself——your fortune’s made.

*Soph.* (*confused and angrily.*) Sir, this sort of conversation is new to me, and I wish it to continue so. [Still endeavouring to pass.

*Cont.* (*examining her.*) Yes, she’ll do when she is well dress’d——one sees by her blush how rouge will become her——I shall soon teach her to smile——La belle gorge when adjusted in French stays——

*Soph. (more angrily.)* Sir, though your language is incomprehensible, your manners are offensive—I insist upon passing.

*Cont.* Oh fye, child—the first thing you do must be to correct that frown and this coyness—they have no more to do with thy figure than a red cloak or blue stockings—No, no, my girl, learn to look a man in the face, whatever he says to you—it is one of the first principles for high life; and high as the very pinnacle of female ambition shall thine be—thou shalt drive four ponies with a postilion no bigger than a marmoset.

*Soph.* Insufferable!

*Cont.* You shall make your first appearance in my box at the opera—a place of enchantment you can have no notion of—Have you seen Contrast's Sultana? shall be the cry—"All the women in the town are Æthiops to her, or blindness confound me"—there's the language to fix a woman's reputation!—there's the secret to make her adorned—beauty!—it is not worth *that*, [*fills his fingers*] in comparison of fashion.

*Soph.* Sir, I have tried while I could to treat you with some degree of respect—you put it out of my power—resentment and contempt are the only—

*Cont.* Clarissa Harlowe in her altitudes;—what circulating library has supplied you with language and action upon this occasion? or has your antiquated father instructed you, as he has me, in the mode of his days?—Things are reversed, my dear—when we fellows of superior class shew ourselves,

the women throw themselves at us; and happy is she we deign to catch in our arms.

*[Offers to take hold of her.*

*Soph. (Enraged; and at last bursting into a passion of tears.)* Unheard-of assurance! What do you see in me to encourage such insolence? Or is it the very baseness of your nature, that insults a woman because she has no protector?

*[Breaks from him—at the instant*

*Enter TRUMORE.*

*Tru.* Protection is not so distant as you imagined—compose yourself, my Sophia—I have heard all—leave to me to settle the difference with this unworthy ruffian.

*Cont.* Way-laid, by all that's desperate—a rustic bully—but I must submit, for I conclude he has a forest mob within call.

*Tru.* A mob to encounter thee!—a mob of fleas—of gnats—of pissmires—a wasp would be a sure assassin—but to be serious, sir—tho' the brutality of your behaviour calls for chastisement, the meanness of it places you beneath resentment.

*Cont.* How he assumes! because I know as little of a quarter-staff, as he of the weapons of a gentleman.

*Tru.* It would indeed be profanation of English oak to put it into such hands—thou outside without a heart—when the mind is nerveless, the figure of a man may be cudgelled with a nettle.

*Soph.* For heaven's sake, Trumore, be not violent, you make me tremble——no further quarrel.

*Tru.* Another word, sir, and no more——could I suppose you a real sample of our fashionable youth, I should think my country *indeed* degraded——but it cannot be——away! and tell your few fellows, if even few exist, that there is still spirit enough among *common* people to defend beauty and innocence; and when such as you dare affronts like these, it is not rank nor estate, nor even effeminacy, that shall save them.

*Cont.* Very sententious truly——quite Rashly's flourish——In Italy now I could have this fellow put under ground for a sequin——in this damned country we can do nothing but despise him. *Boring* was once genteel; but till the fashion returns, it would be as low to accept the challenge of a vulgar as to refuse it to an equal. [*Exit.*]

*Tru.* How is my Sophia? happy, happy moment that brought me to your rescue.

*Soph.* If the thoughts you most wish I should entertain of my deliverer can repay you, trace them by your own heart, Trumore; they will harmonize with its tenderest emotions.

*Tru.* Oh, the rapture of my Sophia's preference! thus let me pour forth my gratitude.

[*Kneeling and kissing her hand.*]

*Enter RASHLY.*

*Rash.* So, inconsiderate pair, is it thus you keep your engagements with me? Neither the duty of one, nor the word of honour of the other, I see, is a sanction——

*Tru.* Restrain your displeasure, sir, till you hear what has happened—no breach of promise—

*Rafb.* I have no leisure for excuses, nor for reproaches—fortune more than my resentment is against you.—Sophy, my affairs will probably compel me to seek another, and a distant home. Prepare yourself to set out with me at an hour's warning.

*Tru.* What do I hear? sir, part us not—I'll be your slave to obtain her presence—let me but follow her—let me but enjoy the hopes of at last deserving her.

*Soph.* What have you not already deserved?—If you are to separate, here in a father's presence I engage to you a faith that time and distance shall never change.

*Tru.* I accept in the same presence the sacred pledge, and will cherish the remembrance of it with a truth, which, like the brilliant ore, proves its purity by its trials.

SINGERS.

*Superior to this adverse hour  
True Love, my Fair, shall rise;  
The turn of chance, the stroke of power,  
A faithful heart defies.*

*A parent may this frame controul  
By his severe decree;  
But thought, the essence of the soul,  
Shall ne'er remove from thee.*

*Rafb.* Here then break off, and to time and distance leave the further test of your sincerity; at pre-

sent I can flatter you with no other remedy.—  
Daughter, return to the house.—Trumore you must  
not follow.

*Tru.* I submit; I have saved her from a ruffian  
—I resign her to a father—and angels assist to  
guard her!

*Rafb.* Come, Sophia—the world is wide, and  
innocence an universal passport.

TRIO.

*Thus when the wintry blasts are near,  
The Stork collects her brood,  
Trains their weak pinions high in air  
And points the longsome road.*

*At length the final flight they try,  
Farewell the parent nest,  
They seek from fate a milder sky,  
Attain it, and are blest.*

[Exeunt.]

*Enter CONTRAST and LA NIPPE meeting.*

*Cont.* (after a pause.) Get post-horses for the chaise  
directly.

*La Nippe.* To carry her off, first quick work—  
I thought how it would be when you set yourself  
to it.

*Cont.* I wish you had been among the other curs  
I order'd to be hanged before you had put me upon  
the trace of her—find me a quick conveyance from  
this region of barbarism; or the spirit of the place  
shall be tried upon you—it will be no “profanation  
“ of English oak to cudgel you.”

*La Nippe.* In the name of wonder what has happened?

*Cont.* Happened! I have been nearly worried by a cursed confounded two legged mastiff. Where was you, fir, not to be within call?

*La Nippe.* Just where I ought to be by the true rule of a valet de chambre's office all the world over——trying the same game with the maid, I suppose you were trying with the mistress——[*Contrast looks angry.*] but all for your honour's interest, to make her your friend——

*Cont.* Rot her friendship—I would not expose my nerves to a second encounter with this new piece of Piety in Pattens, to secure all the rustic females from the Land's End to the Orknies.

*La Nippe.* You shall not need till she is brought to proper terms. Look ye, fir, Peggy the maid is a sly wench, why not make her a convenient one?—Commission me to pay her price, and she shall deliver this toy into your hands.—that's love exactly in your own way, you know.

*Cont.* I would not give five pounds for her, if it were not for vengeance..

*La Nippe.* Your vengeance need not stop there. The father you know, by his own confession is a poacher. I have enquired of Peggy if he has no enemies—he has but one it seems in the parish; but he is worth a hundred——an attorney—broken by Rashly's faculty in deciding differences—this fellow shall saddle him with as many actions for game in half an hour, as shall send him to jail, perhaps for the rest of his days.

*Cont.* Your plan is not unpromising, and you may try one of my *rouleaus* upon it.—If I could at the same time correct the dog of a lover, I believe I shall grow cool again, and put off my journey for the accomplishment.

*La Nippe.* It is not impossible — what think you of a press-gang?

*Cont.* Transcendent, if one could be found. The game laws and the press act ought always to go hand in hand—and, were they properly enforced, the constitution might be more bearable to a man of fashion.

*La Nippe.* I'll about this business directly.

*Cont.* Content : mean while, I'll give an airing to my *inability* upon the lawn—Hark ye, La Nippe, before you go, I think the summary of our projects is thus—the father to jail; the lover to sea; my pointers, if you will, in Rashly's chamber; and his daughter in exchange in mine.

*La Nippe.* Exactly, sir. [Exit severally.

*Inside of RASHLY's house.*

*Enter RASHLY, and SOPHIA under his arm, as continuing a conversation.*

“ *Rash.* Besides these peculiarities of my circumstances, and many others which you are yet a stranger to, you must see an unsurmountable reason for discontinuing an intercourse with Trumore — the absence of his father—it would be indelicate in you, as well as dishonourable in me, to proceed to an union unknown to him, and to which he may have the greatest objections.

*Soph.* Dear sir, there wanted no argument to convince me of your tenderness—I am entirely at your disposal—if a tear drops when I obey you, it is an involuntary tribute to my fortune, think it not repugnance to your will.”

*Rafb.* Be comforted, Sophia, with the reflection that I lament, and do not blame your attachment; you know I agree, both upon experience and principle, that the only basis for happiness in every station of life is disinterested love.

## SINGS.

## 1.

*When first this humble roof I knew,  
With various cares I strove;  
My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,  
My all of wealth was love.*

## 2.

*By mutual toil our board was dress'd;  
The stream our drink bestow'd;  
But, when her lips the brim had press'd,  
The cup with nectar flow'd.*

## 3.

*Content and Peace the dwelling shar'd,  
No other guest came nigh,  
In them was given, tho' gold was spar'd,  
What gold could never buy.*

## 4.

*No value has a splendid lot  
But as the means to prove,  
That from the castle to the cot  
The all of life was love.*

*Enter ANNETTE hastily.*

*Ann.* Sir, Mr. Rental is coming into the gate, and with him a strange gentleman I never saw before—an old man, and Rental is pulling off his hat and bowing; I wonder who he is.

*Rash.* (*with emotion.*) Sir John Contrast! how my heart throbs at his approach! (*aside.*) Girls, have a reason to be concealed; you must not discover I was within.——

[*Walks with his daughters to the top of the scene, giving them directions, and exit—SOPHIA and ANNETTE remain a little behind the last side scene*]

## SCENE II.

*Changes to the inside of RASHLY'S house. Enter Sir JOHN CONTRAST—RENTAL following.*

*Sir John.* I tell you, Rental, that last cottage shall come down, there is not a male creature about it—nothing but girls with black eyes, and no industry—but what sort of dwelling have we here

*Rent.* The seat of innocence, once the seat of more happiness than at present.

*Sir John.* The seat of innocence?—aye, to be sure, and these I suppose are the children of innocence that inhabit it——

[*Perceiving SOPHIA and ANNETTE who come timidly forward.*]

*Soph.* What could my father mean by going away himself, and insisting we should not decline an in-

terview with Sir John Contrast and Rental?—I have seen enough of the family already.

*Ann.* Is that he? Lord! sister, don't quake; he does not look so ungracious—[*They approach timidly.*]

*Sir John.* (*examining them.*) Zounds! are all my farms over-run thus with evil-eyed wenches?

*Rent.* Suspend your opinion, I beseech you, fir, and speak to the young women; the family is indeed worth your notice.—

(*Aside.*) Now, Nature and Fortune, work your way.

*Sir John.* Young women, how may you earn your livelihood?

*Soph.* and *Ann.* (*embarrass'd.*) Sir!

*Sir John.* (*to Rental.*) They are too innocent, I see, to answer a plain question.

*Rent.* You alarm them, fir; they are as timid as fawns. My young mistresses, it is Sir John Contrast speaks to you; in your father's absence, he wants to enquire of you into the circumstances of your family.

*Sir John.* What is your father, young woman?

*Soph.* The best of parents.

*Sir John.* Not very rich, I imagine?

*Soph.* He is content.

*Sir John.* What business does he follow?

*Soph.* He has a small farm of his own; he rents a larger upon this manor—he cultivates both.

*Sir John.* You two are not of much service to him I'm afraid?

*Soph.* Too little, fir,——his indulgence sometimes prevents even our feeble attempts——Mr.

Rental knows it is his fault—but I believe his only one.

*Sir John.* What then is your employment?

*Soph.* I work at my needle for him; I read to him; I receive his instructions—I once received them from a mother—I repeat to him her precepts—they often draw his tears; but he assures me they are pleasing.

*Ann.* Yes, but I always stop them for all that—the moment his eyes moisten, I flog or chatter them dry.

*Sir John.* This is past bearing, Rental—the seat of innocence! it is the seat of witchcraft.

*Rent.* Pure nature, sir,

*Sir John.* And what witchcraft's so powerful?—have not you learnt that it is a blessing when the sex takes to artifice and affectation? Were women to continue in person and in heart, as nature forms her favourites among them, they would turn the heads of all mankind.

*Rent.* Permit me, sir, to say you are the first that were ever angry at finding them undegenerated.

*Sir John.* Have not I suffer'd by it?—I lost a son by this sort of artless Nature before—my present Hopeful, it is true, is an exception; Nature wou'd stand a poor chance with him against a French heel, and a head as big as a bushel.

*Rent.* I am glad, sir, you are easy on that head.

*Sir John.* (to Annette.) And so, my little gypsy (for I find you talk gibberish), your prattle is always at your tongue's end?

*Ann.* Not always——I can hold my tongue to people I don't like——I talk to divert my father—and would do the same now—if it could put you in a humour to be his friend.

*Soph.* Fye, Annette, you are too bold.

*Ann.* Sister, I am sure the gentleman is not angry. I shou'd not have ventur'd to be so free, if he had not the very look, the sort of half-smiling gravity of papa, when he is pleas'd with me in his heart—and does not care directly to own it.

*Sir John.* Wheedling jade!—but, may be, that's another proof of woman in pure Nature.

*Ann.* Indeed, fir, I mean no harm; and I am sure you have not thought I did, for your frowns vanish like summer clouds, before one can well say they are formed.

## SINGS.

*So the chill mist, or falling snow'r,  
O'erspreads the vernal scene;  
And in the vapour of an hour  
We lose the sweet serena.*

*But soon the bright meridian ray  
Dispels the transient gloom;  
Restores the promise of a day,  
And shews a world in bloom.*

*Sir John.* This is past enduring.—Rental, take notice—the decree is past irrevocably as fate——no reply——this house and all that belongs to it—father, daughters, servants, to the very squirrels and linnets, shall—

*Rent.* Be laid low, fir?

*Sir John.* Be secur'd! protected! rais'd!—It shall become the mansion of plenty and joy; and these girls shall pay the landlord in song and sentiment.

*Rent.* I thank you in the name of their father. A man more worthy your favour does not live—and you only can save him from his enemies.

*Sir John.* Who are they?

*Rent.* He has one in particular, honourable and benevolent in his nature, but who vowed enmity to him in a fit of passion, and has obstinately adhered to it ever since.

*Sir John.* Does he so? gad, that's no fool tho't! no weathercock!—and how did he deserve this enmity? but that's no matter with a man of the decision and wisdom you describe.

*Rent.* You'll best decide upon the provocation, when the effects of it are laid before you as an impartial judge.

*Sir John.* I hate impartiality, and set out in this business upon a quite contrary principle.—Come forward, my little clients, give a kiss of partiality a-piece—now I am fee'd your advocate for ever—so come to the Castle in the evening; bring your father with you; let this obstinate dog appear if he dare—my obstinacy is now bound to defeat his, right or wrong—he shall give way, and he may look for an excuse to himself in the eyes of my little charmers.

*Rent.* He is very positive.

*Sir John.* He shall go to the stocks, if he is.—  
*What, not yield when the interest of my darlings is*

in question? By all that's steady, I'll build a new-house of correction, and they shall keep the key.

*Rent.* But be upon your guard, sir; he will be asserting his former resolutions.

*Sir John.* *Tell me not of his assertions,  
Mine are laws of Medes and Persians;  
Vain against them all endeavour,  
Right or wrong they bind for ever.*

*Sophia.* *Remember then a daughter's prayer,  
Receive a parent to your care;*

*Annette.* *Frown on his foe's obdurate plea,  
But keep benignant smiles for me.*

*Enter PEGGY.*

*Peggy.* *When I see my betters hearty,  
How I long to be a party!  
Pardon me if I intrude, sir;  
I'd be pleasant, but not rude, sir.*

*Sophia and } Peggy, have done.*

*Annette. } It is Sir John.*

*Peggy.* *I'm sure he looks compliant.*

*Sophia.* *From hence he goes,*

*Annette.* *To crush our foes,*

*Sir John.* *As Jack did once the Giant.*

*Sophia.* *Remember your clients with troubles beset,*

*Annette.* *Remember Sophia, remember Annette.*

*Sir John.* *The cause of my clients I'll never forget,  
The kiss of Sophia, the kiss of Annette.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter PEGGY and LA NIPPE (following and courting.)*

*Peggy.*

IF you offer to be impudent again, you shall have it on both ears instead of one. I tell you I'm a married woman; is not that an answer?

*La Nip.* Yes, of encouragement, my dear—it seldom is an objection in the world I have inhabited.

*Peg.* The world is at a fine pass by your account—“But these are some of your outlandish notions—they would make fine cutting of throats among English husbands.”

*La Nip. (laughing)* “Cutting throats! Oh, my sweet Peg, how ignorant you are! I wish your husband was at home with all my heart—I'd shew you how to follow the example of our betters—I would dine with you both every day, and he should thank me for preserving the peace of his family.

*[Puts his arm round her.]*

*Peg. (pushing him.)* “Keep your distance, Mr. Assurance”—If this be the new style of matrimony, Heaven keep Sophia clear of it, I say.

*La. Nip.* Oh my dear, you need be in no pain about that. She is not in the least danger.

*Peg.* Why, did not you tell me your master was mad in love for her, and would make my fortune if I would help him?

*La Nip.* Exactly ! but what has that to do with marriage ?

*Peg.* (*in surprise.*) What the duce has it to do with else ?

*La Nip.* Pleasure and profit. He'll love her out of vanity if she makes a figure as his mistress; he'd hate her for fashion's sake if she was his wife. . Let us but get the couple well established in London—who knows but you and I may be exalted to be their toads.

*Peg.* Toads !

*La Nip.* One takes any name for a fortune, and this is become a fashionable one I assure you. In short you will be the companion of her pleasures; dress'd as well as herself; courted by every man who has a design upon her—and make a market of her every day. Oh, you'll have quite the pull of me in employment.

*Peg.* Indeed !

*La Nip.* Yes, I shall change damnably for the worse in quitting the life of a valet for that of a companion. "Follower to what he calls a man of fashion ! sounds, I'd rather be a bailiff's follower by half—if it was not for what may come after."

*Peg.* I have no longer any patience with the rogue's impudence ! (*aside*) "So having declared "yourself a pimp—you wou'd make me a procuress, and Miss Sophy a ——

*La Nip.* (*stopping her mouth.*) "Hold your tongue, "you jade—and don't give gross names to characters so much in fashion." Come don't be filly and angry now—I have dealt openly with you,

knowing you to be a woman of sense and spirit—  
*[Peggy seems angry.]* Don't be in a passion I tell  
 you—here, my dear—here's a gentle receipt for an-  
 ger—here—did you ever see this sort of thing be-  
 fore? *[Takes a rouleau of guineas from his pocket.]*

*Peg.* What is it?

*La Nip.* *(measuring the rouleau on his finger.)* A  
 rouleau! fifty guineas wrapt up in this small com-  
 pass. One may know it by its make, it is from  
 the first club in town—there it is, escaped from  
 sharpers and creditors, to purchase beauty and kind-  
 nefs.

*Peg.* *(aside)* I cou'd tear his eyes out—is there no  
 way to be even with him?

*La Nip.* Aye, take a minute, my dear, to confi-  
 der—I know but few of your sex wou'd require so  
 much time.

*Peg.* *(to herself.)* No means of fitting the rogue!  
 Gad I have thought—if I am not too much in a pas-  
 sion to dissemble—I am not much used to artifice—  
 but they say it never fails a woman at a pinch.  
*(Looking kindly.)* Why to be sure, I was consider-  
 ing upon that little *device*—let's feel, is it heavy?

*[Taking the money.]*

*La Nippe.* Oh! of great weight.

*Peg.* Law not at all, I cou'd carry a hundred of  
 them—but pray now tell me fairly what I am to do  
 for it?

*L. Nip.* Nothing but an office of good nature—  
 you are to put your mistress into my master's hands  
 —you women can do more with one another in this

fort of business in a day, than a lover (at least such a one as ours) will do in a year.

*Peg.* Lord, how modest you are all at once——  
speak out—I am to seduce my mistress for ——

*L. Nip.* Fye, what names you are giving things again!——you are to remove foolish prejudices; to open a friend's eyes to their own interest——zounds, child, it's an office for a statesman.

*Peg.* Oh, that's all——

*L. Nip.* Not quite all; you know there's a something that regards ourselves, but that goes of course in negotiations of this sort.

*Peg.* Oh, does it?—and what do you call this pretty invention?

*L. Nip.* An abridgment of polite arithmetic—a purse must be counted, which is troublesome; a note requires reading, which to some persons may be inconvenient—but the *rouleau* conveys fifty guineas to your pocket without a single chink, and takes up less room than a toothpick case.

*Peg.* This bewitches me, I think.

*L. Nip.* Yes, my dear, it's always reckon'd bewitching.

SINGS.

*The rouleau is form'd with a magical twist,  
To conquer caprice or displeasure :  
If your object the offer of one should resist,  
You have only to double the measure.*

*It finds to all places its way without eyes.  
Without tongue it discourses most sweetly ;  
To beauty or conscience alike it applies,  
And settles the business completely.*

Peg. *Well, who could have thought such a wonderful pow'r*

*In a compass so small could be hidden ;  
To sweeten at once the grapes that are sour,  
And purchase e'n fruit that's forbidden :*

*A magic so pleasant must surely be right,  
Without scruple I pocket the evil,  
I'll shew you the proper effect before night,  
And leave you to account with the devil.*

*La Nip.* Excellent ! now are you a girl exactly after my own heart—where shall we meet?

Peg. Why, you must know this is the day of our wake ; and Sir John gives a treat to all the tenants, so every body will be busy, and so about an hour before sun set come to the hay-rick by the pool of the farm yard.

*La Nip.* Oh, you jade, I shall have no patience if you make me wait.

Peg. I'll come whenever I am sure the coast is clear—but in the mean time you shall find a harvest cag, with a sup of cordial to keep up your spirits ; in the country we never make a bargain with dry lips.

*La Nip. (aside.)* What the devil, my dairy-maid drinks drams!—she'll be fit to cry milk in the streets of London—I need not have paid so high if I had known that.

Peg. Be sure now to be punctual.

*La Nip.* And you to be complying.

Peg. Oh, as for that you know—"If your object the offer of one should resist," &c.

[*Exeunt separately, she singing, he nodding.*]

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SCENE II.

*Booths for a country wake—a large one in the form of a tent—recruits in different colour'd cockades at work in fitting it up. Enter CAPTAIN TREPAN.*

Come, stir, my lads—briskly, briskly—up with the rest of the advertisements—we shall have the wake fill'd before we are ready.

*Enter RENTAL.*

Rent. Hey day! what have we here? if you have any shew to exhibit, friend, you ought to ask leave before you erect your booth.

Trep. Ah, sir, the Lord of the Manor is too good a subject to obstruct my work—(To the workmen) Bring forward the great Butt there, place it in view by the drum and colours.

Rent. By your dress you should belong to the army; pray, sir, what is your real business?

Trep. I am a manufacturer of honour and glory—vulgarly call'd a recruiting dealer—or more vulgarly still, a skin merchant. I come to a country wake as to a good market—a little patience, and you shall see my practice—come paste up more bills—and the devices—they are not half thick enough—where's the lion rampant, with a grenadier's cap upon his head?

*1st Workman.* Here, fir, here.

*Trep.* And the marine device?

*2d Workman.* Here it is—done to the life—the prize boarded; the deck running with arrack punch, and dammed up with gold dust.

*Trep.* Right lad, place that next the lion. I don't see the London Taylor with his foot upon the neck of the French king.

*3d Workman.* Here he is in all his glory.

*Trep.* Paste him upon the other flank of the lion—so, so, pretty well—what have you left for the corner?

*4th Workm.* The East-Indies, Captain, a nabob in triumph, throwing rough diamonds to the young fifiers to play at marbles.

*Trep. (to Rental.)* Very well, very well—fir, how do you like my shop.

*Rent.* Faith, fir, the construction seems to be as curious as your employment—I think you call'd yourself a skin merchant.

*Trep.* Mine, fir, is a new trade, but a necessary and a happy one, for it flourishes in proportion to the spirit of the nation—and if our rulers will but employ it properly—Captain Trepan shall furnish them for next year with twenty thousand new Alexanders at five pence a day.

*Rent.* Well, captain, as you have call'd your's a trade, will you oblige me so much as to explain how it is carried on?

*Trep.* Oh, with pleasure, fir! suppose new regiments are to be raised—I am applied to—Captain Trepan—that's my name, fir—How are skins now?

—how many may you want?—five hundred—Why, your honour, answers I, those that are fit for all use, that bear fire, and wear well in all climates, cannot be afforded for less than ten pounds a piece—we have an inferior sort that we sell by the hundred—I'll take half and half, says my employer!—your place of delivery?—Plymouth!—agreed!—and they are on ship-board in a month.

*Rent.* But, Captain, sure this business is subject to frauds?

*Trep.* Yes, there are rogues in all trades—but my word is known. I never run the same recruit thro' more than three regiments in my life—and that only when we have been hard pressed for a review.

*Rent.* Very conscientious, upon my word.

*Trep.* Aye, and my conscience has made me—I export more goods than all the trade together. Let us but have a fair trial with our enemies in any part of the world—and then see if captain Trepan's skins don't figure—but here, serjeant Crimp, let the recruits fall in.

*Rent* (*reading the bills.*) “Very fine language, “Captain—I see you are a great writer as well as “an orator.

*Trep.* “I cou'd not do without the talents of both, “fir,—next to gold and brandy, a glib tongue and “a ready pen are the best implements in our trade “—novelty in every line you see—*new* cloaths, “*new* arms, *new* commanders, *new*—

*Rent.* “There I doubt a little, whether novelty is “so proper—would not old commanders be more “encouraging?

*Trep.* "No it is not thought so—old commanders, like old wines, may be good to stick to; but the new sparkles, and gets into the head, and presently makes it fit to be run against the wall." See how my new Colonels stand over the old ones with their names in capitals as tall as their spontoons.

*Rent.* Arranged with a great deal of fancy indeed.

*Trep.* Aye, and meaning to—I can tell you—but do only look at my recruits—do but look at them—[*Crimp gives the word March.*] there's stuff for all work—southern rangers, and northern hunters—lowlanders and highlanders, and loyals and royals, and chasseurs and dasheurs—I suppose now you would like such a fellow, as that? [*Pointing to a smart recruit.*]

*Rent.* It is a thousand pities he should be shot at.

*Trep.* Be in no apprehension, he'll never die by powder?

*Rent.* What do you mean?

*Trep.* Lord help you, how you might be imposed upon—he's my decoy-duck—mere shew goods for the shop window—not an inch of wear and tear in the whole piece.—The dog inherited desertion from his family. His brother was called Quick Silver Jack, he was hanged at last at Berlin, after having served six different princes in the same pair of shoes.

*Enter TRUMORE (hastily.)*

*Trum.* Which is the commander of the party?

*Trep.* Your pleasure, sir.

*Trum.* A musquet in a regiment upon foreign service.

*Trep.* And a handful of guineas to boot, my lad of mettle; this is something like a recruit.

*Rent.* (to *Trumore.*) What's this—*Trumore* enlisting—can I believe my eyes?

*Trum.* Yes, and your heart too—which is always on the side of a well meant-action.

*Rent.* What has driven you to such an act of desperation?

*Trum.* Rashly quits the country—I am convinced his repugnance to my union with his daughter is the cause. He is provident—I am undone—he is besides in immediate trouble—perhaps going to jail upon informations for killing game—I must give a proof of my respect and my friendship—as well as of my resignation.

*Rent.* (*aside.*) Generous youth—but I'll let all things go on—if they do not unitedly work upon the old man's heart, it must be adamant. Captain, you'll see Sir John Contrast.

*Trep.* I shall attest my recruits before him, and this brave fellow at their head. [Exit *Rental*.

*Trum.* I shall be ready, but there is a condition must first be complied with.

*Trep.* Name it.

*Trum.* Twenty guineas to make up a sum for an indispensable obligation—I scorn to take it as enlisting money—you shall be repaid.

*Trep.* You shall have it—any thing more?

*Trum.* Absence for half an hour—in that time depend upon't I'll meet you at the Castle. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter Serjeant CRIMP.*

*Serj. Crimp. (to Trepan)* Here's a fine set of country fellows getting round us, a march and a song might do well.

*Trep. (aside)* You are right! (*Aloud*) Come, my lads, we'll give you a taste of a soldier's life. Corporal Snap—give them the song our officers used to be so fond of—it will please their sweet-hearts as well as themselves—strike up drums.

*Corporal SNAP sings.*

*Gallant comrades of the blade,  
Pay your vows to beauty;  
Mars's toils are best repaid,  
In the arms of beauty.*

*With the myrtle mix the wine,  
Round the laurel let them twine;  
Then to glory, love, and wine,  
Pay alternate duty.*

*Chorus.*

*Gallant comrades, &c.*

SCENE III.

*Enter PEGGY, with an empty cag laughing.*

*Peg.* The rogue has drank it every drop; poppy water and cherry brandy together work delightfully—he'll sleep some hours in a charming ditch where I have had him convey'd—pleasant dreams to you, monsieur La Nippe. What wou'd I give if I cou'd requite your master as well.

*Enter SERJEANT CRIMP and SOLDIERS.*

*Crimp.* My life on't the dog's off—the moment Trepan told me of his pelaver—I suspected he was an old hand—with his voluntary service—and his honour——and his half hour. [*Seeing Peggy.*] Mistress, did you see a young fellow with a scarlet cockade in his hat pass this way?

*Peg.* Not I, indeed, friend—I was otherwise employed.

*Crimp.* Nay, don't be cross—we are looking for a deserter—he is described as a likely young fellow—come, if you can give me intelligence, you shall have half the reward for apprehending him.

*Peg.* Here's another bribe—one may have them, I see, for betraying either sex. And what would you do with him?

*Crimp.* Oh, no harm, as it is the first fault. We should put him in the black hole at present, just to give him the relish of bread and water: the party

THE LORD OF THE MANOR. ACT III.

marches at midnight ; he'll be handcuffed upon the road ; but as soon as he gets between decks in a transport—he'll be perfectly at liberty again.

*Peg.* Gad, whoever he is, if I cou'd see him, I'd give him a hint of your intended kindness. [*looking out*] Hey ! who's this coming—the hero of the plot, young Contrast (*ruminates*) it would be special vengeance—a bold stroke it's true—but a public justice to woman kind—hang fear—I'll do it—hark ye—Mr. what d'ye call 'em—did you ever see the man you are in search of?

*Crimp.* No, but I think I should know him.

*Peg.* (*pointing.*) That's your mark, I fancy.

*Crimp.* Gad it must be so—but I don't see his cockade.

*Peg.* I saw him pull it off, and throw it in the ditch as he came over yonder stile.

*Crimp.* Ah ! an old hand, as I suspected—meet me at the Castle, where we shall convict him—you shall have the reward.

*Peg.* To be sure, money does every thing ; but have some pity upon the young man—you wont treat him worse than what you told me.

*Crimp.* No, no, get you gone, he'll never know who did his business.

*Peg.* (*archly.*) But don't treat him hardly.——  
[*Exit.*]

*Enter* CONTRAST yawning—CRIMP comes behind and taps him upon the shoulder.

*Crimp.* Well overtaken, brother soldier.

*Cont.* Friend, I conclude you are of this neighbourhood, by the happy familiarity that distinguishes it; but at present it is misapplied, you mistake me for some other.

*Crimp.* Mistake you——no, no, your legs would discover you among a thousand——I never saw a fellow better set upon his pins.

*Cont.* (*looking at his legs.*) Not so much out there?

*Crimp.* But where have you been loitering so long? is your knapsack packed? have you taken leave of your sweetheart?——she must not go with you, I can tell you——we are allowed but four women a company for embarkation, and the officers have chosen them all already.

*Cont.* Sure there is some strange quality in this air—the people are not only impudent—but mad.

*Crimp.* I shall find a way to bring you to your senses, sir; what did you pull the cockade out of your hat for, you dog?

*Cont.* What the devil can he mean?

*Crimp.* Why, you rascal, you won't deny that you are enlisted to embark immediately for the West-Indies? have you not touched twenty guineas for the legs you are so proud of? pretty dearly bought.

*Cont.* Now it's plain how well you know me—thy own gunpowder scorch me, if I'd lie in a tent two nights to be Captain General of the united Potentates of Europe.

*Crimp.* The dog's insolence out-does the common—but come, walk on quietly before me——

[*Pushing him.*]

*Cont.* Walk before you!——

[*resisting.*

*Crimp.* Oh, oh! mutinous too——

[*whistles.*

*Enter four or five SOLDIERS.*

*1st Sold.* Here we are, serjeant! what are your orders?

*Crimp.* Lay hold of that fellow——he's a deserter—a thief——and the sauciest dog in the army,——Have you no handcuffs?

*Enter MOLL FLAGON—A soldier's coat over her petticoat, a gin bottle by her side, and a short pipe in her mouth.*

*Moll.* No occasion for 'em, master serjeant——don't be too hard upon the young man——brandy be my poison but I like the looks of him——hear my heart take a whiff——(*offers her pipe.*)——what, not burn priming! come load then.——

[*gives him a glass of brandy.*

*Cont.* It is plain these are a set of murderers——no help! no relief!

*Moll.* Relief, firrah! you're no centry yet. Serjeant, give me charge of him——Moll Flagon never fail'd when she answer'd for her man.

*Crimp.* With all my heart, honest Moll!——and see what you can make of him.——

*Moll.* Never fear, I'll make a soldier and a husband of him——here, first of all——let's see——what a damn'd hat he has got——here, change with him Jack—— [Puts a cap upon his head.

*Cont.* Why, only hear me—I'm a man of fashion——

*Moll.* Ha! ha! ha! I'll fashion you presently—*[puts a knapsack upon him.]* There now you look something like——and now let's see what cash you have about you.

*Cont.* Very little——but you shall have it every farthing if you'll let me go.

*Moll.* Go, you jolly dog—ay, that you shall, thro' the world; you and I together——I'll stick to you thro' life, my son of sulphur.

SINGS.

1.

*Come, my soul,  
Past the cole,  
I must beg or borrow:  
Fill the can,  
You're my man;  
'Tis all the same to-morrow.*

2.

*Sing and quaff,  
Dance and laugh;  
A fig for care or sorrow,  
Kiss and drink,  
But never think;  
'Tis all the same to-morrow.*

*Cont.* Oh, I am a man of fashion.

*[Exeunt, thrusting him off.]*

*Enter SOPHIA and ANNETTE, crossing the stage hastily.*  
 —TRUMORE after them.

*Trum.* Stop, Sophia.

*Soph.* Trumore, this is the only moment I cou'd refuse listening to you. My father is, for aught I know, going to jail.

*Trum.* Comfort yourself on his part—I promise you his safety. I would not leave the country till I was certain of it. I now take leave of him—of you—and all that makes life dear.

*Soph.* Oh my fears! what means that ribband in your hat?

*Trum.* The ensign of honour, when worn upon true principles. A passion for our country is the only one that ought to have competition with virtuous love—when they unite in the heart, our actions are inspiration.

SINGs.

1.

*From thine eye imbibing fire,  
 I a conqueror mean to prove;  
 Or with brighter fame expire,  
 For my country and my love:*

2.

*But ambition's promise over,  
 One from thee I still shall crave;  
 Light the turf, my head shall cover,  
 With thy pity on my grave.*

*Soph.* Trumore, this is too much for me——  
heaven knows how little I am formed for the relish  
of ambition——these heroic notions, how often do  
they lead to the misery of ourselves!——of those  
we leave!——I claim no merit in my apprehen-  
sions—alas they are too selfish.

*Trum.* I came to bid farewell in one short word;  
but the utterance fails me—Annette, speak for me;  
and when I am gone, comfort your sister.

*Ann.* Indeed, Trumore, it will be out of my  
power—my notes will now be as melancholy as her  
own—to soothe her, I must sympathize with her in  
the alarms of absence and danger.

SINGS.

1.

*The sleepless bird from eve to morn:  
Renews her plaintive strain;  
Presses her bosom to the thorn,  
And courts the inspiring pain.*

2.

*But, ah! how vain the skill of song,  
To wake the vocal air;  
With passion trembling on the tongue,  
And in the heart despair!*

*Enter RENTAL.*

*Rent.* What is here!—a concert of sorrow? Re-  
serve your tears, my young mistress, if your smiles  
will not do the business better to work upon the old  
Baronet in the cause of your father—he is going to

be called before him——let a parent owe his happiness to you in the first place; and may it be an omen for your lover being as fortunate in the next!

*Trum.* Rashly appearing before the justice! I have an interest and a business there before you. I fly to execute it—then, Fortune, grant me one more look of her, and take me afterwards to thy direction!

[*Exit.*

*Rent.* The moment is strangely critical to you all. Come on, young ladies, I have a story for you will surprise and encourage you.

*Soph.* We are guided by you—but what can we hope from our silly tears, opposed to the malice of my father's enemies.

*Rent.* Every thing—you know not half the interest you possess in the judge. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.

*A large Gothic Hall. SIR JOHN CONTRAST, followed by TREPAN.*

*Sir John.* I have attested the men, in compliance with your beating order——but no more of your occupation—I'm not for purchasing human flesh—give me the man (aye, and the woman too) that engages upon frank love and kindness, and so to other business.

*Enter CRIMP, whispers TREPAN.*

*Trep.* One word more, your worship. The serjeant has just apprehended a deserter. I am sure

your worship will be glad to have him convicted—he is the worst of swindlers.

*Sir John.* How do you make him out a swindler?

*Trep.* He borrows for shew the most valuable commodities in the nation, courage and fidelity; and so raises money upon property of which he does not possess an atom.

*Sir John.* Does he so?—then bring him in—I'd rather see one thief of the public punish'd, than an hundred private ones.

*Crimp.* Here, Moll, produce your prisoners.—

[*Lugs in Contrast.*]

*Sir John.* What, in the name of sorcery, is this! my son in a soldier's accoutrements!—I should not have been more surpris'd, if he had been metamorphos'd into a fish.

*Cont.* I was in a fair way to be food for one—I shou'd have been shark's meat before I got half way to the West-Indies.

*Sir John.* Stark mad, by all that's fantastical!—Can nobody tell you how he was seized?

*Cont.* Seized! why, by that ruffian, neck and heels; and for my accoutrements, you must ask this harpy, who assisted at my toilette.

*Crimp.* A perfect innocent mistake, as I hope to be pardon'd, your worship—I was sent to seek a deserter—with the best legs in England—was it possible not to be deceived? but, thanks to Fortune, here's a sure acquittal—this baggage put him into my hands as the very person.

*Enter PEGGY.*

*Peg.* Only a little retaliation, your worship—a wolf was in full chace of an innocent lamb, that, to be sure, I had foolishly helped to expose to his paws—a trap offered to my hand, and I must own I did set it, and the wolf was caught, as you see. But, indeed, I was coming to your worship, to prevent all further harm. I meant honestly, and a little merrily I confess. I cannot be one without the other for my life.

*Cont.* Plague on you all! this mystery thickens, instead of clearing.

*Trep.* It is clear, however, my party is out of the scrape—and as for the fellow really enlisted—

*Enter TRUMORE.*

*Trum.* He is here to fulfil all engagements.

*Trep.* Well said, my lad of truth; then my twenty guineas are alive again.

*Trum.* You shall see them employ'd; I would have mortgaged ten lives rather than have wanted them. [To Sir John.] Mr. Rashly is charged with informations for killing game to the amount of four pounds. By the assistance of this gentleman, I made up the sum. The law is cruel to him, to be kind; it enables me to shew him the heart which perhaps has doubted. [Lays down the money.] I am free—and now, sir, I am your man, and will follow wherever the service of my country [To Trep.]

*Rent.* (*coming forward.*) Brave generous fellow! I foresaw his intent, and wou'd not have baulked it for a kingdom.

*Sir John.* Oh, Rental, I am glad you are come; you find me in a wilderness here.

*Rent.* A moment, fir, and I'm sure you'll not mistake your path.

*Peg.* (*opening the rouleau.*) The twist is magical, indeed, I think, for I can't undo it—oh, there it is at last—[*Pours the money upon the table.*] Put up your's again, Mr. Trumore—poor fellow! you'll want it in your new life.

*Cont.* One of my rouleaus! I have been robbed, I see, as well as kidnapped.

*Sir John.* Huffy! how came you by all that money?

*Peg.* Perfectly honestly—I sold my mistress and myself for it—it is not necessary to deliver the goods, for his honour is provided with a mistress; [*Pointing to Moll*] and my lover is about as well off.—Come, fir, never look so cross after your money—what fine gentleman wou'd grudge to let an honest man out of jail, when he can buy his daughter's modesty into the bargain?

*Sir John.* Rental, do you see into this?

*Rent.* Clearly, fir, and it must end with reconciling you to your son.

*Sir John.* How! reconcile me to bribery and debauchery!—never—if the dog cou'd succeed with a girl by his face, or his tongue, or his legs, or any thing that nature has given him, why there's a sort of fair play that might palliate—but there is an

unmanliness in vice without passion—death! infidelity is converted into infamy—but where is this Rashly and his girls?

*Enter RASHLY—between his daughters—they throw themselves at Sir John's feet—a long pause.*

*Sir John. (in the greatest surprise.)* This Rashly! this the father of these girls! and do not his features deceive me?—who is it I see?

*Rent.* The son I mean to reconcile—who offended upon principles the most opposite to those you just now condemned—the children of his offence—and thanks only to the inheritance of his virtues, that they are not become the punishment of his poverty.

*Cont.* My elder brother come to light!

*Sir John.* Rise, till I am sure I am awake—this is the confusion of a delirium.

*Rent. (to Rashly.)* Why do not you speak, sir?

*Rash.* What form of words will become me? to say I repent, would be an injury to the dead and living. I have erred, but I have been happy—one duty I can plead; resignation to your will—so may I thrive in the decision of this anxious moment as I never taxed your justice.

*Sir John. (after a pause.)* Rental, do you expect I shall ever retract?

*Rent.* No, sir, for I was witness to the solemnity of your vow, that you would protect the father of your little clients against all his enemies—right or wrong, they should yield.

*Sir John.* Yes, but I little thought how very stubborn an old fellow I should have to deal with.

*Rent.* Come forward, clients.

*Soph.* I am overcome with dread.

*Sir John.* Come, I'll make short work of it as usual—so hear all—my decree is made.

*Rent.* Now justice and nature!

*Soph.* Mercy and tenderness!

*Cont. (aside.)* Caprice and passion!

*Sir John.* Decision and consistency!—I discarded one son for a marriage—I have brought up a second—not to marry—but to attempt to debauch his own niece—I'll try what sort of vexation the other sex will produce—so listen, girls—take possession of this castle—it is yours—nay, I only keep my word—you remember how I promised to treat the old obstinate your father was afraid of. This is the house of self-correction, and I give you the key.

*Soph. and Ann. (kneeling.)* Gratitude—love and joy.———

*Sir John.* Up, ye little charmers—your looks have asked my blessing this hour.

*Rent.* And now for Trumore to compleat the happiness. Sir John, permit me your ear apart.

[*Takes him aside.*]

*Cont.* So! the confusion of chances seems winding up to a miracle, and quite in my favour—the run of these last twelve hours exceeds all calculation, strike me penniless—where is that dog La Nippe?

*Enter LA NIPPE covered with mud.*

*La Nip.* Here he is in a pleasant plight——

*Cont.* Whence, in the devil's name comest thou?

*La Nip.* From the bottom of the black ditch—how I got there I know no more than the man in the moon—I waked and found myself half smother'd in dirt, lying like King Log in the fable, with a congress of frogs on my back.

*Peg.* My dear, I hope you are satisfied with your bargain, I did my best “to settle your business” completely.”

*La Nip.* Oh! thou witch of Endor.

*[Peg. and La Nippe continue to act in dumb show.]*

*Sir John.* Another plot upon me, Rental—but does the young fellow say nothing himself for his pretensions.

*Trum.* I have none, sir—they aspired too high when directed to Sophy Rashly; they must cease for ever when I think of Miss Contrast.

*Sir John.* Now, for the blood of me, I can't see that distinction. Can you, Contrast?

*[to Rashly.]*

*Rash.* So far from it, sir, that I think the purity of his attachment to the poor farmer's daughter, is the best recommendation to the fortune of the heiress.

*Sir John.* I confirm the decree—it is exactly my old way—I have not been apt to retract an action, but no man more ready to correct it by doing the reverse another time. I am now convinced mutual affection makes the only true equality in marriage;

and in my present humour (I don't know how long 'twill last) I wish there was not a wedding in the nation formed upon any other interest—what say you, man of fashion? *[to young Contrast.]*

*Rafb.* Dear Sir, don't treat my brother's foibles too severely. His zeal to be eminent, only wants a right turn.

*Sir John.* Let him find that turn, and he knows I have wherewithall to keep him from the inconvenience of a younger brother, though he loses Castle Manor.

*Cent.* I resign it, and all its appendages. And with all my faults, my brother shall find I am neither envious nor mercenary. *[To La Nippe.]* Horses for town instantly; there is my true sphere—and if ever I am caught in a rural intrigue again, may I be tied to an old ram, like my pointers for sheep-biting, and butting into a constance with the clay of this damned forest. *[Exit La Nippe following.]*

*Sir John.* And now to return to my recruit—I promised he should be attested to-night—and so he shall—to his bride—if afterwards his country demands his assistance—get him a commission, Sophy, and pray for a short end to the war—a prayer in which every good subject in the nation will join you.

*Trum.* Sir, you have given me a possession that makes all other treasures poor. Witness love and truth, how much I despise the temptation of ambition, when weighed against one hour of Sophia's society. But these are times when service to the public is a tribute that justice and virtue indiscri-

minately impose upon private happiness. And the man who refuses upon their call, a sacrifice to the exigency of his country, ill deserves to be a sharer in her prosperity.

*Rent.* Sir, the tenants from the wake, in eagerness of honest joy, press to be admitted.

*Sir John.* Throw open the doors.

*Rent.* I hope you will not see a countenance that does not express an interest in the events of Castle Manor.

### SCENE V.

*Draws to an enlargement of the hall. Enter*  
TENANTS, &c.

### F I N A L E.

*Rashly. Partners of my toils and pleasures,  
To this happy spot repair ;  
See how justly fortune measures,  
Favours to the true and fair :*

*With chorusses gay,  
Proclaim holiday,  
In praise of the Lord of the Manor ;  
And happy the song,  
If it trains old and young,  
In the lessons of Castle Manor.*

*Sophia. When a mutual inclination  
Once a glowing spark betrays ;  
Try with tender emulation,  
Which shall first excite the blaze :*

*I plighted my troth  
To a generous youth,  
I found him at Castle Manor.  
To one only be kind,  
And leave fashion behind,  
'Tis the lesson of Castle Manor.*

Trum. *Gallants; learn from Trumore's story,  
To associate in the breast  
Truth and honour, love and glory,  
And to fortune leave the rest.*

*My ambition was fame;  
From beauty it came,  
From beauty at Castle Manor.  
'Tis an honour to arms  
To be led by its charms,  
Like the soldier of Castle Manor.*

Peggy. *Bribe and free, but true to duty,  
Sure I've play'd an honest part;  
Would you purchase love and beauty,  
Be the prize a faithful heart:*

*Should a knave full of gold  
Think Peg's to be sold.  
Let him meet me at Castle Manor.  
A bed in the mire  
To cool his desire,  
Is the lesson of Castle Manor.*

Annette. *Tho' I trip in my expression,  
Critics, lend a patient ear—  
If coquetting be transgression—  
Sisterhood be not severe.*

*To love while we live,  
And all faults to forgive,  
Is the lesson of Castle Manor :  
Be friends to our cause  
And make your applause,  
A new blessing at Castle Manor.*





THE  
H E I R E S S.

A  
COMEDY.

---

BY LIEUT. GEN. JOHN BURGoyNE.

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ADAPTED FOR  
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

---

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

*By Permission of the Managers.*

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"The Lines distinguished by Inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

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TO THE  
EARL OF DERBY.

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MY DEAR LORD,

**O**UR connection and friendship, as well as the partiality I know you will entertain in favour of any attempt at regulated Drama, mark you as the person, to whom, with the most propriety, and inclination, I can inscribe the Comedy of the Heiress.

It also comes to your Lordship's hand with a secondary claim to your acceptance, as owing its existence to the leisure and tranquillity I enjoyed during the two last summers at Knowsley.

I long intended, as your Lordship can witness, to keep the name of the author concealed. After the success with which the Play has been honoured, I must expect that the change of my design will be imputed by many to vanity: I shall submit, without murmuring, to that belief, if I may obtain equal credit for the sincerity of another pride which this discovery gratifies—that, of testifying, in the most public manner, the respect, and affection with which I have the honour to be,

My dear Lord,

Your most obedient,

And most humble servant,

J. BURGONE.

Hertford-street, Feb. 1st, 1786.

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## PREFACE.

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THE approbation the following Comedy has received upon the Stage, and the candour with which every criticism, that has come to the Author's knowledge, has been accompanied, might encourage him to trust it to the closet without any other preface, than an acknowledgement of his gratitude to the Public, for the honours done to him. And if he detains the reader a few moments more, it is not to disavow what has been hinted at in some of the daily prints, as a species of plagiarism, but to plead it in behalf of dramatic writing in general, against rules, that if carried to the extent they lead to, would fix shackles upon genius, and give a very undue limitation to variety.

*In point of fable, for instance—Is it a reproach to borrow?*

Surely the dramatist, like the architect, brings his talents equally to the test, whether he builds upon another man's ground or his own. And if instead of small and detached parts, the writer of the Heirefs had taken the compleat plot of his play from a novel; he would have imitated the examples (the only imitation to which he has any pretence) of the best dramatic Poets of every age.

*In point of originality of characters—It is humbly hoped this Comedy is not without it. But present*

instances apart, it is submitted to the judicious, whether such an exaction of novelty as would make a resemblance to any thing ever seen upon the stage before unacceptable, might not materially vitiate the public taste, carry the major part of writers beyond the scope of nature and probability, and deprive the spectator of that pleasing and infinite diversity of shape and colouring that the leading passions, vices, and follies of civilised life, admit. Love, avarice, misanthropy, &c. &c. if drawn a thousand and a thousand times with new shades, and in different points of view, will do as much credit to invention, and have as just an effect in exhibition, as if Moliere or Congreve had never touched the subjects. It is not whether there may not be personages in the *Heiress*, in whom we may discover family features, that is asked, but whether they are not still individuals, with whom we have been hitherto unacquainted—is a question, not for the Author to determine.

*Original thought*—It has been observed that there is an image in a speech of Lord Gayville, copied closely from Rousseau. Very possibly it may be so. The Author of the *Heiress* certainly has read that elegant writer; and to shew how easily invention may be deceived, he will quote another writer (in his estimation still more elegant) who thus accounts, and apologizes for, unconscious plagiarism—“Faded ideas,” says Mr. Sheridan, “Float in the fancy like half forgotten dreams; and imagina-

"tion, in its fullest enjoyments, becomes suspicious  
"of its offspring, and doubts whether it has creat-  
"ed or adopted."

MORE sentiments and expression due to the imagination of others, may possibly be challenged, though they are equally out of the recollection of the Author.—He would only wish the candid to admit the probability, that while he believed them his own, he thought them his best.

MANY of the scenes now submitted to perusal, have been shortened in representation, and a few words have been altered occasionally to preserve connection—a circumstance necessary to be known lest the performers should be suspected of negligence, when, on the contrary, too much cannot be said of their attention and zeal. When all have been eminent, it would be unnecessary, if not invidious, to particularize any: There is nevertheless a Lady, to whom, by her standing separately and individually in one part of the performance, the Author, without departing from his maxim, may express his more than ordinary obligation. Miss Farren, by her inimitable manner of delivering the Epilogue, has made a better apology to the public than any his pen could have produced, for a composition which, from an accident, was much too hastily written in some parts, and in others pieced together with a like insufficiency of time.

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THE Epilogue excepted, no defects in the following sheets can be covered by the excuse of hurry: They cannot be so, consistently with truth, nor indeed, with inclination: For the Author had rather be thought incapable of pleasing, after his greatest cares, than wanting in the attention and respect which every man who ventures to publish a production of this nature owes to the world and to himself—Not to let it pass from his hands without frequent revision, and the best considered finish his abilities can give.

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## PROLOGUE.

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By the Right Hon. RICHARD FITZPATRICK.

Spoken by MR. KING.

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*AS* sprightly sunbeams gild the face of day,  
When low'ring tempests calmly glide away,  
So when the Poet's dark horizon clears,  
Array'd in smiles, the Epilogue appears.  
She, of that house the lively emblem still,  
Whose brilliant speakers start what themes they will,  
Still varying topics for her sportive rhymes  
From all the follies of these fruitless times,  
Uncheck'd by forms, with flippant hand may cull,  
Prologues, like Peers, by privileges are dull.  
In solemn strain address th' assembled Pit,  
The legal judges of dramatic wit,  
Confining still with dignified decorum,  
Their observations,—to the Play before 'em.

Now when each batchelor a helpmate lacks,  
(That sweet exemption from a double Tax)  
When laws are fram'd with a benignant plan  
Of light'ning burdens on the married man,  
And Hymen adds one solid comfort more  
To all those comforts he conferr'd before,  
To smoothe the rough laborious road to fame  
Our bard has chosen—an alluring name.

*As wealth in wedlock oft is known to hide  
 The imperfections of a homely bride,  
 This tempting title, he perhaps expects,  
 May heighten beauties,—and conceal defects :  
 Thus sixty's wrinkles, view'd thro' fortune's glass,  
 The rosy dimples of sixteen surpass :  
 The modern suitor, grasps his fair one's hand,  
 O'erlooks her person, and adores—her hand ;  
 Leers on her houses with an ogling eye,  
 O'er her rich acres heaves an am'rous sigh,  
 His heartfelt pangs thro' groves of—timber vents,  
 And runs distracted for—her three per cents.*

*Will thus the Poet's mimic Heiress find,  
 The bridegroom critic to her failings blind,  
 Who claims, alas ! his nicer taste to hit,  
 The Lady's portion paid in sterling wit ?  
 On your decrees, to fix her future fate,  
 Depends our Heiress for her whole estate :  
 Rich in your smiles, she charms th' admiring town ;  
 A very bankrupt, should you chance to frown :  
 O may a verdict, given in your applause,  
 Pronounce the prosp'rous issue of her cause,  
 Confirm the name an anxious parent gave her,  
 And prove her Heiress of—the Public Favour !*

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*DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

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*DRURY-LANE.*

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*Men.*

SIR CLEMENT FLINT,	-	-	Mr. King.
CLIFFORD,	-	-	Mr. Smith.
LORD GAYVILLE,	-	-	Mr. Palmer.
ALSCRIP,	-	-	Mr. Parsons.
CHIGNON,	-	-	Mr. Baddeley.
Mr. BLANDISH,	-	-	Mr. Bannister, jr.
PROMPT,	-	-	Mr. R. Palmer.
Mr. RIGHTLY,	-	-	Mr. Aickin.

Chairmen, Servants, &c.

*Women.*

LADY EMILY,	-	-	Miss Farren.
Miss ALSCRIP,	-	-	Miss Pope.
Miss ALTON,	-	-	Mrs. Crouch.
Mrs. SAGELY,	-	-	Mrs. Booth.
TIFFANY,	-	-	Miss Tidswell.
Mrs. BLANDISH,	-	-	Mrs. Wilson.

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THE  
H E I R E S S.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

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*A Lady's Apartment.*

*Mr. BLANDISH and Mrs. LETITIA BLANDISH discovered writing : letters folded up, and message cards scattered upon the table.*

*Mrs. BLANDISH. Leans upon her elbows as meditating. Writes as pleased with her thoughts, lays down the pen.*

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**T**HERE, it is compleat——(*reads conceitedly*).  
“ Adieu, my charming friend, my amiable, my all  
“ Accomplished sociate ! conceive the ardor of  
“ Your lover’s united with your own sensibility—  
“ Still will the compound be but faintly expressive  
“ Of the truth and tenderness of your  
“ LETITIA BLANDISH.”  
There’s phrase—There’s a period—Match it if you  
can.

*Blan.* Not I indeed: I am working upon a quite different plan: but you are as welcome to my cast off style, as you shou'd be to my old embroidery. Pick out the gold if it be of any use.

*Mrs. Blan.* Cast off style! Excellent assurance! And pray, Sir, to whom are you indebted for the very elements of wheedling, and all that has attended it's progress, from the plaything in your nursery, to the brilliant upon your finger?

*Blan.* For the elements, my honour'd sister, and partner, I confess the obligation; but for the proficiency, I have obtain'd the sublime of the science, while you with more experience are still a novice; like a miss at her fluttering harpsicord, with a nimble finger, but no ear;—You keep in tune, 'tis true, for that is the merit of the instrument, but you are continually out of time, and all-ways thrumming the same key.

*Mrs. Blan.* Which in plain English is as much as to say——

*Blan.* That human vanity is an instrument of such ease and compass, the most unskilful can play something upon it: but to touch it to the true purpose——

*Mrs. Blan.* Well, Sir, and look round you pray; these apartments were not furnished from the interest of two miserable thousand pounds in the three per cents, any more than our table and equipage have been maintained by *your* patrimony—A land estate of one hundred a year, out of repair, and nearly it's value. I believe I have

stated our original family circumstances pretty accurately.

*Blan.* They wanted improvement, it must be acknowledged. But before we bring our industry to a comparison, in the name of the old father of flattery, to whom is that perfect phrase address'd?

*Mrs. Blan.* To one worth the pains, I can tell you.—Miss Alscrip.

*Blan.* What, sensibility to Miss Alscrip! my dear sister, this is too much, even in your own way; had you run changes upon her fortune, stocks, bonds and mortgages; upon Lord Gayville's coronet at her feet, or forty other coronets, to make footballs of, if she pleased,—it would have been plausible; but the quality you have selected——

*Mrs. Blan.* Is one she has no pretensions to, therefore the flattery is more persuasive—that's my maxim.

*Blan.* And mine also, but I don't try it quite so high—Sensibility to Miss Alscrip; you might as well have applied it to her Uncle's Pig-iron, from which she derives her first fifty thousand; or the harder heart of the old Usurer, her Father, from whom she expects the second. But come (*rings*) to the business of the morning.

*Enter PROMPT (the Valet de Chambre.)*

Here Prompt—send out the chairmen with the billets and cards.—Have you any orders, madam?

*Mrs. Blan.* (*delivering her letter*). This to Miss Alscrip, with my impatient enquiries after her last

night's rest, and that she shall have my personal statue in half an hour.—You take care to send to all the lying-in ladies.

*Prompt.* At their doors, madam, before the first load of straw.

*Blan.* And to all great men that keep the house—Whether for their own disorders, or those of the nation?

*Prompt.* To all, Sir—their secretaries, and principal clerks.

*Blan.* (*aside to Prompt.*) How goes on the business you have undertaken for Lord Gayville?

*Prompt.* I have convey'd his letter, and expect this morning to get an answer.

*Blan.* He does not think me in the secret?

*Prompt.* Mercy forbid you should be! (*archly*)

*Blan.* I should never forgive your meddling.—

*Prompt.* Oh! never, never!

*Blan.* (*aloud.*) Well, dispatch.—

*Mrs. Blan.* Hold!—apropos, to the lying-in list—at Mrs. Barbara Winterbloom's to enquire after the Angola kittens, and the last hatch of Java sparrows.

*Prompt.* (*Reading his memorandum as he goes out.*) Ladies in the straw—Ministers, &c.—Old Maids, Cats and Sparrows, never had a better list of how d'ye's since I had the honour to collect for the Blandish family. [*Exit.*]

*Mrs. Blan.* These are the attentions that establish valuable friendships in female life. By adapting myself to the whims of one, submitting to the jest of another, assisting the little plots of a third,

and taking part against the husbands with all, I am become an absolute essential in the polite world; the very soul of every fashionable party in town or country.

*Blan.* The country! Pshaw! Time thrown away.

*Mrs. Blan.* Time thrown away! As if women of fashion left London, to turn freckled shepherdesses.—No, no; cards, cards and backgammon, are the delights of rural life; and slightly as you may think of my skill, at the year's end I am no inconsiderable sharer in the pin-money of my society.

*Blan.* A paltry resource—Gambling is a damn'd trade, and I have done with it.

*Mrs. Blan.* Indeed!

*Blan.* Yes, 'twas high time—The women don't pay.—And as for the men, the age grows circumspect in proportion to it's poverty: It's odds but one loses a character to establish a debt, and must fight a duel to obtain the payment. I have a thousand better plans, but two principal ones—And I am only at a loss, which to chuse.

*Mrs. Blan.* Out with them, I beseech you.

*Blan.* Whether I shall marry my friend's intended bride, or his sister.

*Mrs. Blan.* Marry his intended bride?—What pig-iron and usury?—Your opinion of her must advance your addresses admirably.

*Blan.* My Lord's opinion of her will advance them; he can't bear the sight of her, and defiance of his uncle, Sir Clement Flint's eagerness for the match, is running mad after an adventure, which I,

who am his confidant shall keep going till I determine.---There's news for you.

*Mrs. Blan.* And his sister, Lady Emily, the alternative! The first match in England in beauty, wit, and accomplishment.

*Blan.* Foooh! A fig for her personal charms, she will bring me connexion that wou'd soon supply fortune; the other wou'd bring fortune enough to make connection unnecessary.

*Mrs. Blan.* And as to the certainty of success with the one or the other.—


*Blan.* Success!—Are they not women? Why even you can cajole them—What then must I do who have advantage of sex, and am equally ready to adore every feature of the face, or to fall incorporally in love with the mind.—But no more of theory, I must away to practice.—And first for Gayville, and his fellow-student Clifford, who is come home with a wife face, and a conceited confidence in his old ascendancy over his Lordship; but thanks to the accident that kept him two months behind, Mr. Monitor will find himself mistaken.

*Mrs. Blan.* Beware of the Monitor notwithstanding in another quarter. Lady Emily and he were acquainted at the age of first impressions.

*Blan.* I dare say he always meant to be the compleat friend of the family, tho' without a single talent for the purpose. I question whether he ever made a compliment in his life.

*Mrs. Blan.* Oh, the brute.

*Blan.* His game I find, has been to work upon Lord Gayville's understanding; he thinks he must



finally establish himself in his esteem, by inexorably opposing all his follies—Poor simpleton!—Now my touch of opposition goes only to enhance the value of my acquiescence. So adieu for the morning!—You to Miss Alscip with an unction of flattery fit for a house painter's brush; I to Sir Clement, and his family, with a composition as delicate as tæther, and to be applied with the point of a feather. [Going.

*Mrs. Blan.* Hark you, Blandish, a good wish before you go: To make your success compleat, may you find but half your own vanity in those you have to work on!

*Blan.* Thank you, my dear Letty; this is not the only *tap* you have hit me to-day, and you are right; for if you and I did not sometimes speak truth to each other, we should forget there was such a quality incident to the human mind.

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## SCENE II.

*Lord GAYVILLE's Apartment. Enter Lord GAYVILLE and Mr. CLIFFORD.*

*L. Gay.* My dear Clifford, urge me no more. How can a man of your liberality of sentiment descend to be the advocate of my uncle's family avarice.

*Clif.* My lord, you do not live for yourself. You have an ancient name and title to support.

captivated my very soul, tho' it had been her only attraction. At last——

*Clif.* What is to follow !

*L. Gay.* By the persuasions of the woman, who laugh'd at my scruples with an unknown girl, a lodger upon a second floor, I hid myself in the closet of her apartment. And the practiced trader assured me I had nothing to fear, from the interruption of the family.

*Clif.* Oh for shame, my Lord: whatever may be the end of your adventure, such means were very much below you.

*L. Gay.* I confess it, and have been punish'd. Upon the discovery of me, fear, indignation and resolution agitated the whole frame of the sweet girl by turns—I would sooner have committed sacrilege than have offered an affront to her person—Confused—overpower'd—I stammer'd out a few incoherent words—Interest in her fortune—respect—entreaty of forgiveness—and left her, to detest me.

*Clif.* You need go no farther. I mean to rally you, but your proceedings and emotion alarm me for your peace and honour. If this girl is an adventurer, which I suspect, you are making yourself ridiculous—If she is strictly innocent, upon what ground dare a man of your principle think farther of her : you are on a double precipice ; on one side impell'd by folly, on the other——

*L. Gay.* Hold, Clifford, I am not prepar'd for so much admonition. Your tone is changed since our separation ; you seem to drop the Companion and assume the Governor.

*Clif.* No, my Lord, I scorn the Sycophant, and assert the Friend.

*Enter servant, follow'd by BLANDISH.*

*Ser.* My Lord, Mr. Blandish. [*Exit.*

*Clif.* (*significantly*) I hope every man will do the same.

*Blan.* Mr. Clifford do not let me drive you away—I want to learn *your* power to gain and to preserve dear Lord Gayville's esteem.

*Clif.* (*with a seeming effort to withdraw his hand which Blandish holds*) Sir, you are quite accomplish'd to be an example.—

*Blan.* I have been at your apartment to look for you—we have been talking of you with Sir Clement—Lady Emily threw in her word.—

*Clif.* (*disengaging his hand*) Oh, Sir; you make me too proud. (*aside*) Practised Parasite! [*Exit.*

*Blan.* (*aside*) Sneering Puppy—(*to Lord Gayville*) My Lord you seem disconcerted, has any thing new occur'd?

*L. Gay.* No, for there is nothing new in being disappointed in a friend.

*Blan.* Have you told your story to Mr. Clifford?

*L. Gay.* I have, and I might as well have told it to the Cynic, my Uncle: he cou'd not have discourag'd, or condemn'd me more.

*Blan.* They are both in the right. I see things exactly as they do—but I have less fortitude, or more attachment than others:—The inclinations of the man I love are spells upon my opposition.

*L. Gay.* Kind Blandish! you are the confidant I want.

*Blan.* What has happen'd since your discovery in the closet?

*L. Gay.* The lovely wanderer left her lodgings the next morning—but I have again found her—she is in a house of equal retirement, but of very different character, in the city, and inaccessible. I have wrote to her, and knowing her to be distressed, I have enclos'd Bank Bills for two hundred pounds, the acceptance of which I have urged with all the delicacy I am master of, and by heaven without a purpose of corruption.

*Blan.* Two hundred pounds, and Lord Gayville's name—

*L. Gay.* She has never known me, but by the name of Mr. Heartly. Since my ambition has been to be loved for my own sake, I have been jealous of my title.

*Blan.* And prithee by what diligence or chance, did Mr. Heartly trace his fugitive?

*L. Gay.* By the acuteness of Mr. Prompt, your Valet de Chambre. You must pardon me for pressing into my service for this occasion, the fellow in the world fittest for it.

*Blan.* You know I am incapable of being angry with you,—but that dog to practice upon my weakness, and engage without my consent!

*L. Gay.* The blame is all mine. He is now waiting an answer to my letter—how my heart palpitates at the delay.—

*Enter PROMPT.*

*Prompt.* (*Starts at seeing his master.*) Are you alone my Lord?

*L. Gay.* Don't be afraid Prompt—your peace is made.

*Prompt.* Then there is my return for your Lordship's goodness. (*Giving the letter*) This letter was just now brought to the place appointed by a porter.

*L. Gay.* By a Cupid, honest Prompt, and these characters were engraved by the point of his arrow! (*kissing the superscription*) "To —— Heartly, "Esq." Blandish, did you ever see any thing like it?

*Blan.* If her style be equal to her hand-writing—

*L. Gay.* If it be equal!—Infidel! you shall have proof directly. (*opens the letter precipitately*) Hey day! what the Devil's here? my bills again and no line—not a word—Death and disappointment, what's this?

*Prompt.* Gad it's well if she is not off again—faith I never ask'd where the letter came from.

*L. Gay.* Should you know the messenger again?

*Prompt.* I believe I should, my Lord. For a Cupid he was somewhat in years, about six feet high, and a nose rather given to purple.

*L. Gay.* Spare your wit, Sir, till you find him.

*Prompt.* I have a shorter way—my life upon it, I start her myself.

*Blan.* And what is your device, firrah?

*Prompt.* Lord, Sir, nothing so easy as to bring every living creature in this town to the window: a tame bear, or a mad ox; two men, or two dogs fighting; a balloon in the air—(or tied up to the ceiling 'tis the same thing) make but noise enough and out they come, first and second childhood, and every thing between—I am sure I shall know her by inspiration.

*L. Gay.* Shall I describe her to you?

*Prompt.* No, my lord, time is too precious—I'll be at her last lodgings, and afterwards half the town over before your Lordship will travel from her forehead to her chin.

*L. Gay.* Away then, my good fellow. He cannot mistake her, for when she was form'd nature broke the mould. *[Exit Prompt.]*

*Blan.* Now for the blood of me, cannot I call that fellow back; it is absolute infatuation: ah! I see how this will end.

*L. Gay.* What are your apprehensions?

*Blan.* That my ferret yonder will do his part completely, that I shall set all your uncle's doctrine at nought, and thus lend myself to this wild intrigue, till the girl is put into your arms.

*L. Gay.* Propitious be the thought, my best friend—my uncle's doctrine! but advise me, how shall I keep my secret from him for the present? He is suspicion personified: the eye of Sir Clement is a very probe to the mind.

*Blan.* (*aside*) Yes, and it sometimes gives one a cursed deal of pain before he is convinced of touch-

ing a sound part. [*To Lord Gayville.*] Your best chance would be to double your affiduities to Miss Adcrist. But then dissimulation is so mean a vice.—

*L. Gay.* It is so indeed, and if I give into it for a moment, it is upon the determination of never being her husband. I may despise and offend a woman; but disgust would be no excuse for betraying her. Adieu, Blandish; if you see Prompt first, I trust to you for the quickest communication of intelligence.

*Blau.* I am afraid you may—I cannot resist you [*Exit Lord Gayville.*]—Ah! wrong—wrong—wrong; I hope that exclamation is not lost. A blind compliance with a young man's passions, is a poor plot upon his affections. [*Exit.*]

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### SCENE III.

*Mrs. SAGELY's House. Enter Mrs. SAGELY and Miss ALTON.*

*Mrs. Sagely.* Indeed Miss Alton, (since you are resolved to continue that name) you may bless yourself for finding me out in this wilderness—Wilderness! this town is ten times more dangerous to youth and innocence: every man you meet is a wolf.

*Miss Alton.* Dear Madam, I see you dwell upon my indiscretion in flying to London, but remember the safeguard I expected to find here. How cruel was the disappointment! how dangerous have been

the consequences! I thought the chance happy that threw a retired lodging in my way: I was upon my guard against the other sex, but for my own to be treacherous to an unfortunate, cou'd I expect it?

*Mrs. Sagely.* Suspect every body, if you wou'd be safe—but most of all suspect yourself. Ah, my pretty truant—the heart that is so violent in it's aversions, is in sad danger of being the same in it's affections, depend upon it.

*Miss Alton.* Let them spring from a just esteem and you will absolve me; my aversion was to the character of the wretch I was threaten'd with—can you reprove me?

*Mrs. Sagely.* And tell me truly now; do you feel the same detestation for this worse character you have made acquaintance with? This rake—this abominable Heartly?—Ah, child, your look is suspicious.

*Miss Alton.* Madam, I have not a thought, that I will not sincerely lay open to you. Mr. Heartly is made to please, and to be avoided; I desire never to see him more—his discovery of me here; his letters, his offers, have greatly alarmed me. I conjure you lose not an hour in placing me under the sort of protection I solicited.

*Mrs. Sagely.* If you are resolved, I believe I can serve you. Miss Alscip, the great Heiress, (you may have heard of the name in your family) has been enquiring among decay'd gentry for a companion. She is too fine a lady to be alone, and perhaps does not look to a husband's company as a certain dependence. Your musical talent will be a

great recommendation——She is already apprized, and a line from me will introduce you.

*Miss Alton.* I will avail myself of your kindness immediately.

*Prompt.* (*without.*) I tell you I have business with Mrs. Sagely.——I must come in.

*Mrs. Sagely.* As I live here is an impudent fellow forcing himself into the passage.

*Miss Alton.* Oh heaven! if Mr. Heartly shou'd be behind.

*Mrs. Sagely.* Get into the back parlour; be he who he will, I'll warrant I protect you.

[*Exit Miss Alton.*]

*Enter PROMPT* (*looking about.*)

*Mrs. Sagely.* Who are you, Sir? What are you looking for?

*Prompt.* Madam, I was looking——I was looking—for you.

*Mrs. Sagely.* Well, Sir, what do you want?

*Prompt.* (*Still prying about.*) Madam, I want—I want—I want——

*Mrs. Sagely.* To rob the house, perhaps.

*Prompt.* Just the contrary, Madam—to see that all is safe within it.—You have a treasure in your possession that I would not have lost for the world—A young Lady.

*Mrs. Sagely.* Indeed!—begone about your business, friend—there are no young ladies to be spoke with here.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*An apartment in Sir CLEMENT FLINT's House. Lady EMILY GAYVILLE and CLIFFORD at Chests.*

*Sir CLEMENT sitting at a distance pretending to read a parchment, but slyly observing them.*

*Lady Emily.*

CHECK—If you do not take care, you are gone the next move.

*Clif.* I confess, Lady Emily, you are on the point of complete victory.

*L. Emily.* Pooh, I wou'd not give a farthing for victory without a more spirited defence.

*Clif.* Then you must engage with those (if those there are) that do not find you irresistible.

*L. Emily.* I cou'd find a thousand such; but I'll engage with none whose triumph I could not submit to with pleasure.

*Sir Cle. (Apart)* Pretty significant on both sides. I wonder how much farther it will go.

*L. Emily.* Uncle, did you speak?

*Sir Cle. [Reading to himself.]* "And the parties to this indenture do farther covenant and agree, that all and every the said lands, tenements, and hereditaments—um——um"——How useful sometimes is ambiguity! [*Loud enough to be heard.*]

*Clif.* A very natural observation of Sir Clement's

upon that long parchment. [*Pauses again upon the chess board.*]

[*Lady Emily looking pensively at his face.*]

*Clif.* To what a dilemma have you reduc'd me, Lady Emily. If I advance, I perish by my temerity; and it is out of my power to retreat.

*Sir Cle.* [*Apart*] Better and better!—To talk in cypher is a curious faculty.

*Clif.* Sir?

*Sir Cle.* [*Still reading*] “In witness whereof the said parties have hereunto interchangeably set their hands and seals this—um—um—day of—um—um—”

*L. Emily.* [*Resuming an air of vivacity*] Come, I trifle with you too long—There's your coup de grace.—Uncle, I have conquer'd. [*Both rising from the table.*]

*Sir Cle.* Niece, I do not doubt it—and in the style of the great proficient, without looking upon the board. Clifford, was not your mother's name Charlton? [*Folding up the parchment and rising.*]

*Clif.* It was, Sir.

*Sir Cle.* In looking over the writings Alscip has sent me, preparatory to his daughter's settlement, I find mention of a conveyance from a Sir William Charlton of Devonshire. Was he a relation?

*Clif.* My grandfather, Sir: The plunder of his fortune was one of the first materials for raising that of Mr. Alscip, who was steward to Sir William's estate, then manager of his difficulties, and lastly his sole creditor.

*Sir Cle.* And no better monopoly than that of a man's distresses. Alscrip has had twenty such, or I should not have singled out his daughter to be Lord Gayville's wife.

*Clif.* It is a compensation for my family losses, that in the event they will conduce to the interest of the man I most love.

*Sir Cle.* Hey day, Clifford!—take care, don't trench upon the Blandish—*Your* cue, you know, is Sincerity.

*Clif.* You seem to think, Sir, there is no such quality. I doubt whether you believe there is an honest man in the world.

*Sir Cle.* You do me great injustice—several—several—and upon the old principle that—“honesty” is the best policy.—Self interest is the great end of life, says human nature—Honesty is a better agent than craft—says proverb.

*Clif.* But as for ingenuous, or purely disinterested motives——

*Sir Cle.* Clifford, do you mean to laugh at me?

*Clif.* What is your opinion, Lady Emily?

*L. Emily.* [*Endeavouring again at vivacity*] That there may be such: but it's odds they are troublesome or insipid. Pure ingenuousness, I take it, is a rugged sort of thing, which scarcely will bear the polish of common civility; and for disinterestedness—young people sometimes fet out with it; but it is like travelling upon a broken spring—one is glad to get it mended at the next stage.

*Sir Cle. Emily*, I protest you seem to study after me; proceed child and we will read together every character that comes in our way.

*L. Emily*. Read one's acquaintance—delightful! what romances, novels, satires, and mock heroics present themselves to my imagination! Our young men are flimsy essays; old ones, political pamphlets; coquets, fugitive pieces; and *fashionable beauties*, a compilation of advertized perfumery, essence of pearl, milk of roses, and Olympian dew.—Lord, I should now and then tho' turn over an acquaintance with a sort of fear and trembling.

*Clif.* How so?

*L. Emily*. Lest one should pop unaware upon something one should *not* like, a naughty speech in an old comedy; but it is only skipping what would make one blush.

*Sir Cle.* Or if you did not skip, when a woman reads *by* herself and *to* herself, there are wicked philosophers who doubt whether her blushes are very troublesome.

*L. Emily.* (*To Sir Clement.*) Do you know now that for that speech of your's—and for that saucy smile of yours (*to Clifford*) I am strongly tempted to read you both aloud!

*Sir Cle.* Come try—I'll be the first to open the book.

*L. Emily.* A treatise of the Houyhnhnms after the manner of Swift, tending to make us odious to ourselves, and to extract morose mirth from our imperfections—(*turning to Clifford*) Contrasted with an exposition of ancient morality address'd to the

moderns: a chimerical attempt upon an obsolete subject.

*Sir Cle.* Clifford! we must double down that page. And now we'll have a specimen of her Ladyship.

*L. Emily.* I'll give it you myself, and with justice; which is more than either of you wou'd.

*Sir Cle.* And without skipping.

*L. Emily.* Thus then,—a light, airy, fantastic sketch of genteel manners as they are; with a little endeavour at what they ought to be—rather entertaining than instructive, not without art, but sparing in the use of it——

*Sir Cle.* But the passions, Emily. Do not forget what should stand in the foreground of a female treatise.

*L. Emily.* They abound: but mixed and blended cleverly enough to prevent any from predominating; like the colours of a shot lutestring, that change as you look at it sideways or full: they are sometimes brighten'd by vivacity, and now and then subject to a shade of caprice—but meaning no ill—not afraid of a critical review: and thus gentlemen I present myself to you fresh from the press, and I hope not inelegantly bound.

*Sir Cle.* Altogether making a perfectly desirable companion for the closet: I am sure Clifford you will agree with me. Gad we are got into such a pleasant freedom with each other, it is a pity to separate while any curiosity remains in the company—Prithee Clifford satisfy me a little as to your his-

tory. Our Lord Hardacre, if I am rightly informed, disinherited your father, his second son.

*Clif.* For the very marriage we have been speaking of. The little fortune my father could call his own was sunk before his death as a provision for my mother; upon an idea that whatever resentment he might personally have incurred—it would not be extended to an innocent offspring.

*Sir Cle.* A very filly confidence. How readily now, should you and I, Emily, have discover'd in a sensible old man, the irreconcilable offence of a marriage of the passions—You understand me?

*L. Emily.* Perfectly! (*aside.*) Old petrification, your hints always speak forceably.

*Sir Cle.* But your uncle, the present Lord, made amends?

*Clif.* Amply. He offer'd to send me from Cambridge to an academy in Germany, to fit me for foreign service: Well judging that a cannon ball was a fair and quick provision for a poor relation.

*Sir Cle.* Upon my word I have known uncles less considerate.

*Clif.* When Lord Gayville's friendship, and your indulgence, made me the companion of his travels, Lord Hardacre's *undivided* cares devolved upon my sister; whose whole independant possession at my mother's death, was five hundred pounds—all our education had permitted that unhappy parent to lay by.

*L. Emily.* Oh, for an act of justice and benevolence to reconcile me to the odious man! Tell me this instant what did he do for Miss Clifford?

*Cle.* He bestow'd upon her forty pounds a year, upon condition that she resided with a family of his dependants in a remote county, to save the family from disgrace; and that allowance, when I heard last from her, he had threaten'd to withdraw, upon her refusing a detestable match he had endeavour'd to force upon her.

*L. Emily.* Poor girl!

*Sir Cle.* Upon my word an interesting story, and told with pathetic effect.—*Emily*, you look grave, child.

*L. Emily.* (*aside.*) I shall not own it however, (*to him.*) For once, my dear uncle, you want your spectacles. My thoughts are on a diverting subject—My first visit to Miss Alscip; to take a near view of that collection of charms destined to my happy brother.

*Sir Cle.* You need not go out of the room for that purpose. The schedule of an heiress's fortune is a compendium of her merits and the true security for marriage happiness.

*L. Emily.* I am sure I guess at your system—  
That union must be most wise which has wealth to support it, and no affections to disturb it.

*Sir Cle.* Right.

*L. Emily.* That makes a divorce the first promise of wedlock; and widowhood, the best blessing of life; that separates the interest of husband, wife and child—

*Sir Cle.* To establish the independant comfort of all—

*L. Emily.* Upon the broad basis of family hatred. Excellent, my dear Uncle, excellent indeed; and upon that principle, tho' the Lady is likely to be your niece, and my sister, I am sure you will have no objection to my laughing at her a little.

*Sir Clk.* You'll be puzzled to make her more ridiculous than I think her. What is your plan?

*L. Emily.* Why tho' her pride is to be thought a leader in fashions, she is sometimes a servile copyist. Blandish tells me I am her principal model; and what is most provoking, she is intent upon catching my manner as well as my dress, which she exaggerates to an excess that vexes me. Now, if she will take me in shade, I'll give her a new outline, I am resolved; and if I do not make her a caricature for a print-shop—

*Clif.* Will all this be strictly consistent with your good nature, Lady Emily?

*L. Emily.* No, nor I don't know when I shall do any thing consistent with it again, except leaving you two critics to a better subject than your humble servant. [*Curtseys and exit with a lively air.*]

*Sir Clk.* Well, Clifford! What do you think of her?

*Clif.* That when she professes ill-temper, she is a very awkward counterfeit.

*Sir Clk.* But her beauty, her wit, her improvement since you went abroad? I expected from a man of your age and taste, something more than a cold compliment upon her temper—Could not you compatibly with the immaculate sincerity you profess, venture as far as admiration?

*Clif.* I admire her, Sir, as I do a bright star in the firmament, and consider the distance of both as equally immeasurable.

*Sir Cle. (aside.)* Specious rogue! (*to him.*) Well, leave Emily then to be wink'd at through telescopes; and now to a matter of nearer observation—What is Gayville doing?

*Clif.* Every thing you desire, Sir, I trust; but you know I have been at home only three days, and have hardly seen him since I came.

*Sir Cle.* Nor I neither; but I find he has profited wonderfully by foreign experience—After rambling half the world over without harm, he is caught like a travell'd woodcock, at his landing.

*Clif.* If you suspect Lord Gayville of indiscretion, why do you not put him candidly to the test? I'll be bound for his ingenuoufness not to withhold any confession you may require.

*Sir Cle.* You may be right, but he'll confess more to you in an hour, than to me in a month for all that; come, Clifford, look as you ought to do at your interest—Sift him—Watch him—You cannot guess how much you will make me your friend, and how grateful I may be if you will discover.—

*Clif.* Sir, you mistake the footing upon which Lord Gayville and I live—I am often the partner of his thoughts, but never a spy upon his actions.

[*Bow and exit.*]

*Sir Cle. (alone.)* Well play'd, Clifford! Good air and emphasis, and well suited to the trick of the scene—He wou'd do, if the practical part of deceit were as easy at his age, as discernment of it is at

mine. Gayville and Emily, if they had not a vigilant guard, would be his sure prey; for they are the examples of the generous affections coming to maturity with their stature; while suspicion, art and interest are still dormant in the seed. I must employ Blandish in this business—A rascal of a different cast—Below Clifford in hypocrisy, but greatly above him in the scale of impudence—They shall both forward my ends, while they think they are pursuing their own. I shall ever be sure of a man's endeavours to serve me, while I hold out a lure to his knavery and interest. [Exit.

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SCENE II.

*An Antichamber.*

*Alscip. (without.)* Dinner not order'd till seven o'clock—Bid the kitchen maid get me some eggs and bacon—Plague, what with the time of dining and the French cookery, I am in the land of starvation, with half St. James's-Market upon my weekly bills.

*Enter (while speaking the last sentence.)*

What a change have I made to please my unpleasurable daughter? Instead of my regular meal at Furnival's-Inn, here am I transported to Berkley-Square, to fast at *Alscip House* till my fine company come from their morning ride, two hours after

dark—Nay it's worse, if I am carried among my great neighbours in Miss Alscrip's suite, as she calls it. My Lady *looks* over me; my Lord walks over me; and sets me in a little tottering cane chair, at the cold corner of the table—Tho' I have a mortgage upon the house and furniture, and arrears due of the whole interest. It's a pleasure tho' to be well dressed. My daughter maintains all fashions are founded in sense—Icod the tightness of my wig, and the stiffness of my cape, give me the sense of the pillory—Plaguy scanty about the hips too—And the breast something of a merry thought reversed—But there is some sense in *that*, for if one sex pares away in proportion where the other swells, we shall take up no more room in the world than we did before.

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Ser.* Sir, Miss Alscrip wishes to see you. She is at her toilet.

*Alf.* Who is with her?

*Ser.* Only Mrs. Blandish, Sir.

*Alf.* She must content herself with that company till I have had my whet—order up the eggs and bacon. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

*Miss ALSCRIP discovered at her toilet. CHIGNON, (her Valet de Chambre) dressing her head. Mrs. BLANDISH, sitting by and holding a box of diamond pins.*

*Miss Alf.* And so Blandish, you really think that the introduction of Otaheite feathers in my trimming succeeded?

*Mrs. Blan.* Oh, with the mixture of those charming Italian flowers, and the knots of pearl that gather'd up the festoons, never any thing had so happy an effect—It put the whole ball-room out of humour, and that's the surest test of good taste.—Monsieur Chignon, that pin a little more to the front.

*Miss Alf.* And what did they say?

*Mrs. Blan.* You know it is the first solicitude of my life to see the friend of my heart treated with justice—So when you stood up to dance, I got into the thick of the circle—Monsieur don't you think this large diamond wou'd be well placed just in the middle.

*Chig.* Eh! non, Madame; ce na releve pas—Dat give no relief to de weight of de curl—Full in de front un gros bouton von great nob of *diamond*, pardie ce feroit un accommodage a' la Polyphème de big eye of de geante in de centre of de forehead.

*Miss Alf.* Chignon is right in point of taste, tho' not quite so happy in his allusions as he is sometimes.

*Chig.* Ah! Madame, you have done von grande injure to my contrie: You go for von monthe, and bring away all de good taste—At Paris—All von fide—de diamond, de cap—de glance—de bon mot même—All von fide, nothing direct à Paris.

*Miss Alf.* (*Smiling at Chignon, and then turning to Mrs. Blandish.*) Well!—And so—

*Mrs. Blan.* So it was all admiration! Elegant, says Lady Spite—It may do very well for Miss Alscrip, who never looks at expence. The dress of a bridal princess! cries Mrs. Scanty, and for one night's wear too!

*Miss Alf.* Delightful! The very language I wish'd for—Oh, how charmingly apropos was my accident, did you see when my trimming in the passpie of a cotillion came luckily in contact with Billy Skim's great shoe buckle—How it ripp'd away?

*Mrs. Blan.* Did I see it?

*Miss Alf.* One of the great feathers stuck fast on the shoe and looked for all the world like the heel wing of a Mercury in a pantomime.

*Mrs. Blan.* Oh! you witty creature, how you describe!

*Miss Alf.* It was a most becoming rent!

*Mrs. Blan.* And what a display of indifference; what an example for a woman of fortune, did you exhibit in the bustle of picking up the scattered fragments!

*Miss Alf.* When the pearls were trundling about and I insisted upon the company being no longer disturbed, but wou'd leave what remain'd

for fairy favours to the maid who swept the room. He! he! he!—Do you think Lady Emily wou'd have done that better?

*Mrs. Blan.* Lady Emily! poor girl!—How soon must she submit to be the humble second of the family.

*Miss Alf.* He! he! he! Do you sincerely think so, Blandish? And yet it wou'd be strange if it were otherwise, for I cou'd buy her ten-times over.

*Chig.* Madame, vat humeure would you wear to day?

*Miss Alf.* Humour! Chignon? What am I dressed for now?

*Chig.* The parfaite aimble, Madame; but by bringing de point of de hair more down to de eye-brow, or adding a littel blowse to de sides, I can give you de look severe, capricieuse——vat you please.——

*Miss Alf.* We'll put it off for half an hour, I am not quite decided. I was in the capricieuse yesterday—I believe I shall keep on the perfect amiable. [*Exit Chignon.*] Tiffany, take off my powdering gown—Ah! ho!—How the wench tugs—do you think you are pulling off the coachman's great coat?

*Mrs. Blan.* My dear amiable?—do not let that sweet temper be ruffled——Why will you not employ me in these little offices. Delicacy like your's should be waited upon by the softness of a sylph.

[*During this speech Exit Tiffany peevish.*]

*Miss Alf.* I am promised a creature to be about me out of the common way.

*Mrs. Blan.* A new woman?

*Miss Alf.* No, something to be raised much higher, and at the same time fitted better to receive one's ill-humour. An humble companion, well born, well educated, and perfectly dependant, is a most useful appurtenance in the best families.

*Mrs. Blan.* Well, do not raise her to the rank of a friend, lest I should be jealous.

*Miss Alf.* You may be perfectly secure.—I shall take particular care that friendship shall be out of the question on both sides. I had once thought of a restoration of pages to fit in scarlet and silver (as one reads in former times) upon the forepart of the coach, and to hold up one's train—but I have a new male attendant in a Valet de Chambre, who has possession of my bust—My two women will have the charge from the point of the shoulder to the toe—So my person being provided for—the Countess of Gayville shall have an attendant to wait upon her mind.

*Mrs. Blan.* I vow a most elegant and uncommon thought.

*Miss Alf.* One that can pen a note, in the familiar, the punctilious, or the witty—It's quite troublesome to be always writing wit for one's self—But above all she is to have a talent for music.

*Mrs. Blan.* Aye, your very soul is framed for harmony.

*Miss Alf.* I have not quite determin'd what to call her—Governante of the private chamber, keeper of the boudoir with a silver key at her breast.

*Enter CHIGNON.*

*Chig.* Madame, a young lady beg to know if you be visible.

*Miss Alf.* A young lady———It is not lady Emily Gayville.

*Chig.* Non, Madame; but if you were absente and I had the adjustment of her head, she wou'd be the most chamante personne I did ever see.

*Miss Alf.* Introduce her. *[Exit Chignon.*  
Who can this be?

*Mrs. Blan.* Some woman of taste to enquire your correspondent at Paris—or—

*Enter Miss ALTON.*

*Miss ALScriP* curtsying respectfully, *Miss ALTON* retiring disconcerted.

*Miss Alf.* Of taste indeed by her appearance! —Who's in the anti-chamber? Why did they not open the folding doors?——Chignon, approach a fanteuil for the lady.

*Miss Alton.* Madam, I come!—

*Miss Alf.* Madam, pray be seated———

*Miss Alton.*—Excuse me, Madam———

*Miss Alf.* Madam, I must beg———

*Miss Alton.* Madam, this letter will inform you how little pretensions I have to the honours you are offering.

*Miss Alf.* (*reads.*) “Miss Alton, the bearer of  
“this is the person I recommend as worthy the

"honor of attending you as a companion (*eyes her scornfully.*) She is born a gentlewoman, I dare say her talents and good qualities will speak more in her favour, than any words I could use—I am Madam, your most obedient—um—um—"

Blandish, was there ever such a mistake?

*Blan.* Oh! you dear, giddy, *absent* creature, what could you be thinking of?

*Miss Alf.* *Absent indeed.* Chignon give me the fanteuil, (*throws herself into it*) young woman, where were you educated?

*Miss Alton.* Chiefly, Madam, with my parents.

*Miss Alf.* But finish'd, I take it for granted, at a country boarding school; for we have, "young ladies," you know Blandish, "boarded and educated," upon blue boards in gold letters in every village; with a strolling player for a dancing master, and a deserter from Dunkirk, to teach the French grammar.

*Mrs. Blan.* How that genius of your's does paint! nothing escapes you—I dare say you have anticipated this young lady's story.

*Miss Alton.* It is very true, Madam, my life can afford nothing to interest the curiosity of you two ladies; it has been too insignificant to merit your consideration, and attended with no circumstances to excite your pleasantry.

*Miss Alf.* (*yawning.*) I hope, child, it will be attended with such for the future as will add to your own—I cannot bear a mope about me—I am told you have a talent for music—can you touch that harp—It stands here as a piece of furniture, but I

have a notion it is kept in tune, by the man who comes to wind up my clocks.

*Miss Alton.* Madam, I dare not disobey you. But I have been us'd to perform before a most partial audience ; I am afraid strangers will think my talent too humble to be worthy attention.

. A S O N G .

I.

*For tenderness framed in life's earliest day,  
A parent's soft sorrows to mine led the way ;  
The lesson of pity was caught from her eye,  
And e'er words were my own, I spoke in a sigh.*

II.

*The nightingale plunder'd, the mate-widow'd dove,  
The warbled complaint of the suffering grove,  
To youth as it ripened gave sentiment new,  
The object still changing, the sympathy true.*

III.

*Soft embers of passion, yet rest in the glow—  
A warmth of more pain may this breast never know !  
Or if too indulgent the blessing I claim,  
Let the spark drop from reason that weakens the flame.*

*Miss Alf.* I declare not amiss, Blandish : only a little too plaintive—but I dare say she can play a country dance, when the enlivening is required——  
So Miss Alton you are welcome to my protection ;  
and indeed I wish you to stay from this hour——

*My toilette being neatly finish'd, I shall have a horrid vacation till dinner.*

*Miss Alton.* Madam, you do me great honour, and I very readily obey you.

*Mrs. Blam.* I wish you joy, Miss Alton, of the most enviable situation a young person of elegant talents could be raised to——You and I will vie with each other to prevent our dear countess ever knowing a melancholy hour—She has but one fault to correct—the giving way to the soft effusions of a too tender heart.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Ser.* Madam, a letter——

*Miss Alf.* It's big enough for a state-pacquet—Oh! mercy, a petition——for heaven's sake Miss Alton, look it over. (*Miss Alton reads*) I should as soon read one of lady Newchapel's methodist sermons——What does it contain?

*Miss Alton.* Madam, an uncommon series of calamities, which prudence cou'd neither see, nor prevent: the reverse of a whole family from affluence and content, to misery and imprisonment; and it adds, that the parties have the honour, remotely, to be allied to you:

*Miss Alf.* Female relations! aye, they always think one's made of money.

*Miss Alton.* That some years ago——

*Enter another SERVANT.*

*2d Servant.* A messenger, madam, from the animal repository, with the only puppy of the Peruvians, and the refusal at twenty guineas.

*Miss Alf.* As I live the offspring of the beautiful Aza who has so long been thought past hopes of continuing his family ! Were he to ask fifty I must have him.

*Mrs. Blan.* (*offering to run out*) I vow I'll give him the first kiss.

*Miss Alf.* (*stopping her*) I'll swear you shan't.

*Miss Alton.* Madam, I was just finishing the petition.

*Miss Alf.* It's throwing money away—— but give him a crown.

[*Exit with Mrs. Blandish striving which shall be first.*

*Miss Alton.* "The soft effusions of a too tender heart." The proof is excellent. That the covetous should be deaf to the miserable, I can conceive, but I should not have believed, if I had not seen, that a taste for profusion did not find its first indulgence in benevolence. [*Exit.*

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### ACT III. SCENE I.

*Miss ALSCRIP's dressing room continued.*

*Miss ALTON.*

THANKS to Mrs. Blandish's inexhaustible talent for encomium, I shall be relieved from one part of a companion that my nature revolts at. But who comes here ? It's well if I shall not be exposed to impertinences I was not aware of.

*Enter CHIGNON (aside.)*

Ma foi, la voila—I will lose no time to pay my addresse—Now for de humble maniere, and de unperplex assurance of my contrée (*bowing with French sbrug*) (*Miss Alton turning over new music books*) Madamoiselle, est il permis? may I presume, to offer you my profounde homage (*Miss Alton not taking notice*) Madamoiselle—if you vill put your head into my hands, I vill give a distinction to your beauty, that shall make you and me, de conversati-on of all de town.

*Miss Alton.* I request Mr. Chignon, you will devote your ambition to your own part of the compliment.

*Mr. Alscrip. (without)* Where is my daughter?

*Miss Alton.* Is that Mr. Alscrip's voice, Mr. Chignon? It's awkward for me to meet him before I'm introduc'd.

*Chig.* Keep a little behind, Madamoiselle; he vill only passe de room—He vill not see through me.

*Enter ALSCRIP.*

Hah, my daughter gone already, but (*sees Chignon*) there's a new specimen of foreign vermin—A lady's valet de chambre—Taste for ever!—Now if I was to give the charge of my person to a waiting maid they'd say I was indelicate, (*as he crosses the stage, Chignon keeps sideling to intercept his sight, and bowing as he looks towards him*) What the devil is Mounseer at? I thought all his agility lay in his

fingers: what anticks is the monkey practising? He twists and doubles himself as if he had a raree-show at his back.

*Chig. (aside)* Be gar no raree-show for you, Monsieur Alscrip, if I can help.

*Alf. (spying Miss Alton)* Ah! ah! What have we got there? Monsieur who is that?

*Chig.* Sir, my lady wish to speak to you in her boudoir. She sent me to conduct you, Sir.

*Alf. (imitating)* Yes Sir, but I will first conduct myself to this lady—Tell me this minute who she is.

*Chig. (aside)* Sir, she come to live here, companion to my lady—Mademoiselle study some musique—she must not be disturb'd.

*Alf.* Get about your business Monsieur, or I'll disturb every comb in your head—Go tell my daughter to stay till I come to her. I shall give her companion some cautions against saucy Frenchmen, firrah!

*Chig. (aside)* Cautious! peste! you are subject a' cautions yourself—I suspecte you to be von old rake, but no ver dangerous rival. [Exit.

*Alf. (to himself and looking at her with his glass)* The devil is never tired of throwing baits in my way.

*(She comes forward modestly.)*

By all that's delicious I must be better acquainted with her. *He bows. (She curtsies, the music book still in her hand)* But how to begin—My usual way of attacking my daughter's maids will never do.

*Miss Alton (aside.)* My situation is very embarrassing.

*Alf.* Beauteous stranger, give me leave to add my welcome to my daughter's. Since Alscrip House was establiſh'd, ſhe never brought any thing into it to pleaſe me before.

*Miss Alton (a little confused.)* Sir, it is a great additional honour to that Miſs Alſcrip has done me, to be thought worthy ſo reſpectable a protection as your's.

*Alf.* I cou'd furniſh you with a better word than reſpectable. It ſounds ſo diſtant, and my feelings have ſo little to do with cold reſpect—I never had ſuch a deſire—to make myſelf agreeable.

*Miss Alton (afide.)* A very ſtrange old man. (*To him more confused.*) Sir, you'll pardon me, I believe Miſs Alſcrip is waiting.

*Alf.* Don't be afraid my dear, enchanting, diffident (zounds what a flutter am I in) don't be afraid—my diſpoſition to be ſure is too ſuſceptible; but then it is likewiſe ſo dove-like, ſo tender, and ſo innocent. Come, play me that tune, and enchant my ear, as you have done my eye.

*Miss Alton.* Sir, I wiſh to be excuſed, indeed it does not deſerve your attention.

*Alf.* Not deſerve it! I had rather hear you, than all the Italians in the Hay-market, even when they ſue the managers, and their purſes chink the ſymphony in Weſtmiſter Hall. (*preſenting the harp.*)

*Miss Alton.* Sir, it is to avoid the affectation of reſuſing what is ſo little worth aſking for. [*Takes the harp and plays a few bars of a lively air. Alſcrip kiſſes her fingers with rapture.*]

*Alf.* Oh! the ſweet little twiddle-diddles!

*Miss Alton.* For shame, Sir, what do you mean,  
(*Alscip gets hold of both her hands, and continues kissing her fingers.*)

*Miss Alton (struggling.)* Help!

*Miss Alf. (entering.)* I wonder what my papa is doing all this time? (*Starts.*) (*A short pause.*) *Miss Alscip surprised. Miss Alton confused. Alscip puts his hand to his eye.*

*Alf.* Oh, child! I have got something in my eye, that makes me almost mad.—A little midge—I believe—Gad, I caught hold of this young lady's hands in one of my twitches, and her nerves were as much in a flutter as if I had bit her.

*Miss Alf. (significantly.)* Yes, my dear papa, I perceive you *have* something in your eye, and I'll do my best to take it out immediately—*Miss Alton*, will you do me the favour to walk into the drawing-room?

*Miss Alton.* I hope, Madam, you will permit me, at a proper opportunity, to give my explanation of what has passed. (*Retires.*)

*Miss Alf.* There's no occasion—(*Miss Alton being out of hearing*) Let it rest among the catalogue of wonders, like the Glastonbury thorn, that blooms at Christmas.—To be serious, papa.—Though I carried off your behaviour as well as I cou'd, I am really shock'd at it—A man of your years, and of a profession where the opinion of the world is of such consequence—

*Alf.* My dear Molly, have not I quitted the practice of attorney, and turned fine gentleman, to laugh at the world's opinion; or, had I not, do you suppose the kiss of a pretty wench would hurt

a lawyer? My dear Molly, if the fraternity had no other reflections to be afraid of!

*Miss Alf.* Oh! hideous, Molly indeed! you ought to have forgot I had a christen'd name long ago; am not I going to be a countess? If you did not stint my fortune, by squand'ring your's away upon dirty trulls, I might be call'd your grace.

*Alf.* Spare your lectures, and you shall be call'd your highness if you please.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Ser.* Madam, lady Emily Gayville is in her carriage in the street, will your ladyship be at home?

*Miss Alf.* Yes, shew her into the drawing-room. (*Exit Servant.*) I entreat, Sir, you will keep a little more guard upon your passions; consider the dignity of your house, and if you must be cooing, buy a French figurante. [*Exit.*]

*Alf.* Well said, my lady countess! well said quality morals! What am I the better for burying a jealous wife? To be chicken-peck'd is a new persecution, more provoking than the old one—Oh Molly! Molly!—Plague upon the example of an independent heiress. [*Exit.*]

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## SCENE II.

*The Drawing-Room.*

*Miss Alton. (alone)* What perplexing scenes I already meet with in this house? I ought, however,

to be contented in the security it affords against the attempts of Heartly. I *am* contented——But, oh Clifford! It was hard to be left alone to the choice of distresses.

*Enter CHIGNON, introducing Lady EMILY.*

*Chig.* My Lady Emily Gayville——Madame no here! Mademoiselle, announce if you please my lady.

*L. Emily (aside.)* Did my ears deceive me? surely, I heard the name of Clifford——and it escaped in an accent——Pray Sir, who is that? (*to Chignon.*)

*Chig.* Mademoiselle Alton, confidente of my lady, and next, after me, in her suite. (*Examines her head dress impertinently, Miss Alton with great modesty rises and puts her work together.*)

*L. Emily.* There seems to be considerable difference in the decorum of her attendants. You need not stay, Sir.

*Chig. (as he goes out.)* Ma foi, sa tête est passable——her head may pass.

*L. Emily (aside.)* How my heart beats with curiosity! (*Miss Alton having dispos'd her things in her work-bag is retiring with a curtsy.*) Miss Alton, I am in no haste. On the contrary, I think the occasion fortunate that allows me to begin an acquaintance with a person of so amiable an appearance. I don't know whether that pert foreigner has led me into an error——but without being too inquisitive, may I ask if you make any part of this family.

*Miss Alton.* Madam, I am under Miss Alscip's protection. I imagine I am represented as her de-

pendant: I am not ashamed of humble circumstances, that are not the consequences of indiscretion.

*L. Emily.* That with such claims to respect, you should be in any circumstances of humiliation, is a disgrace to the age we live in.

*Miss Alton.* Madam, my humiliation (if such it be) is just. Perhaps I have been too proud, and my heart required this self-correction. A life of retired industry might have been more pleasing to me; but an orphan—a stranger—ignorant and diffident, I prefer'd my present situation as one less exposed to misrepresentation. (*Bell rings*) I can no longer detain Miss Alscip from the honour of receiving your Ladyship. (*A respectful curtsy, and Exit.*)

*L. Emily.* There is something strangely mysterious and affecting in all this—what delicacy of sentiment—what softness of manners! and how well do these qualities accord with that sigh for Clifford! she had been proud—proud of what?—of Clifford's love. It is too plain. But then to account for her present condition?—He has betrayed and abandoned her—too plain again I fear.—She talked too of a self corrected heart—take example, Emily, and recal thine from an object, which ought more than ever to renounce. But here come the Alscip and her friend: lud! lud! lud! how shall I recover my spirits! I must attempt it, and if I lose my present thoughts in a trial of extravagance, been of their's or my own, it will be a happy expedient.

*Enter Miss ALSCHIP and Mrs. BLANDISH.*

*Miss Alf. runs up to Lady Emily and kisses her forehead.*

*L. Emily.* I ask your pardon, Madam, for being so awkward, but I confess I did not expect so elevated a salute.

*Miss Alf.* Dear Lady Emily, I had no notion of its not being universal. In France, the touch of the lips just between the eyebrows has been adopted for years.

*L. Emily.* I perfectly acknowledge the propriety of the custom. It is almost the only spot of the face where the touch wou'd not risk a confusion of complexions.

*Miss Alf.* He! he! he! what a pretty thought!

*Mrs. Blan.* How I have long'd for this day!—Come let me put an end to ceremony, and join the hands of the sweetest pair that ever nature and fortune marked for connection. (*Joins their hands.*)

*Miss Alf.* Thank you, my good Blandish, tho' I was determin'd to break the ice, Lady Emily, in the first place I met you. But you were not Lady Doricourt's last night.

*L. Emily (affectedly.)* No, I went home directly from the Opera: projected the revival of a cap; read a page in the trials of Temper; went to bed and dream'd I was Belinda in the Rape of the Lock.

*Mrs. Blan.* Elegant creature.

*Miss Alf. (aside.)* I must have that air, if I die for it. (*Imitating*) I too came home early; supped with my old gentleman; made him explain my marriage articles, dower, and heirs entail; read a page in a trial of Divorce, and dream'd of a rose colour equipage with emblems of Cupids issuing out of coronets.

*Mrs. Blan.* Oh, you sweet twins of perfection! what equality in every thing! I have thought of a name for you—The inseparable inimitables.

*Miss Alf.* I declare I shall like it exceedingly—one sees so few uncopied originals—the thing I cannot bear—

*L. Emily.* Is vulgar imitation—I must catch the words from your mouth to shew you how we agree.

*Miss Alf.* Exactly. Not that one wishes to be without affectation.

*L. Emily.* Oh! mercy forbid!

*Miss Alf.* But to catch a manner, and weave it, as I may say, into one's own originality.

*Mrs. Blan.* Pretty! pretty!

*L. Emily.* That's the art—Lord, if one liv'd entirely upon one's own whims, who would not be run out in a twelve-month?

*Miss Alf.* Dear Lady Emily, don't you doat upon folly?

*L. Emily.* To extacy. I only despair of seeing it well kept up.

*Miss Alf.* I flatter myself there is no great danger of that.

*L. Emily.* You are mistaken. We have, it's true, some examples of the extravaganza in high life that no other country can match; but withal, many a false sister, that starts as one wou'd think, in the very hey day of the fantastick, yet comes to a stand-still in the midst of the course.

*Mrs. Blan.* Poor spiritless creatures!

*L. Emily.* Do you know there is more than one duchess who has been seen in the same carriage with

her husband—like two doves in a basket in the print of Conjugal Felicity; and another has been detected! I almost blush to name it.

*Mrs. Blan.* Bless us, where? and how? and how?

*L. Emily.* In nursing her own child.

*Miss Alf.* Oh! barbarism!—For heaven's sake let us change the subject. You are mentioning a reviv'd cap, Lady Emily; any thing of the Henry quatre?

*L. Emily.* Quite different. An English mob under the chin, and artless ringlets in natural colour, that shall restore an admiration for Prior's Nut Brown Maid.

*Miss Alf.* Horrid! shocking!

*L. Emily.* Absolutely necessary. To be different from the rest of the world, we must now revert to nature: Make haste, or you have so much to undo, you will be left behind.

*Miss Alf.* I dare say so. But who can vulgarize all at once? What will the French say?

*L. Emily.* We are to have an interchange of fashions and follies upon a basis of unequivocal reciprocity.

*Miss Alf.* Fashions and follies—oh, what a promising manufacture!

*L. Emily.* Yes, and one, thank heaven, that we may defy the edict of any potentate to prohibit.

*Miss Alf.* (with an affected drop of her lip in her laugh) He! he! he! he! he! he!

*L. Emily.* My dear Miss Alscip, what are you doing? I must correct you as I love you. Sure you must have observed the drop of the under lip.

is exploded since Lady Simpermode broke a tooth—(*Sets her mouth affectedly*)—I am preparing the cast of the lips for the ensuing winter—thus—It is to be call'd the Paphian mimp.

*Miss Alf.* (*imitating*) I swear I think it pretty—I must try to get it.

*L. Emily.* Nothing so easy. It is done by one cabalistical word like a metamorphosis in the fairy tales. You have only, when before your glass, to keep pronouncing to yourself nimini-primini—the lips cannot fail of taking their plie.

*Miss Alf.* Nimini pimini—imini, mimini—oh, it's delightfully infantine—and so innocent, to be kissing one's own lips.

*L. Emily.* You have it to a charm—does it not become her infinitely, Mrs. Blandish?

*Mrs. Blan.* Our friend's feature must succeed in every grace; but never so much as in a quick change of extremes.

*Enter SERVANT.*

Madam, Lord Gayville desires to know if you are at home?

*Miss Alf.* A strange formality!

*L. Emily.* (*aside*) No brother ever came more opportunely to a sister's relief, "I have fool'd it to the top of my bent."

*Miss Alf.* Desire Miss Alton to come to me. (*Exit Servant*) Lady Emily you must not blame me; I am supporting the cause of our sex, and must punish a lover for some late inattentions—I shall not see him.

*L. Emily.* Oh cruel! (*Sees Miss Alton, who enters.*) Miss Alscip you have certainly the most elegant companion in the world.

*Miss Alf.* Dear, do you think so? an ungain, dull sort of a body, in my mind; but we'll try her in the present business. Miss Alton, you must do me a favour. I want to plague my husband that is to be—you must take my part—you must *double me* like a second actress at Paris, when the first has the vapours.

*Miss Alton.* Madam!

*Miss Alf.* Oh never look alarmed—It is only to convey my refusal of his visit, and to set his alarms afloat a little—particularly with jealousy, that's the master torment.

*Miss Alton.* Really Madam, the task you wou'd impose upon me—

*Miss Alf.* Will be a great improvement to *you*, and quite right for me. Tease—tease, and tame, is a rule without exception from the keeper of the lions to the teacher of a piping bulfinch.

*Mrs. Blam.* But you hard-hearted thing, will you name any object for his jealousy?

*Miss Alf.* No, keep him there in the dark—Always keep your creature in the dark—That's another secret of taming—Don't be grave, Lady Emily—(*whose attention is fixed on Miss Alton*) Your brother's purgatory shall be short, and I'll take the reconciliation scene upon myself.

*L. Emily.* (*endeavouring to recover herself.*) I cannot but pity him; especially as I am sure, that do what you will, he will always regard you with the

same eyes. And so, my sweet sister, I leave him to your mercy, and to that of your representative, whose disposition, if I have any judgment, is ill suited to a task of severity.

*Mrs. Blan.* Dear Lady Emily, carry me away with you. When a lover is coming, it shall never be said I am in the way.

*L. Emily.* I am at your orders (*looking at Miss Alton.*) (*aside*) What a suspense am I to suffer? a moment more and I shall betray myself—adieu, Miss Alscrip.

*Miss Alf.* Call Lady Emily's servants.

*L. Emily.* You sha'n't stir—remember nimini—primini. [Exit.

*Mrs. Blan.* (*Coming back and squeezing Miss Alscrip's hand, in a half whisper.*) She'd give her eyes to be like you. [Exit.

*Miss Alf.* Now for it, Miss Alton—Only remember that you are doubling *me* the woman he adores.

*Miss Alton.* Indeed, Madam, I am quite incapable of executing your orders to your satisfaction. The utmost I can undertake is a short message.

*Miss Alf.* Never fear. (*Knock at the door.*) There he comes—Step aside and I'll give you your very words.

*Enter Lord GAYVILLE, conducted by a Servant.*

*L. Gay.* So, now to get through this piece of drudgery. There's a meanness in my proceeding, and my compunction is just. Oh, the dear lost possessor of my heart! lost, irrecoverably lost!

*Enter Miss ALTON from the bottom of the Scene.*

*Miss Alton.* A pretty employment I am sent upon.

*L. Gay. (to himself.)* Could she but know the sacrifice I am ready to make?

*Miss Alton. (to herself.)* The very picture of a lover, if absence of mind marks one. It is unpleasant for me to interrupt a man I never saw, but I shall deliver my message very concisely,——My Lord.——

*L. Gay. (turning)* Madam, (*both start and stand in surprise*) Astonishment! Miss Alton! my charming fugitive!

*Miss Alton.* How! Mr. Heartly—Lord Gayville!

*L. Gay.* My joy and surprise are alike unutterable. But I conjure you, Madam, tell me by what strange circumstances do I meet you here?

*Miss Alton. (aside)* Now assist me, honest pride!—assist me resentment.

*L. Gay.* You spoke to me—Did you know me?

*Miss Alton.* No otherwise, my Lord, than as Miss Alscip's lover. I had a message from her to your lordship.

*L. Gay.* For heaven's sake, Madam, in what capacity?

*Miss Alton.* In one, my Lord, not very much above the class of a servant.

*L. Gay.* Impossible, sure!——It is to place the brilliant below the foil—to make the inimitable work of nature secondary to art and defect.

*Miss Alton.* It is to take refuge in a situation that offers me security against suspicious obligation;

against vile design; against the attempts of a seducer—It is to exercise the patience, that the will, and perhaps the favour of heaven, meant to try.

*L. Gay.* Cruel, cruel to yourself and me—Could I have had a happiness like that of assisting you against the injustice of fortune—and when to be thus degraded was the alternative.—

*Miss Alton.* My Lord, it is fit I should be explicit. Reflect upon the language you have held to me; view the character in which you present yourself to this family; and then pronounce in whose breast we must look for a sense of degradation.

*L. Gay.* In mine, and mine alone. I confess it—Hear nevertheless my defence—*My* actions are all the result of love. And culpable as I may seem, my conscience does not reproach me with—

*Miss Alton.* Oh, my Lord, I readily believe you—You are above its reproaches—Qualities that are infamous and fatal, in one class of life, create applause and conscientious satisfaction in another.

*L. Gay.* Infamous and fatal qualities! What means my lovely accuser?

*Miss Alton.* That to steal or stab is death in common life: but when one of your lordship's degree sets his hard heart upon the destruction of a woman, how glorious is his success! How consummate his triumph! When he can follow the theft of her affections by the murder of her honour.

*Miss ALSCRIE enters softly behind.*

*Miss Alf.* I wonder how it goes on.

*L. Gay.* Exalted! Adorable woman!

*Miss Alf.* Adorable! Aye, I thought how 'twou'd be!

*L. Gay.* Hear me! I conjure you——

*Miss Alf.* Not a word, if she knows her business.

*Miss Alton.* My Lord! I have heard too much.

*Miss Alf.* Brava! I cou'd not have play'd it better myself.

*L. Gay.* Oh! still more charming than severe.

[*Kneels.*

*Miss Alf.* Humph! I hope he means me though.

*L. Gay.* The character in which you see me here, makes me appear more odious to myself, if possible, than I am to you.

*Miss Alf. (behind.)* By all that's treacherous I doubt it.

*Miss Alton.* Desist my Lord—Miss Alscip has a claim——

*Miss Alf.* Aye, now for it.

*L. Gay.* By heav'n she is my aversion. It is my family on whom I am dependant that has betray'd me into these cursed addresses——Accept my contrition—pity a wretch struggling with the complicated torments of passion, shame, penitence and despair.

*Miss Alf. (comes forward) (all stand confused)* I never saw a part better doubled in my life.

*L. Gay.* Confusion! What a light do I appear in to them both. How shall I redeem myself, even in my own opinion?

*Miss Alf. (looking at Lord Gayville.)* Expressive dignity! (*looking at Miss Alton*) Sweet simplicity!

Amiable diffidence!—"She should execute my commands most awkwardly."

*L. Gay. (aside)* There is but one way—(to *Miss Alfscip.*) Madam, your sudden entrance has effected a discovery which with shame I confess ought to have been made before—The lady who stands there is in possession of my heart. If it is a crime to adore her, I am the most guilty wretch on earth—pardon me if you can; my sincerity is painful to me—But in this crisis it is the only atonement I can offer. *[Bows and exit.]*

*Miss Alf. (after a pause)* Admirable!—Perfect! The most finish'd declaration I am convinc'd, that ever was made from beggarly nobility to the woman who was to make his fortune—the Lady who stands there—the lady—Madam—I am in patient expectation for the sincerity of your ladyship's atonement.

*Miss Alton.* I am confounded at the strange occurrences that have happen'd; but be assured you see in me an innocent, and most *unwilling* rival.

*Miss Alf.* Rival! Better and better!--You—you give me uneasiness! You moppet—you coquet of the side table to catch the gawkey heir of the family, when he comes from school at Christmas--- You—you—you vile seducer of my good old, honour'd father! (*cries*) (*in a passion again*) What, is my lady dumb? Hussy? Have you the insolence to hold your tongue.

*Miss Alton.* Madam, I just now offer'd to justify this scene; I thought it the part of duty to myself,

and respect to you. But your behaviour has now left but one sentiment upon my mind.

*Miss Alf.* And what is that, Madam?

*Miss Alton.* (*with pointed expression*) Scorn.

[*Exit.*

*Miss Alf.* Was there ever any thing like this before—and to a woman of my fortune—I to be robb'd of a lover—and that a poor Lord too—I'll have the act reviv'd against witchcraft; I'll have the minx tried—I'll—I'll—I'll verify the proverb of the tragedy——

Hell has no fury like a woman scorn'd. [*Exit.*

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### SCENE III.

ALSCRIP'S room of business. ALSCRIP and RIGHTLY.

*Rightly.* Upon all these matters, Mr. Alscrip, I am authorized by my client, Sir Clement Flint, to agree. There remains nothing but your favouring me with the inspection of the Charlton title deeds, and your daughter's settlements may be engrossed.

*Alf.* I cannot conceive, my friend Rightly, any such inspection to be requisite. Have not I been in constant quiet possession?

*Rightly.* Sir Clement insists upon it.

*Alf.* A client insist! and you an old practitioner, suffer such a demur to your infallibility!—Ah! in

my practice I had the sure means of disappointing such dabblers and divers into their own cases.

*Rightly.* How, pray?

*Alf.* I read his writings to him myself—I was the best reader in Chancery-lane for setting the understanding at defiance—Drew breath but once in a quarter of an hour, always in the wrong place, and made a single sentence of six skins of parchment—Shall I give you a specimen?

*Rightly. (smiling)* I have no doubt of your talent.

*Alf.* Then return to Sir Clement, and follow my example.

*Rightly.* No, Mr. Alscip, tho' I acknowledge your skill, I do not subscribe to your doctrine. The English law is the finest system of ethics, as well as government, that ever the world produced, and it cannot be too generally understood.

*Alf.* Law understood! Zounds! wou'd you destroy the profession?

*Rightly.* No, I wou'd raise it. Had every man of sense the knowledge of the *theory*, to which he is competent; the practice wou'd revert to the purity of its institution, maintain the *rights*, and not promote the knavery of mankind.

*Alf. (aside)* Plaguy odd maxims—Sure he means to try me—*(to him)*. Brother Rightly, we know the world, and are alone—I have lock'd the door *(in a half whisper.)*

*Rightly.* A very useless precaution. I have not a principle nor a proceeding that I wou'd not proclaim at Charing-cross.

*Alf. (aside.)* No! then I'll pronounce you the most silly, or the most impudent fellow of the fraternity.

*Rightly.* But where are these writings? You can have no difficulty in laying your hand upon them, for I perceive you keep things in a distinguish'd regularity.

*Alf.* Yes, I have distinct repositories for all papers, and especially title deeds—Some in drawers—Some in closets—(*aside*) and a few under ground.

*Miss Alf. (rattling at the door.)* What makes you lock the door, Sir? I must speak to you this instant.

*Alf.* One moment child, and I'll be ready for you. (*Turning again to Rightly as to dissuade him.*)

*Miss Alf. (still rattling the door.)* Don't tell me of moments—let me in.

*Alf.* Wheugh! What impatient devil possesses the girl—Stay a moment I tell you—(*Turns again to Rightly.*)

*Rightly. (coolly.)* If the thoughts of the wedding-day makes any part of the young lady's impatience, you take a bad way, Mr. Alscrip, to satisfy it; for I tell you plainly our business cannot be completed till I see these writings.

*Alf. (aside)* Confound the old hound—how he sticks to his scent.

*Miss Alscrip still at the door.*

*Alf.* I am coming I tell you. (*Opens a bureau, in a confused hurry shuffles papers about, puts one into Rightly's hand.*) There, if this whim must be indulged, step into the next room—You who know the material parts of a parchment lie in a nutshell,

will look it over in ten minutes. (*Puts him into another room.*)

*Miss Alf.* I won't wait another instant whatever you are about—Let me in——

*Alf.* (*opening the door*) Sex, and vehemence! What is the matter now?

*Enter Miss ALSCRIP, in the most violent emotion.*

*Miss Alf.* So, Sir; yes, Sir; you have done finely by me indeed, you are a pattern for fathers—a precious match you had provided. (*Walking about.*)

*Miss Alf.* (*running on*) I that with 50,000 independent pounds left myself in a father's hands—a thing unheard of, and waited for a husband with unparalleled patience till I was of age——

*Alf.* What the devil's the matter?

*Miss Alf.* (*following him about*) I that at fourteen might have married a French Marquis, my governess told me he was—for all he was her brother.—

*Alf.* Gad a mercy, governess.

*Miss Alf.* And as for commoners, had not I the choice of the market? And the handsome Irish Colonel at Bath, that had carried off six heiresses before, for himself and friends, and wou'd have found his way to Gretna-green blindfold!

*Alf.* (*aside*) Gad I wish you were there now with all my heart—What the devil is at the bottom of all this?

*Miss Alf.* Why Lord Gayville is at the bottom—and your huffey that you were so sweet upon this morning, is at the bottom! a treacherous minx!

—I sent her only for a little innocent diversion as my double—

*Alf.* Your what?

*Miss Alf.* Why my double to vex him.

*Alf.* Double! this is the most useless attendant you have had yet—Gad I'll start you single handed in the art of vexation against any ten women in England.

*Miss Alf.* I caught them, just as I did you.

*Alf.* Is that all? Gad I don't see much in that.

*Miss Alf.* Not much? what, a woman of my fortune and accomplishments turn'd off—rejected—renounc'd—

*Alf.* How! renounc'd? has he broke the contract!—Will you prove he has broke the contract!

*Miss Alf.* Aye. Now my dear papa, you take a tone that becomes you; now the blood of the Alscrips rises;—rises, as it ought; you mean to fight him directly, don't you?

*Alf.* Oh yes, I'm his man—I'll shew you a lawyer's challenge, sticks and staves, guns, swords, daggers, poinards, knives, scissars and bodkins. I'll put more weapons into a bit of paper six inches square than wou'd stock the armory of the tower.

*Miss Alf.* Pistols!—Don't talk to me of any thing but pistols,—my dear papa, who shall be your second?

*Alf.* I'll have two——John Doe, and Richard Roe——as pretty fellows as any in England to see fair play, and as us'd to the differences of good company.—They shall greet him with their *feri facias*—so don't be cast down, Molly, I'll answer

for damages to indemnify our loss of temper and reputation—he shall have a *fi-fa* before to-morrow night.

*Miss Alf.* Fiery faces and damages—What does your Westminster-hall gibberish mean?—Are a woman's feelings to be satisfied with a *fi-fa*—you old insensible—you have no sense of family honour—no tender affections.

*Alf.* Gad you have enough for us both, when you want your father to be shot through the head—but stand out of the way, here's a species of family honour more necessary to be taken care of—If we were to go to law, this wou'd be a precious set off against us. (*Takes up the deed as if to lock it up*) This—why what the devil—I hope I don't see clear—Curse and confusion, I have given the wrong one—Here's fine work—Here's a blunder—Here's the effect of a woman's impetuosity.

*Miss Alf.* Lord, what a fuss you are in; what is in the old trumpery scroll?

*Alf.* Plague and parchment, old Rightly will find what's in it, if I don't interrupt him—Mr. Rightly—Mr. Rightly—Mr. Rightly—(*going to the door Rightly went out at.*)

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Ser.* Sir, Mr. Rightly is gone.

*Alf.* Gone! whither?

*Ser.* Home, I believe, Sir—He came out at the door into the hall, and bade me tell your honor you might depend upon his reading over the deed with particular care.

*Alf.* Fire, and fury, my hat and cane—(*Exit Servant.*) Here, my hat and cane (*flamps about.*)

*Miss Alf.* Sir, I expect, before you come home—

*Alf.* Death and devils, expect to be ruin'd—this comes of list'ning to you—The sex holds the power of mischief by prescription—Zounds—Mischief—Mischief—is the common law of woman-kind. [*Exit in a rage.*]

*Miss Alf.* Mercy on us—I never saw him more provok'd, even when my mother was alive. [*Exit.*]

### ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Alscrip's room.*

CHIGNON.

**QUE** diable vent dire tout ca—vat devil, all dis mean?—Monsieur Alscrip enrage'—Madamoiselle Alscrip fly about like de dancing fury at de Opera—My littel musicienne, shut up, and in de absence of Madame, I keep de key of de littel Bastille—By gad, I vou'd rader have de custody of my pretty prisoniere than the whole college of cardinals—but vat have we here?

*Enter Sir CLEMENT and CLIFFORD.*

*Sir Cle. (speaking to a servant)* Mr. Alscrip not at home, no matter----we'll wait his return----The French Valet de Chambre (*to Clifford*)---It may be

of use to make acquaintance with him---Monfieur, how do you like this country?

*Chig.* Ver good contree Sire, by and bye---when you grow a little more poor.

*Sir Cle.* Is that a Parisian rule for improvement?

*Chig.* Yes, Sir, and we help you to follow our example---In good times you hang, and you drown---In bad time you vill be like us.---Always poor---alway gay---forget your politics---laugh at your grievances---take your snuff, vive la diffipation,---ver good country.

*Sir Cle.* Thanks for your kind advice, Monfieur, you Frenchmen are so obliging, and so communicative to strangers---I hear there is a young lady come into this family---we don't exactly know in what capacity---could not you contrive that she shou'd pass through this room---or---

*Chig. (aside)* By gar here be one more old rake after the littel musicienne.

*Sir Cle.* Only for curiosity,---we never saw her, and have particular reasons---(*gives money.*)

*Chig.* Ma foi, your reasons be ver expressive (*aside*)---but vat devil shall I do---open de cage of my little Rosignol---my pretty nightingale---no, Chignon---no---(*looking out*) ah, hah! La Tiffany---Now for de politique---begar I undertake your business---and make you de dupe of de performance. [*Exit with a sign to Sir Clement.*]

*Sir Cle.* So---Clifford---There goes as disinterested a fellow now as any in Europe---But hark you---Can you yet guess the purpose for which I brought you here?

*Clif.* I profess, Sir, I am in the dark. If it concerns Lord Gayville's secret——

*Sir Cle.* Namely, that I have discovered, without your assistance, that this Dulcinea has started up in the shape of Miss Alscrip's musical companion——Her name is Alton, (*leering*) I tell it you, because I am sure you did not know it——or if you had——a friend's secret ought to be sacred; and to keep it from the only person, who by knowing it cou'd save him from destruction, would be a new exercise of your virtue.

*Clif.* Sir, you will not know me.——

*Sir Cle.* Tut, tut, don't do me such injustice——Come, all delicacy being over by my having made the discovery, will you talk to this girl?

*Clif.* For what end, Sir?

*Sir Cle.* If you state yourself as Lord Gayville's friend, she will converse with you more readily, than she wou'd with me——Try her——find out what she is really at——If she proves an impostor of the refined artifice I suspect, that puts on humility to veil her purpose, and chastity to effect it——leave her to me——if she has no hold upon him but her person, I shall be easy.

*Clif.* Sir, let my compliance convince you how much I wish to oblige you. If I can get a sight of this wonder, I promise to give you my faithful opinion of my friend's danger.

*Enter CHIGNON and makes a sign to Sir CLEMENT, that the person he enquir'd after is coming.*

*Sir Cle.* Leave her with this gentleman—Come Monsieur, you shall shew me the new room.

*Cbig. (aside)* Vid dis gentleman—Vid all my heart—La Tiffany will answer his purpose, and mine too. [*Exit. Clifford is looking at the furniture of the room.*]

*Enter TIFFANY.*

*Tif.* What does the Frenchman mean by gentlemen wanting me, and his gibberish of making soft eyes—I hope I know the exercise of my eyes without his instruction—hah! I vow, a clever looking man.

*Clif. (seeing Tiffany)* A good smart girl; but not altogether quaker-like in her apparel, nor does her air quite answer my conception of a goddess.

*Tif. (aside)* How he examines me! so much the better—I shall lose nothing by that, I believe.

*Clif.* Faith a pretty attracting countenance—but for that apprehensive and timid look—that awe impressing modesty, my friend so forcibly describ'd,

[*Tiffany adjusts herself and pulls up.*]

*Clif. (aside)* There is no judging of that wonderful sex by rational rules——Her silence marks diffidence; deuce take me if I know how to begin for fear of offending her reserve.

*Tif. (aside)* I have been told pertness became me—I'll try, I'm resolved, (*to him.*) I hear, Sir, you had something to say to a young person of this

house—that—that—(*looking down at the same time archly*) I cou'd not but take the description to myself—I am ready to hear any thing a gentleman has to say.

*Clif. (aside)* Thank my stars, my scruples are relieved.

*Tif.* Am I mistaken, Sir? Pray whom was you enquiring after?

*Clif.* Oh! certainly you, my pretty stranger. A friend of mine has been robb'd of his heart, and I see the felony in your looks.

*Tif. (smirking and coquetting.)* Lord, Sir, if I had suspected you had come with a search warrant for hearts, I wou'd have been more upon my guard.

*Clif. (chucking her under the chin.)* Will you confess, or must I arrest you?

*Tif.* Innocent, Sir, in fact, but not quite so in inclination—I hope your own is safe.

*Clif.* And were it not, my smart unconscionable, would you run away with that also?

*Tif.* Oh yes, and an hundred more; and melt them all down together as the Jews do stolen goods to prevent their being reclaim'd—Gold, silver, and lead; pray, Sir, of what metal may your's be?

*Clif. (aside.)* Astonishing! Have I hit upon the moment when her fancy outruns her art!—Or has it been Gayville's amusement to describe her by contraries? And are you really the young lady that is the companion of Miss Alscip, that makes such conquests at first sight?

*Tif.* Sir, if you mean the young lady who has been named, however undeservedly, the flower of

this family; that appears sometimes at these windows; and to be sure has been followed home by gentlemen against her inclinations—Sir, you are not mistaken.

*Clif. (aside.)* It has been Gayville's madness or amusement then to describe her by contraries.

*Tif.* I hope, Sir, you are not offended, I would not be impertinent, tho' I am not so tasteless as to be shy.

*Clif.* Offended, my dear? I am quite charm'd I assure you. You are just what I did not expect, but wished to find you. You had been represented to me so improperly.—

*Tif. (with pertness.)* Represented improperly! Pray, Sir, what do you mean?

*Clif.* To rejoice in my mistake I promise you—Nay, and to set my friend right in his opinion, and so without further shyness on either part, let us be free upon the subject I had to talk over with you. You surely are not looking to lasting connections.

*Tif. (with airs.)* Sir, I don't understand you—I am not what you suppose, I assure you—Connections indeed—I should never have thought of that—my character—my behaviour, connections, I don't know what the word signifies.

*Sir Cle. (without.)* Clifford—are you ready?

*Clif.* I am at your orders, Sir.

*Tif. (aside.)* Deuce take this interruption!

*Sir Cle. (without.)* I shall not wait for Mr. Alscrip any longer.

*Tif. (aside.)* Lud, lud, he gives me no time to come round again. *(Runs up to him, confusedly.)*

It's very true, Sir, I wou'd not do such a thing for the world, but you are a man of honour, and I am sure wou'd not give bad advice to a poor girl who is but a novice—and, so, Sir. (*Hears Sir Clement entering.*) Put your propofal in writing and you may depend on having an answer. [*Runs out.*]

*Enter Sir CLEMENT.*

*Sir Cle.* Well, Clifford, what do you think of her?

*Clif.* Make yourself perfectly easy, Sir: This girl when known can make no impreffion on Lord Gayville's mind: and I doubt not but a silk gown and a lottery ticket, had they been offered as an ultimatum, wou'd have purchased her person.

*Sir Cle.* (*With a dry sneer.*) Don't you sometimes, Clifford, form erroneous opinions of peoples' pretensions? Interest and foolish passion inspire strange notions—as one or the other prevails, we are brought to look so low, or so high——

*Clif.* (*With emotion.*) That we are compell'd to call reason and honour to our aid——

*Sir Cle.* And then——

*Clif.* We lose the intemperance of our inclinations in the sense of what is right.

*Sir Cle.* (*aside.*) Sententious impostor! (*to him*) But to the point.

*Clif.* Sir, I wou'd please you, if I cou'd—I am thinking of a scheme to restore Lord Gayville to his senses, without violence or injury to any one of the parties.

*Sir Cle.* Let me hear it.

*Clif.* Why the wench being cut short of marketing by word of mouth (which she was doing in all due form when you came in) desired me to write proposals. I am inclined to do so. We will shew the answer to Lord Gayville, and depend upon it, there will be character enough display'd to cure him of the sentimental part of his attachment.

*Sir Cle.* I like your idea—Sit down and put it into execution immediately—— [*Clifford writes.*]

*Sir Cle. (to himself.)* He is quick at invention—has a pretty turn at profession—A proud and peremptory shew of honour that wou'd overpower prejudices—Thank heaven, my opinions of knavery are convictions.

*Clif. (Writing.)* I am sorry to detain you, Sir.

*Sir Cle. (Looking at the furniture.)* Oh! I am amusing myself better than you think—Indulging an edifying contemplation among the tombs of departed estates—(*Looking round the furniture, viz. closets that shew old writings tied up, shelves with boxes, labelled mortgages, lease and release, &c.*) What mouldered skins that will never see day light again, and that with a good herald wou'd vie with Westminster-abbey in holiday entertainment. For instance now, what have we here?—Hah! The last remains of Fatland priory—Once of great monastic importance: A proverb of pride, sloth, and hypocrisy. After the reformation the seat of old English hospitality and benevolence—In the present century, altered, adorned, pull'd down, and the materials sold by auction.

*Clif.* Edifying indeed, Sir; your comments are not lost.

*Sir Cle.* Here lie undisturbed in dust, the relics of Court-baron castle, granted at the conquest to the family of Lofumount. The last of this ancient race having won twenty-seven king's plates, and represented the county in six parliaments, after many struggles died of the pistol fever—a disconsolate annuitant inscribed this box to his memory.

*Clif.* Ha! ha! ha! (*Rising.*) I am quite concerned to interrupt you, Sir, but you shall hear my letter. (*reads.*) “ You have captivated a young  
“ man of rank and fortune, but you are discover'd,  
“ and his ruin and yours wou'd be the consequence  
“ of pursuing any designs, that cou'd impede his  
“ proposed marriage with Miss Alscip—Throw  
“ yourself upon the generosity of his family, and  
“ your fortune's made—Send your answer (and let  
“ it be immediate) to me at Sir Clement Flint's  
“ house—Your's, &c. &c.—

“ HENRY CLIFFORD.”

*Sir Cle.* It will do very well, our French friend is the man to deliver it, and to bring the answer. I am going home, you'll overtake me. [*Exit.*]

*Enter* CHIGNON.

*Clif.* (*Sealing the letter.*) You come apropos, Monsieur (*gives the letter with an air of mystery.*) Have the goodness to put this letter into Miss Alton's own hands.

*Chig.* (*to himself.*) Mademoiselle Alton! Peste! My trick has not passed.

*Clf.* To Miss Alton by herself—I am in all the secret.

*Clg.* (*to himself.*) Devil take Tiffany for making you so wise.

*Clf.* And you serve your Lady, when you serve me with Miss Alton—Monfieur, an answer as quick as possible—You will find me at Sir Clement Flint's—it is only in the next street—and—you understand me—(*shaking his purse*) Alerte, Monfieur.

[*Exit.*]

*Clg.* Understand you—Oui! da you talk de language universal (*imitating his shaking the purse*) J'entre vois, I begin to see something—By gad I vill give de letter, and try de inclination of Madamoi-selle la Musicienne—if dis be de duette she vill play, it take her out of the vây of Alscrip, of Gayville, and of myself also—Voila le malheur—there—de misfortune—eh bien—when love and interest come across—alway prefer de interest for to day and take de chance of de love to-morrow—dat is de humour of France.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.

*Sir CLEMENT FLINT's house.—Enter Lord GAYVILLE and Sir CLEMENT.*

*L. Gay.* I am resolved to see Miss Alscrip, no more.

*Sir Cl.* And I hope you are prepar'd with arguments to justify the cause of this breach, to me, and to the world.

*L. Gay.* For my reconciliation with you, I hope your former partiality will return to my aid; and as for the world I despise it. The multitude look at happiness thro' the false glare of wealth and pomp: I have discovered it, tho' yet at a distance, through the only true medium, that of mutual affection.

*Sir Cle.* No common place book formed from a whole library of plays and novels could furnish a better sentence. Your folly wou'd shame a school boy—even of the last age—In the present he learns the world with his grammar, and gets a just notion of the worthlessness of the other sex before he is of an age to be duped by their attractions.

*L. Gay.* Sir, your prejudices.—

*Sir Cle.* My prejudices?—will you appeal to Clifford—here he comes—your friend—your—

*Enter CLIFFORD.*

*L. Gay.* And will Clifford, condemn the choice of the heart?

*Clif.* Never, my lord, when justly placed—In the case I perceive you are arguing, I am ready to blush for you—nay, don't look grave—I am acquainted with your enchantress.

*L. Gay.* You acquainted with her?

*Clif.* Yes, and if I don't deceive myself, shall make her break her own spell. I am in correspondence with her.

*L. Gay.* You in correspondence with Miss Alton?—when? where? What am I to think of this?

*Clif.* My dear Lord, that she is the most exten-

came this letter and half a crown upon my head. It could not have fallen better, there's not a fellow in town more expert than I am at private business—So I resolved to deliver it safely—Is your honor's name Clifford?

*L. Gay.* No indeed, friend, I am not so happy a man.

*Sir Cle. (aside.)* That letter must not be lost though. Here, my friend—I'll take charge of your letter. (*takes the letter.*) Something for your pains.

*Chair.* God bless your honour, and if you want to send an answer, my number is forty-seven in Bond-street—your honour, I am known by the name of secret Tom.

*L. Gay.* What is the use of this deceit? strong as my suspicions, a seal must be sacred.

*Sir Cle.* Our circumstances make an exception to your rule: when there is treason in the state, wax gives way. (*takes the letter, opens and reads it.*) Faith this is beyond my expectation—tho' the mystery is unfathomable, the aptness of it to my purpose is admirable—Gayville—I wish you joy.

*L. Gay.* Of what?

*Sir Cle.* Of conviction! if this is not plain! only hear (*reads*) “since my confused lines of a  
“few minutes past, my perplexities redouble upon  
“my spirits—I am in momentary apprehension of  
“further insult from the Alscip family; I am still  
“more anxious to avoid Lord Gayville” (*pauses and looks at Lord Gayville* :) “do not suspect my  
“sincerity—I have not a thought of him that ought  
“to disturb you.”—Here she is Gayville, look at

her through the true medium of mutual affection—"I have not a thought of him that ought to disturb you—Fly to me, secure me, my dearest Henry."

*L. Gay.* Dearest Henry!

*Sir Cle. (reads on.)* "Dearest Henry—In this call, the danger of your Harriet unites with the impatience of her affection."

*L. Gay.* Hell, and fury! this must be some trick, some forgery (*snatches the letter.*) No by all that's perfidious it is that exquisite hand that baffles imitation.

*Sir Cle.* All regular, strict, undeviating modern morals—common property is the first principle of friendship; your horse, your house, your purse, your mistress—nay, your wife wou'd be a better example still of the doctrine of this generous age. Bless fortune, Gayville, that has brought the fidelity of your friend and your girl to the test at the same time.

*L. Gay.* Sir, I am not in a humour for any spleen but my own. What can this mean? It must have been a secret attachment for years—but then the avowal of a correspondence and the confusion at receiving it—his coldness in traducing her; the passionate interest he express'd in her fate; the conviction of his second letter—It is all delirium. I'll search the matter to the bottom, tho' I go to Clifford's heart for it. (*Exit in great anger.*)

*Sir Cle.* I'll after the precious fellow too—He is a rogue above my hopes, and the intricacy of his snares excite my curiosity. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

*Lady EMILY's apartments. Lady EMILY discovered reading.*

It will not do. My eyes may run over a thousand subjects, but my thoughts center in one. Ah! that sigh! from the fair sufferer this morning—I have found it echo in my own heart ever since.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Ser.* Madam, Mr. Blandish.

*L. Emily.* Pooh! did you say I was at home?

*Ser.* Your Ladyship gave no orders to the contrary.

*L. Emily.* Shew him in. [*Exit Servant*] I must take up my air of levity again—It is the only humour for a fellow who I sometimes allow to entertain me, but who never can get my esteem. I have more calls upon my affectation this unlucky day, than my real disposition would execute in a long life.

*Enter BLANDISH.*

*L. Emily.* Blandish, I am horridly peevish; have you any thing diverting in news or flattery?

*Blan.* In the latter, Madam, nothing. My admiration has all the dulness of truth; but shew me what you think a flaw, and I'll try without flattery to convince you it is a beauty.

*L. Emily.* Tolerably express'd—but the idea of a faultless woman is false in point of encomium, she wou'd be respectable, awful, and unattracting. Odd as it may seem, a woman, to charm, requires a little dash of harmless imperfection. I know I've a thousand amiable faults that I wou'd not part with for the world. So try again: Something more new and refined.

*Blan.* Examine my heart, Lady Emily, and you will find both: The novelty of disinterested passion, and refinement acquired by the study of you.

*L. Emily.* Rather better: but *that* does not please me much; the less, perhaps, as it is rather out of your way, and more in that of my friend your sister, who, I observe, always puts a compliment in full view—Yours generally come more forcibly, by affording us the pleasure of finding them out—It is the excellency of a brilliant to play in the dark.

*Blan.* Allow yourself to be the brilliant and attend to another allusion. With trembling ambition, I confess, that not content with admiring the jewel, I would wear it.

*L. Emily.* Wear it?

*Blan.* As an appendage to my heart—Conscious of it's value, proud of it's display, and devoted to it's preservation.

*L. Emily.* Riddles, Mr. Blandish—but so let them remain—I assure you this hour is very inauspicious for explanation.

*Blan.* I fear so. For in an hour, when Clifford proves treacherous, who can escape suspicion.

*L. Emily.* Clifford? for what purpose is he  
duced in this conversation?

*Blan.* You ask'd me for intelligence, the last  
that Clifford has been detected in a clandestine  
intercourse with the object of Lord Gayville's  
passion; that he has betray'd the confidence  
friend and patron, and actually carried he  
(*aside*) Which Gayville knows by this time with  
its aggravations, or Prompt has not been as  
as he us'd to be.

*L. Emily.* (*with emotion.*) Blandish, this  
poor project. Clifford treacherous to his friend  
You might as soon make me believe Gayville  
passionate, my uncle charitable, or you ingrate

*Blan.* His conduct does not rest upon opinion  
but proof; and when you know it you must  
of him with aversion.

*L. Emily.* Must I? Then don't let me hear  
word more—I have aversion enough already—  
(*visibly.*)

*Blan.* It is impossible you can apply that  
to one whose only offence is to adore you.  
(*her hand.*)

*Enter CLIFFORD.*

*Clif.* (*aside surprized.*) Blandish so favourable

*L. Emily.* (*aside.*) Perverse accident: what  
takes now will he make!

*Blan.* (*aside.*) The enemy has surprized me  
the only remedy in such emergencies, is to feign  
good countenance.

*Clif.* I fear I have been guilty of an unpardonable intrusion.

*Blan.* Mr. Clifford never can intrude, but though you had not come so apropos yourself—Lady Emily will bear testimony, I have not spared my pains to remove any prejudices she might have entertained.

*L. Emily.* Had you not better repeat in your own words, Mr. Blandish, all the obliging things you have said of this gentleman?

*Clif.* It is not necessary, Madam—If without robbing you of moments that I perceive are precious——

*L. Emily.* Sir!

*Clif.* I might obtain a short audience, (*looking at Blandish.*)

*Blan.* (*aside.*) He's devilish impudent—but he cannot soon get over facts, and I'll take care the conference shall not be long. (*To Lady Emily*)—Lady Emily; hear Mr. Clifford, and judge if I have misrepresented him—(*to Clifford*) When you want a friend you know where to find him. [*Exit.*]

*L. Emily.* This is an interview, Mr. Clifford, that I desire not to be understood to have authorised. It is not to *me*, you are accountable for your actions—I have no personal interest in them.

*Clif.* I know it too well.

*L. Emily.* (*peevishly.*) Do not run away with the notion neither, that I am therefore interested in any other person's——You have among you, vex'd and disconcerted me, but there is not a grain of

partiality in all my embarrassment—if you have any eyes you may see there is not.

*Clif.* Happy Blandish, your triumph is evident.

*L. Emily.* Blandish, the odious creature—He is my abhorrence—You are hardly worse yourself in my bad opinion, tho' you have done so much more to deserve it.

*Clif.* How cruel are the circumstances that compel me to leave you under these impressions—nay more—at such a time to urge a request, that during your most favourable thoughts of me wou'd have appear'd strange if not presumptuous. This is the key of my apartment. It contains a secret that the exigencies of the hour oblig'd me, against inclination or propriety, to lodge there. Should Sir Clement return before me, I implore you to prevent his discovery, and give to what you find within, your confidence and protection. Lord Gayville—but I shall go too far—the most anxious event of my life presses on me. I conjure you to comply, by all the compassion and tenderness nature has treasured in your heart—not for me—but for occasions worthy their display. (*Gives the key, which she receives with some reluctance,*) and *Exit*.

*L. Emily.* Heighho!—It's well, he's gone without insisting on my answer: I was in a sad flutter of indecision. What mysterious means he takes to engage me in a confidence which I could not directly accept!—I am to find a letter, I suppose—the story of his heart—Its errors and defence—My brother's name, also—to furnish me with a new interest in the secret, and one I might avow—One

may dislike this art, but must be sensible of his delicacy.—Ah, when those two qualities unite in a man, I am afraid he is an over-match for the wisest of us—Hark!—sure that is the sound of my Uncle's coach—(*looks out at the window.*) 'Tis he—and now for the secret—Curiosity!——Curiosity! innate irresistible principle in womankind, be my excuse, before I dare question my mind upon other motives. [*Exit.*]

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SCENE IV.

*Another apartment. Enter Lady EMILY.*

Oh! lud, I could hardly tremble more at opening this man's apartment, were there a possibility of finding *him* within side. How do people find courage to do a wrong thing, when an innocent discovery cannot be prosecuted without such timidity. [*Approaches the door timidly and unlocks it.*]

*Enter Miss ALTON.*

*Lady Emily.* Amazement, Miss Alton! what brought you here?

*Miss Alton.* Madam, I was brought here for an hour's concealment; who I really am, I wou'd not, if possible to avoid it, divulge in this house. When you saw me last, you honour'd me with a favourable opinion——My story not explained at full,

might subject me to doubts, that would shake your candour. The circumstances in which I am involved, are strange, and have succeeded with the rapidity and confusion of a dream——Suffer me to recover for a moment my disorder'd spirits, and I *will* satisfy you farther.

*L. Emily.* What shall I do?—She is pale and ready to faint—I cannot let her be exposed in such a situation—Retire—You may rely upon me for present security——You know best your pretensions to my future opinion—(*bearing Sir Clement*) begone, or you are discover'd—(*shuts her in and locks Clifford's door.*)

*Enter Sir CLEMENT.*

*Sir Cle.* Oh! the triumph of honour! Oh! the sincerity of friendship, how my opinions are ratified—how my system is proved.

*L. Emily.* Oh, spirits, spirits, forsake me not—oh, for a moment's diffimulation!

*Sir Cle.* There are some now who wou'd feed moroseness and misanthropy with such events; to me they give delight as convictions and warnings to mankind.

*L. Emily.* Of how superior a quality, my good Uncle must be to the benevolence you possess! it rises with the progress of mischief; and is gratified (upon principles of general good) by finding confidence abused, and esteem misplaced. Am I not right in attributing your joy at present to that sort of refinement?

*Sir Cle.* Hah! and to what sensations, my good niece, shall be attributed the present state of your spirits? To the disgust you took to Clifford almost at first sight. It will not be with indifference, but pleasure, you will hear of his turning out the veriest rascal, the most compleat impostor, the most abandon'd—but hold! hold—I must not wrong him by superlatives—he is match'd too.

*L. Emily.* Really!—I congratulate you upon such a check of charity.

*Sir Cle.* And I wish you joy, my pretty pert one, upon the credit your sex has acquired, in producing this other Chef-d'oeuvre—Such a composition of the highest vices and the lowest—

*L. Emily.* I know it will be in vain to oppose the pleasure you take in colouring, by my want of taste to enjoy it; but you may spare your preparatory shading, and come to the points with which I am not acquainted.

*Sir Cle.* And pray my *incurious* niece, with what points *are* you acquainted?

*L. Emily.* That, before Mr. Clifford went abroad, it is suspected his passions betray'd him into a fault that must be shocking to your morality, and that I'm sure it is not my intention to justify. He ought to have resisted. It's a shame we have not more examples of young men correcting the frailties of womankind—I dare say he neglected a fair opportunity of becoming a prodigy.

*Sir Cle.* I protest you have a pretty way of dressing up an apology for the venial faults of youth—

and it comes with a peculiar grace from a delicate lady of twenty.

*L. Emily.* Come, Sir; no more of your sarcasms. I can treat wrong actions with levity, and yet consider them with detestation. Prudes and pretenders condemn with austerity. To the collection of suspicions you are master of, let me add one—In a young lady of the delicacy—and age you have described, always suspect the virtue that does not wear a smile.

*Sir Cle.* And the sincerity that wears one awkwardly—If you wou'd know the history of Clifford, ask but your brother; if of the precious adventurer he has carried off, enquire of Miss Alscrip—We shall come up with her yet---wee be to any one who harbours her.

*Enter PROMPT hastily.*

*Prompt.* Joy to your honour, I see you have caught her.

*Sir Cle.* Her! who?

*Prompt.* [*Lady Emily turning.*] I ask your ladyship's pardon—Having only the glimpse of a petticoat, and knowing the object of my chase was in this house, I confess I mistook you.

*Sir Cle.* In this house?

*Prompt.* As sure as we are—She came in through the garden, under Mr. Clifford's arm—up the other stairs, I suppose—If my lady had been hereabouts—she must have seen her.

*L. Emily.* (*in confusion.*) Yes, but unluckily, I was quite out of the way.

*Sir Cle.* Such audaciousness passes credibility—Emily what do you think of him?

*L. Emily.* That he is a monster (*aside.*) How my dilemmas multiply.

*Sir Cle.* What, to my house! to his apartment here! I wonder he did not ask for protection in your's—What should you have said?

*L. Emily.* I don't know; but, had I been so imposed upon as to receive her, I should scorn to betray even the criminal I had engaged to protect.

*Sir Cle.* (*tries at the door, finds it lock'd.*) Emily, my dear, do ring the bell to know if the house-keeper has a second key to this lock.

*L. Emily.* What shall I do?

*Prompt.* She is certainly there, Sir, and cannot escape. Where can she better remain, till you can assemble all parties, confront them face to face, and bring every thing that has pass'd to a full explanation?

*Sir Cle.* With all my heart; send and collect every body concerned as fast as possible—How I long for so complicated an exhibition of the purity of the human heart—Come with me, Emily, and help to digest my plan—Friends and lovers, what a scene shall we shew you. [*Takes Lady Emily under the arm.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter CLIFFORD and Mr. RIGHTLY.*

CLIFFORD.

YOUR knowledge in the profession, Mr. Rightly, is as questionless as your integrity; but there is something so surprizing in the discovery of the Charlton estate.

*Rightly.* It is so strange, that I will not pronounce a positive opinion, till I have read again the collateral papers, and consider'd fully the descents in your family. Your grandfather, I think, was deceived in supposing he had a right to sell that part of the Charlton estate, which Alscip proposes for his daughter's portion. The strength of this old settlement must have escaped my brother lawyer, or he was mad when he put it into my hands.

*Clif.* If you knew too, how the value of the acquisition is enhanced, by the opportune moment in which it presents itself—I am in too much emotion to thank you as I ought.

*Rightly.* Sir, I want neither compliment, nor acknowledgement, for revealing what I should be a party to dishonestly to conceal—but that duty done, wou'd it be an abuse of benevolence, unworthy as some of the parties may be, to preserve the peace of all concerned.

*Clif.* In what manner?

*Rightly.* Sir Clement Flint will renounce the Alscip alliance, at the first appearance of this defalcation, and if I am well informed, Lord Gayville will not lament the loss of his intended bride. The young lady is therefore free and still possessed of a great inheritance.

*Clif.* I do not perceive what you aim at.

*Rightly.* She has the faults that wealth and a false education create, but they are not incurable. Marry her yourself. By sinking the claim in the union with his family; you command the father's approbation; and the daughter must be of a strange mould indeed, if the same obligation does not become a corrective of her pride, and an excitement to her gratitude. (*smiling.*) I give some token of my friendship, when, as a lawyer, I propose you a wife instead of a suit in chancery.

*Clif.* I feel all the kindness of your suggestion; but if my claim is precarious, it is as repugnant to my delicacy as to my inclination, to realize it upon such terms; if it is substantial, I have such a disposition to make—you have a right to all my thoughts; but I have an appointment to obey, that admits no time for explanation; favor me for a moment with your pencil [*Rightly takes out a pencil and pocket-book.*] And a blank page in that memorandum book. [*Clifford writes.*]

*Rightly.* My life on't, his head is turn'd upon some girl not worth a shilling—There is an amiable defect, but a very observable one in the nature of some men. A good head and heart operate as

effectually as vice or folly could do to make them improvident.

*Clif.* Mr. Rightly, I confide to your hands a new secret relative to the Charlton estate; do not read it till you return home. (*gives the book, aside and going.*) There, Gayville, is one reply to your challenge—and now for another.

*Rightly.* One moment, Sir—I engage for no secrecy that my own judgment shall not warrant.

*Clif.* And the benevolence of your heart approve—Those are my conditions.—

[*Exeunt on opposite sides.*]

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## SCENE II.

*Hyde-Park. Enter Lord GAYVILLE impetuously, looking at his watch.*

Not here! I am sure I marked the hour as well as the place, precisely in my note. [*walks about.*] Had I been told three days ago, that I should have been the appellant in a premeditated duel, I should have thought it an insult upon my principles—That Clifford should be the cause of my transgressing the legal and sacred duties, we have ever both maintained—oh, it would have seemed a visionary impossibility—But he comes, to cut reflection short—

*Enter CLIFFORD.*

*L. Gay.* I waited for you, Sir.

*Clif.* [*Bows in silence.*]

*L. Gay.* That ceremonial would grace an encounter of punctilio, but applies ill to the terms upon which I have called you here.

*Clif.* What terms are those, my Lord?

*L. Gay.* Vengeance! Ample, final vengeance! Draw, Sir.

*Clif.* No, my Lord, my sword is reserved for more becoming purposes: It is not the instrument of passion; and has yet been untried in a dispute with my friend.

*L. Gay.* But why is it not ready for a different trial, the vindication of perfidy, the blackest species of perfidy, that ever the malignant enemy of mankind infused into the human breast—perfidy to the friend who loved and trusted you, and in the nearest interests of his heart.

*Clif.* Take care, my Lord; should my blood boil like your's, and it is rising fast, you know not the punishment that awaits you. I came temperate, your gross provocation and thirst of blood make temperance appear disgrace—I am tempted to take a revenge——

*L. Gay.* [*Draws.*] The means are ready, Come, Sir, you are to give an example of qualities generally held incompatible—bravery and dishonour.

*Clif.* Another such word, and by heaven!—How have I deserv'd this opinion?

*L. Gay.* Ask your conscience—Under the mask of friendship you have held a secret intercourse with the woman I adore; you have supplanted me in her affections, you have robb'd me of the very charm of my life—can you deny it?

*Clif.* I avow it all.

*L. Gay.* Unparalleled insolence of guilt.

*Clif.* Are you sure there is nothing within the scope of possibility, that wou'd excuse or atone—

*L. Gay.* Death—Death only—no abject submission—no compromise for infamy—chuse instantly—and save yourself from the only stretch of baseness left—the invention of a falsehood to palliate—

*Clif.* (*In the utmost agitation, and drawing his sword.*) Falsehood!—You shall have no other explanation. [*After a struggle within himself, Clifford drops the point and exposes his breast.*]

*L. Gay.* Stand upon your defence, Sir—What do you mean?

*Clif.* You said nothing but my life wou'd satisfy you, take it, and remember me.

*L. Gay.* I say so still—but upon an equal pledge—I am no assassin.

*Clif.* [*with great emotion.*] If to strike at the heart of your friend, more deeply than that poor instrument in your hand could do, makes an assassin, you have been one already.

*L. Gay.* That look, that tone, how like to innocence? Had he not avow'd such abominable practices—

*Clif.* I avow them again: I have rival'd you in the love of the woman you adore—her affections are rivetted to me. I have removed her from your sight; secured her from your recovery—

*L. Gay.* Damnation!

*Clif.* I have done it to save unguarded beauty; to save unprotected innocence; to save a sister.

*L. Gay.* A sister!

*Clif.* [*With exultation.*] Vengeance! Ample, final vengeance! [*a pause.*] It is accomplish'd—over him—and over myself—my victory is compleat.

*L. Gay.* Where shall I hide my shame!

*Clif.* We'll share it, and forget it here.

[*Embraces.*]

*L. Gay.* Why did you keep the secret from me?

*Clif.* I knew it not myself, till the strange concurrence of circumstances, to which you were in part witness a few hours since, brought it to light. I meant to impart to you the discovery, when my temper took fire—Let us bury our mutual errors in the thought, that we now for life are friends.

*L. Gay.* Brothers, Clifford—Let us interchange that title, and doubly, doubly ratify it. Unite me to your charming sister; accept the hand of Lady Emily in return—her heart I have discover'd to be yours—We'll leave the world to the sordid and the tasteless; let an Alscip, or, a Sir Clement Flint, wander after the phantom of happiness, we shall find her real retreat, and hold her by the bonds she covets, virtue, love and friendship.

*Clif.* Not a word more, my lord; the bars against your proposal are insuperable.

*L. Gay.* What bars?

*Clif.* Honour! propriety—and pride.

*L. Gay.* Pride, Clifford?

*Clif.* Yes, my Lord, Harriet Clifford, shall not *steal* the hand of a prince; nor will *I*—tho' doating on Lady Emily, with a passion like your own, bear the idea of a clandestine union in a family, to whom I am bound by obligation and trust. Indeed, my

lord, without Sir Clement's consent, you must think no more of my sister.

*L. Gay.* Stern Stoic, but I *will*, and *not* clandestinely; I'll instantly to Sir Clement.

*Clif.* Do not be rash—Fortune or some better agent, is working in wonders—Meet me presently at your Uncle's; in the mean while promise not to stir in this business.

*L. Gay.* What hope from delay.

*Clif.* Promise——

*L. Gay.* I am in a state to catch at shadows——  
I'll try to obey you.

*Clif.* Farewell!——

[*Exeunt.*]

---

### SCENE III.

*Sir CLEMENT's house. Enter Miss ALSCRIP in great spirits, followed by Mrs. BLANDISH.*

*Miss Alscrip.* I am delighted at this summons from Sir Clement, Blandish; poor *old clear-sight*, I hope has projected a reconciliation.

*Mrs. Blan.* How I rejoice to see those smiles returned to the face that was made for them!

*Miss Alf.* Return'd, Blandish? I desire you will not insinuate it ever was without them—Why sure, you would not have the world imagine the temper of an Heiress of my class, was to be ruffled by the loss of a paltry earl——I have been highly diverted *with what* has passed from the beginning to the end.

*Mrs. Blan.* Well, if good humour can be a fault, sure the excess you carry it to must be the example.

*Miss Alf.* I desire it may be made known in all companies, that I have done nothing but laugh—nay, it is true too.

*Mrs. Blan.* My dear creature, of what consequence is the truth, when you are charging me with the execution of your desires.

*Miss Alf.* Could any thing be more diverting than my Lord's intriguing with my *chamber-maid* before marriage, that must be your cue.

*Mrs. Blan.* Excellent!

*Miss Alf.* The design was in rule, and founded upon the best precedents—only the time, in the news-paper phrase, was premature, he! he! he!

*Mrs. Blan.* He! he! he!

*Miss Alf.* And then the airs of the moppet—Could any thing be more ridiculous?

*Mrs. Blan.* The rivalry you mean—Rival, Miss Alscip—He! he! he! [*Half laugh.*]

*Miss Alf.* Yes, but when you take this tone in public, laugh a little louder.

*Mrs. Blan.* Rival, Miss Alscip, ha! ha! ha!

*Both.* Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

*Mrs. Blan.* (*wiping her eyes as not quite recovered from her laugh.*) For mirth's sake, what is become of the rival?—Who will you chuse she shall have run away with?

*Miss Alf.* Leave it in doubt as it is; fixing circumstances confines the curiosity to one story which may be disproved; uncertainty leaves it open to an hundred, and makes them all probable. But I hear

some of the company upon the stairs: Now, Blandish—You shall be witness to the temper and dignity, with which a woman of my consequence can discard a quality courtship that offends her—Having sufficiently mortified the Uncle and Nephew, with a triumphant raillery all my own, I shall request Lady Emily to set the Paphian mimp upon the family disappointment, and leave them together to the exercise of the patience that usually attends the loss of a hundred thousand pounds.

*Mrs. Blan.* Sweet temper'd soul!

*Enter Sir CLEMENT FLINT.*

*Sir Cle.* Miss Alscrip, your——

*[As he's beginning to say your humble servant.]*

*Enter BLANDISH out of breath.*

*Blan.* The duel's over, and the combatants in whole skins—Never ran so fast since I was born—

*Sir Cle.*—To be too late by some minutes in your intelligence. I know you feel the disappointment from the sincere affection you bear all parties.

*Miss Alf.* Duel!—Pray let us hear the particulars—As there is no mischief I shall not faint.

*[Ironically.]*

*Sir Cle.* I guess it has been of the common place kind.—Hats over the brows—glum silence—thrust parry—and riposte—Explain, and shake hands: Your man of honour never sets his friend right, till he has exchange'd a shot—or a thrust: Oh, a little effluence of steel or gunpowder, is a morning whet to

the temper. It carries off all qualms, and leaves the digestion free for any thing that is presented to it.

*Miss Alf.* Dear, how fortunate! Considering the pills some folks have to swallow.

*Sir Cle.* Blandish, see if the door of Clifford's room is yet unlocked, there is a person within you little expect to find, and that it may be proper for this lady, and me to interrogate together.—I don't know what to call her—Inexplicability in petticoats. (*The door opens*) and

*Enter Lady EMILY.*

*Blan.* Lady Emily!

*Sir Cle.* Inexplicable, with a vengeance.

*Miss Alf.* (*aside*) Lady Emily, shut up in Clifford's apartment! Beyond my expectation, indeed.

[*With a malicious air.*]

[*Lady EMILY seems pleased.*]

*Sir Cle.* (*dryly*) Lady Emily I know you were always cautious whom you visited, and never gave a better proof of your discernment.

*L. Emily.* Never—oh my poor dear uncle you little think what is going to befall you.

*Sir Cle.* Not a disappointment in love, I hope.

*L. Emily.* No, but in something much nearer your heart—your system is threaten'd with a blow, that I think, and from my soul I hope, it never will recover: would you guess that the sagacious observations of your whole life are upon the point of being confounded by the production——

*Sir Cle.* Of what?

*L. Emily.* A woman of ingenuous discretion, and a man of unaffected integrity.

*Sir Cle.* Hah!

*Mrs. Blan.* What can she mean?

*Miss Alf.* Nothing good—she looks so pleasant.

*L. Emily.* Come forth, my injur'd friend. Our personal acquaintance has been short, but our hearts were intimate from the first sight (*presenting her*) Your prisoner, Sir, is Miss Harriot Clifford.

*Sir Cle.* Clifford's sister!

*Miss Alf.* What, the run-away Alton, turned into a sprig of quality.

*L. Emily.* (*disdainfully to Miss Alscrip.*) The humble dependant of Alscrip's house—The wanton—the paragon of fraud—the only female that can equal Clifford (*tauntingly to Sir Clement*) She is indeed! (*with emphasis and affection.*)

*Blan.* (*aside.*) Oh, rot the source of the family fondness—I see I have no card left in my favour—but the Heiress. (*Goes to her and pays court.*) (*During this conversation, aside, Lady Emily seems encouraging Miss Clifford—Sir Clement musing, and by turns examining her.*)

*Sir Cle.* (*to himself*) “Ingenuous discretion!”

*Enter CLIFFORD (and runs to his sister.)*

*Clif.* My dearest Harriot! the joy I purposed in presenting you here, is anticipated; but my blameless fugitive! relate the tale of your distresses, and my pride in you will not be a wonder.

*Miss Clif.* They have been short—and are overpaid by your indulgence. Insulted by the family I

liv'd with; made more wretched by a detested pursuit which my uncle's violence enforc'd, and confident of your being returned, I fled to London for an asylum.

*Sir Cle.* Which has been admirably chosen in my house.

*Clif.* Sir, I really think so. Lady Emily's generosity, your justice, and my sister's honour make it sacred. (*While Clifford is speaking,*)

*Enter Lord GAYVILLE. (starts at seeing Miss CLIFFORD.)*

*Sir Cle. (perceiving Lord Gayville)* And peculiarly secure against the visits of *this detested pursuer*.

*L. Gay. (with rapture)* Her persecutor and her convert. Her virtues which no humility could conceal, and every trial made more resplendent, discover'd, disgraced, and reclaimed a libertine.

*Miss Clif.* How am I distress'd—what ought I to answer?

*L. Gay.* Impressed sentiment upon desire, gave honour to passion, and drew from my soul a vow, which heaven chastise me when I violate, to obtain her by a legal, sacred claim, or renounce fortune, family and friends, and become a self-devoted outcast of the world.

*Miss Clif.* Oh! brother, interpose.

*Sir Cle.* My Lord, your fortune, family, and friends are much oblig'd to you. Your part is perfect—Mr. Clifford you are call'd upon. Miss, in strict propriety, throws the business upon her rela-

tions—Come finish the comedy; join one of her hands to the gallants, while, with the other, she covers her blushes—and he in rapture delivers the moral. All for Love, or, the World well Lost. (*Miss Clifford still appears agitated.*)

*Clif.* Be patient, my Harriot, this is the school for prejudice, and the lesson of its shame is near.

*Miss Alf.* I vow these singular circumstances give me quite a confusion of pleasure. The astonishing good fortune of my late Protégée in finding so impassion'd a friendship in her brother's bed-chamber; the captivating eloquence of Lord Gayville in winding up an eclairsissement which I admire—not for the first time—to day—and the superlative joy, Sir Clement must feel at an union, founded upon the purity of the passions, are subjects of such different congratulation, that I hardly know where to begin.

*L. Emily. (aside.)* Charming!—her insolence will justify what so seldom occurs to one—a severe retort without a possible sense of compunction.

*Miss Alf.* But in point of fortune—don't imagine, Sir Clement, I would insinuate that the Lady is destitute—oh Lord, far from it. Her musical talents are a portion—I can't say I have yet seen a countess open a concert for her own benefit; but there can be no reason why a woman of the first quality should not be directress of the Opera—Indeed, after all that has happen'd, it is the best chance I see for a good administration there.

ALSCRIP and RIGHTLY [*without.*]

*Alf.* Why stop a moment—Mr. Rightly; 'Death after chasing you all over the town, don't be so impatient the instant I overtake you.

*Sir Cle.* What have we here—the lawyers in dispute?

*Alf. (entering.)* You have not heard my last word yet.

*Rightly. (entering.)* You have heard mine, Sir.

*Alf. (whispering.)* I'll make the five thousand I offer'd, ten.

*Rightly.* Millions wou'd not bribe me—[*coming forward.*] When I detect wrong, and vindicate the sufferer, I feel the spirit of the Law of England, and the pride of a practitioner.

*Alf.* Lucifer confound such practices. (*In this part of the scene, Sir Clement, Lord Gayville, Lady Emily, Clifford, and Miss Clifford, form one groupe.*)

*Rightly opens a deed, and points out a part of it to Sir Clement.*

(*Mr. and Miss Alscrip carry on the following speeches on the side at which Alscrip has enter'd. And Mr. and Mrs. Blandish are farther back observing.*)

*Alf.* That cursed! cursed flaw.—

*Miss Alf.* Flaw! who has dared to talk of one? not in my reputation, Sir?

*Alf.* No, but in my estate, which is a damn'd deal worse.

*Miss Alf.* How! what?—when!—where——  
The estate that was to be settled upon me?

*Alscip.* Yes, but that *me*, turn'd topsy turvey  
—when *me* broke into my room this morning,  
and the devil followed to fly away with all my fa-  
culties at once—I am ruin'd—Let us see what  
you will settle upon your poor father.

*Miss Alf.* I settle upon *you*?

*Mrs. Blan.* This is an embarrassing accident.

*Miss Alf.* Yes, and a pretty help you are, with  
a drop chin like a frontispiece to the lamentations.

*Rightly.* (*coming forward with Sir Clement.*) I  
stated this with some doubt this morning, but now  
my credit as a lawyer upon the issue.—The Heiress  
falls short of the terms in your treaty by two thou-  
sand pounds a year—which this deed, lately and  
providentially discover'd, entails upon the heirs of  
Sir William Charlton, and consequently, in right  
of his mother, upon this gentleman.

*L. Emily.* How!

*L. Gay.* Happy disappointment.

*Sir Cle.* (*aside.*) Two thousand a year to Clif-  
ford! It's pity for the parade of disinterestedness,  
that he opened his designs upon Emily, before he  
knew his pretensions.

*L. Emily.* (*aside.*) Now, if there were twenty  
ceilings, and as many floors, could not I find a  
spot to settle my silly looks upon.

(*Sir Clement observes her with his usual slyness.*)

(*Then turning towards Alscip*) Palm a false title up-  
on *me*? I should have thought the attempt beyond  
the collective assurance of Westminster-hall—and  
he takes the loss as much to heart as if he bought  
the estate with his own money.

*Alscrip (with hesitation.)* Sir Clement—what think you—of an amicable adjustment of all these businessses?

*Sir Cle. (ironically.)* Nothing can be more reasonable. The value of Miss Alscrip's amicable disposition, placed against the abatement of her fortune, is a matter of the most easy computation; and to decide the portion, Mr. Clifford ought to, relinquish of his acquisition—Lady Emily—will you be a referee?

*L. Emily (aside.)* Yes, the Lynx has me—I thought I should not escape—*(to him.)* No, Sir; my poor abilities only extend to an amicable endeavour here *(to Miss Alscrip.)* And really, Miss Alscrip, I see no reason for your being dispirited, there may be many ready made titles at market, within the reach of your purse. Or, why should not a woman of your consequence originate her own splendour? there's an old admirer of mine—He wou'd make a very pretty lord—and indeed, wou'd contribute something on his own part to ease the purchase—The Blandish family is well with all administrations, and a new coronet is always as big again as an old one. I don't see how you cou'd lay out part of your independency to more advantage.

*Blan. (aside.)* Yes, but since flaws are in fashion, I shall look a little into things before I agree to the bargain.

*L. Emily.* And if you replace this part of your family, *(pointing to Miss Clifford)* by making an humble companion of your old gentleman, I protest, I do not see any great alteration in your affairs.

*Miss Alf. (aside.)* I'll die before I'll discover my vexation—and yet, (*half crying*) no title—no place.

*L. Emily.* Depend upon it, Miss Alscrip, your place will be found exactly where it ought to be. The public eye in this country is never long deceiv'd——Believe me—and cherish obscurity——Title may bring forward merits, but it also places our defects in horrid relief.

*Miss Clif.* You seem to expect something from me, Miss Alscrip—Be in no pain for any thing that has pass'd between us—My pity has entirely overpower'd my repentment.

*Alscrip.* Molly, the sooner we get out of court the better—we have damnably the worst of this cause, so come along Molly (*taking her under the arm*)—and farewell to Berkeley-square. Whoever wants Alscrip's house, will find it in the neighbourhood of Furnival's-Inn, with the noble title of Scrivener, in capitals—Blank bonds at the windows, and a brass knocker at the door (*pulling her*) Come along Molly.

*Miss Alf. (half crying) (aside.)* Oh! the barbarous metamorphosis—but his *flusterums* for a week, will serve my temper, as a regimen. I will then take the management of my affairs into my own hands, and break from my cloud anew: and you shall find (*to the company*) there are those without a coronet, that can be as saucy, and as loud, and stop the way in all public places as well as the best of you. (*Lady Emily laughs*) Yes, Madam, and without borrowing your Ladyship's airs.

*Alscrip (pulling her.)* Come along, Molly.

*Miss Alf.* Oh you have been a jewel of a father.  
(*The company laugh.*)

[*Exit Mr. and Miss Alscrip.*

(*Mr. and Mrs. Blandish stay behind.*)

*Blan.* (*aside.*) What a cursed turn things have taken! My schemes evaporate like inflammable air, and down drops poor adventurer.

*L. Emily.* Mrs. Blandish, sure you do not leave your friend, Miss Alscrip, in distress?

*Mrs. Blan.* We'll not disturb the ashes of the dead—my sweet lady Emily—

*Blan.* None of your flourishes, my dear sister—they already think you a walking dedication—When we can't escape a situation, the only way is to brave it—So let them tell us we are sycophants—be it so—then we are the best friends society has. Flattery is the diet of good humour, and not one of you can live without it, and when you quarrel with the family of Blandish, you leave refin'd cookery to be fed upon scraps, by a poor cousin, or a led captain (*taking his sister under his arm.*)

*Mrs. Blan.* (*as she goes off.*) Oh the two charming pair. [Exit with Blandish.

*L. Gay.* Precious groupe, fare ye well (*to Sir Clement.*) And now, Sir, whatever may be your determinations towards me—here are pretensions you may patronize without breach of discretion. The estate which devolves to my friend—

*Rightly.* To prevent errors, is not his to bestow.

*Sir Cle.* What now—more flaws?

*Rightly.* The estate was his beyond the reach of controversy: but before he was truly sure of it, on

his way to Hyde Park did this spendthrift, by a stroke of his pen, divest himself of every shilling—Here is the covenant by which he binds himself to execute proper conveyances as soon as the necessary forms can be gone through.

*L. Gay.* And in favour of whom is this desperate act?

*Rightly.* Of a most dangerous seducer—a little mercenary, that when she gets hold of the heart, does not leave an atom of it our own.

*All.* How!

*Rightly.* (*with feeling.*) And there she stands; (*pointing to Miss Clifford*) with a look and emotion that would condemn her before any court in the universe.

*L. Emily.* Glorious—matchless Clifford!

*Miss Clif.* Brother, this must not be.

*Clif.* Your pardon, my dear Harriet, it is done. Sir Clement, my sister's fortune is still far short of what you expected with Miss Alscip; for that deficiency, I have only to offer the virtues, Lord Gayville has proved, and the affection she found it easier to control than to conceal. If you will receive her, thus circumstanced, into your family, mine has been an acquisition indeed.

*L. Emily* (*coming up to Sir Clement.*) Now, Sir, where's suspicion! Where is now the ruling principle that governs mankind! Thro' what perspective, by what trial, will you find self-interest here? What, not one pithy word to mock my credulity!—Alas! poor Yorrick—quite chop-fallen.—Forgive me, Sir, I own I am agitated to extravagance

—You thought me disconcerted at the first discovery; I am delighted at the last; there's a problem in my disposition worthy your solving.

*Sir Cle.* [*Who has been profoundly thoughtful.*] Mr. Rightly, favour me with that paper in your hand.

*Rightly.* Mr. Clifford's engagement, Sir, [*Gives the paper, Sir Clement looks it over and tears it.*] What do you mean, Sir?

*Sir Cle.* To cancel the obligation, and pay the equivalent to Gayville, or if Clifford will have his own way and become a beggar by renewing it, to make an heiress of my own for his reparation—and there *she* stands [*pointing to Lady Emily.*] With sensibility and vivacity so uncommonly blended, that they extract benevolence where-ever it exists, and create it where it never was before—Your point is carried—You may both fall upon your knees, for the consent of ladies.

*L. Gay.* (*to Miss Clifford.*) In this happy moment, let my errors be forgot, and my love alone remember'd.

*Miss Clif.* With these sanctions for my avowal—I will not deny that I saw and felt the sincerity of your attachment, from the time it was capable of being restrained by respect.

*Clif.* Words are wanting, Lady Emily—

*L. Emily.* I wish they may with all my heart, but it is generally remarked that wanting words, is the beginning of a florid set speech—To be serious, Clifford—We want but little explanation on either side—Sir Clement, will tell you how long we have

converted by our actions. (*Gives her hand*) My dear Uncle, how a smile becomes you in its natural meaning.

*Sir Cle.* If you think me a convert, you are mistaken, I have ever believ'd *self* to be the predominant principle of the human mind—My heart at this instant confirms the doctrine—There's my problem for yours, my dear Emily, and may all who hear me agree in this solution—to reward the deserving, and make those we love happy, is self-interest in the extreme.

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## EPILOGUE.

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Spoken by Miss FARREN.

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*THE* Comic Muse, who here erects her shrine,  
To court your offerings, and accepts of mine,  
Sends me to state an anxious author's plea,  
And wait with humble hope this Court's decree.  
By no Prerogative will she decide,  
She vows, an English jury is her pride.  
Then for our Heiress—forced from finer air,  
That lately fan'd her flames in Berkeley-square;  
Will she be helpless in her new resort,  
And find no friends—about the inns of court?  
Sages be candid—tho' you hate a knave,  
Sure, for example, you'll a Rightly save.  
Be kind for once ye clerks—ye sportive firs  
Who haunt our Theatres in boots and spurs,  
So may you safely press your nightly hobby,  
Run the whole ring—and end it in the lobby.  
Lovers of truth, be kind; and own that here  
That love is strain'd as far as it will bear.  
Poets may write—Philosophers may dream—  
But would the world bear truth in the extreme?  
What, not one Blandish left behind! not one!  
Poets are mute, and Painters all undone:  
Where are those charms that Nature's term survive,  
The maiden bloom that glows at forty-five?  
Truth takes the pencil—wrinkles—freckles—squint,

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*The whole's transform'd—the devil's in't,  
Dimples turn scars, the smile becomes a scowl!  
The hair the ivy-bush, the face the owl.*

*But shall an author mock the flatt'rer's pow'r?  
Oh might you all be Blandishes this hour!  
Then would the candid jurors of the Pit,  
Grant their mild passport to the realms of Wit;  
Then would I mount the car where oft I ride,  
And place the favour'd culprit by my side.*

*To aid our flight—one fashionable hint—  
See my authority—a Morning Print—  
“We learn”—observe it Ladies—“France's Queen  
“Loves, like our own, a heart-directed scene;  
“And while each thought she weighs, each beauty scans,  
“Breaks, in one night's applause, a score of fans!”  
[Beating her fan against her hand.  
Adopt the mode, ye Belles—so end my prattle,  
And shew how you'll outdo a Bourbon rattle.*

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**DUBLIN:**

PRINTED BY J. CHAMBERS,  
**FOR WILLIAM JONES, No. 86, DAME-STREET;**

**M DCC XCIV.**

**THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY**

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## PREFACE.

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**T**HE Author of the following Scenes, fully sensible how much he owes to the talents of the *Actor*, the *Musician*, and the *Painter*, can derive no confidence from the success of the representation, when he delivers them over to the judgment of the closet: But deficient as he may be in the execution of this essay, he cannot submit to be thought ignorant in the principles of Dramatic Writing; and would willingly premise the origin and progress of his design, as an explanation, if not a justification, of some of its imperfections.

EVERY one may remember how much the Fête Champêtre, given by a noble Lord last summer, engaged the public curiosity: It was thought, that to preserve for a more general display, an entertainment of so singular and elegant a kind, would be not only pleasing to the public, but serviceable to the polite arts. Accordingly, permission having been obtained to employ the music, and to copy some of the decorations, a plan was projected for adapting them to the Stage.

THE Fable, by the means of which they were to be introduced, being only the secondary object, and the intention *then* to confine the representation

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to two acts, a plot of the utmost simplicity was judged the most proper; and in that decision the Author rests upon the example of Moliere, and many of the best criticks, of, perhaps, the best age in Theatrical History; who, in pieces of this nature, though they introduced characters of comedy, purposely avoided, in several instances, those intricacies and combinations of incidents, which generally, but perhaps falsely, are supposed essential to a regular Drama.

It is not the business of this preface to draw a parallel between the English and French Stages, but it may not be out of place, just to touch the characters of each, provided it be permitted to lay Shakespear out of the question: He stands single and inimitable; his excellencies cannot be weighed, because it is impossible to counter-balance the scale. Without appeal therefore to his almost supernatural powers, we may pronounce the properties of our Stage, whether considered in Tragedy or Comedy, to consist in energy, spirit, sublimity, force of character, and of expression—like the Hercules of Farness, all is muscle and nerve—with equal truth it must be confessed, that a few examples excepted, and those not much in the course of acting at present, we must turn to France to find the graces of the Apollo—art, regularity, elegance, delicacy, touches of sentiment, adapted only to the most polished manners, distinguish their Theatres. In literary warfare, we call their compositions infi-

## PREFACE.

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pid; they describe ours as barbarous—both are unjust—all will agree, that to blend strength and refinement would be to attain perfection.

No candid reader will suppose the Author of this piece means to infer, that he has in any degree accomplished this union, in the part which has fallen to his share; but, he will be bold to say, it is the only part which has been wanting to complete a species of entertainment new to this country; elegant in its principle, and innocent, if not beneficial, in its tendency. He will be amply rewarded, even in the failure of his specimen, if it excites others, who may be better qualified, to pursue the same ideas.

THEY who suppose an English audience, because used to plain entertainment, are incapable of relishing the most refined, are greatly mistaken. It is true, there will ever be spectators in the two extremes of the house, who are tasteless and despicable—to the honour of the town be it said, they are but few—and whether they bawl for a hornpipe from the Upper Gallery, or yawn in the weariness of dissipation in the Boxes, they equally betray stupidity, prejudice, or caprice: But the middle class and bulk of the assembly, like that of the kingdom at large, will ever be on the side of nature, truth, and sense. Let the piece be founded upon those principles, and applause will follow every circumstance of elegance and decoration that can accompany them.

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A SINCERE zeal for the improvement of the stage, has prompted this digression. It is requisite now to return, for a moment, to the history of the undertaking.

MR. Garrick, after perusing the outlines of the two original acts, thought he discovered in the writer some talents for the higher species of comedy, and encouraged him to extend his plan. The scenery also, which in the first sketches promised a brilliant effect; the composition of the music, and the names of the dancers who were engaged, all seemed to require more distinction than could be given to them in an after-piece. But the most prevalent incentive to the Author, was the promise of Mr. Garrick's assistance; his judgment pervaded the whole, and though it may diminish the poet, it is the pride of the friend, to make a public acknowledgment to that gentleman, in the words of Horace to Melpomene,

*Quod spiro, et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.*

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## PROLOGUE.

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Spoken by Mr. KING.

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*UNLIKE* to ancient Fame, all eyes, tongues, ears, }  
See modern Fame, dress'd cap-a-pee, appears, }  
In Ledgers, Chronicles, Gazettes, and Gazetteers: }  
My soaring wings are fine Election Speeches,  
And puffs of Candidates supply my breeches:  
My Cap is Satire, Criticism, Wit;  
Is there a head that wants it in the Pit? [Offering it.  
No flowing robe and trumpet me adorn;  
I wear a jacket, and I wind a horn;  
Pipe, Song, and Pastoral, for five months past,  
Puff'd well by me, have been the gen'ral taste.  
Now Marybone shines forth to gaping crouds!  
Now Highgate glitters from her hill of clouds!  
St. George's Fields, with taste and fashion struck,  
Disploy Arcadia at the Dog and Duck!  
And Drury Misses—"here in carmine pride,  
"Are there Pastoras by the fountain side!"\*  
To frouzy bow'rs they reel thro' midnight damps,  
With Fauns half drunk, and Dryads breaking lamps;  
Both far and near did this new whimsy run,  
One night it frisk'd, forsooth, at Islington:  
And now, as for the public bound to cater,  
Our Manager must have his Fête Champêtre—

\* Arcadia's Countess, here in ermine pride,  
Is there Pastora by a fountain side.

*How is the weather? pretty clear and bright?*

[Looking about.

*A storm's the devil on Champêtre night!*

*Lest it should fall to spoil the Author's scenes,*

*I'll catch this gleam to tell you what he means:*

*He means a show, as brilliant as at Cox's——*

*Laugh for the Pit—and may be at the Boxes——*

*Touches of passion, tender, though not tragic,*

*Strokes at the times—a kind of Lantern Magic;*

*Song, chorus, frolic, dance, and rural play,*

*The merry-making of a wedding-day.*

*Whose is this piece?—'tis all surmise—suggestion——*

*Is't his?—or her's?—or your's, Sir?—that's the question:*

*The parent, bashful, whimsical, or poor,*

*Lest it a puling infant at the door:*

*'Twas laid on flow'rs, and wrapt in fancied cloaks,*

*And on the breast was written—MAID O'TH' OAKS.*

*The actors crouded round; the girls carefs'd it,*

*"Lord! the sweet pretty babe!"—they prais'd and  
blefs'd it,*

*The Master peep'd—smil'd—took it in and drefs'd it.*

*Whate'er its birth, protect it from the curse,*

*Of being smother'd by a parish nurse!*

*As you're kind, rear it—if you're curious, praise it,*

*And ten to one but vanity betrays it.*

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## EPILOGUE.

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Written by MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by MRS. ARINGTON.

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*IN* Parliament, whene'er a question comes,  
Which makes the Chief look grave, and bite his thumbs,  
A knowing-one is sent, sly as a mouse,  
To peep into the humour of the house :  
I am that mouse ; peeping at friends and foes,  
To find which carry it—the Ayes or Noes :  
With more than pow'r of parliament you sit,  
Despotic representatives of wit !  
For in a moment, and without much pother,  
You can dissolve this piece, and call another !  
As 'tis no treason, let us frankly see,  
In what they differ, and in what agree,  
The said supreme assembly of the nation,  
With this our great Dramatic Convocation !  
Business in both oft meets with interruption :  
In both, we trust, no brib'ry or corruption ;  
Both proud of freedom, have a turn to riot,  
And the best Speaker cannot keep you quiet :  
Nay, there as here he knows not how to steer him—  
When order, order's drown'd in hear him hear him !  
We have, unlike to them, one constant rule,  
We open doors, and choose our Gallies full :

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*For a full house both send abroad their summons ;  
With us together sit the Lords and Commons.  
You Ladies here have votes—debate, dispute,  
There if you go (O fye for shame!) you're mute :  
Never was heard of such a persecution,  
'Tis the great blemish of the constitution !  
No human laws should nature's rights abridge,  
Freedom of speech ! our dearest privilege :  
Ours is the wiser sex, though deem'd the weaker ;  
I'll put the question—if you chuse me speaker :  
Suppose me now be-wigg'd, and seated here,  
I call to Order !—you, the Chair ! the Chair !  
It is your pleasure that this Bill should pass—  
Which grants this Poet, upon Mount Parnass',  
A certain spot, where never grew or corn, or grass? }*

*You that would pass this play, say Aye, and save it;  
You that say No would damn it—the Ayes have it.*



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*DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

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*DRURY-LANE.*

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*Men.*

<b>Mr. OLDWORTH,</b>	-	-	-	Mr. Aickin.
<b>OLD GROVEBY,</b>	-	-	-	Mr. King.
<b>Sir HARRY GROVEBY,</b>	-	-	-	Mr. Brereton.
<b>Mr. DUPELEY,</b>	-	-	-	Mr. Dodd.
<b>HURRY,</b>	-	-	-	Mr. Weston.
<b>PAINTER,</b>	-	-	-	Mr. Moody.
<b>ARCHITECT,</b>	-	-	-	Mr. Fawcett.
<b>DRUID,</b>	-	-	-	Mr. Bannister.
<b>SHEPHERDS,</b>	-	-	-	{ Mr. Vernon.
				{ Mr. Davis, &c.

*Women.*

<b>Lady BAE LARDOON,</b>	-	-	-	Mrs. Abington.
<b>MARIA,</b>	-	-	-	Mrs. Baddeley.
<b>SHEPHERDESSES,</b>	-	-	-	{ Mrs. Smith.
				{ Mrs. Scott, &c.

**Gardeners, Carpenters, Painters, &c.**

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THE  
MAID OF THE OAKS.

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*ACT I. SCENE I.*

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*Part of an ornamented Farm. Enter Sir HARRY GROVEBY and Mr. DUPELEY meeting.*

*Sir HARRY.*

DEAR Charles, welcome to England! and doubly welcome to Oldworth's Oaks——Friendship I see has wings, as well as love——you arrive at the moment I wished; I hope in your haste you have not forgot a fancy dress.

*Dup.* No, no; I am a true friend, and prepared for all your whimsies, amorous and poetical. Your summons found me the day after my arrival, and I took post immediately——next to my eagerness to see you, was that of being in time for the Fête Champêtre——Novelty and pleasure are the beings I pursue——They have led me half the world over already, and for aught I know they may some time or other carry me to Otaheite.

*Sir Har.* You have pursued but their shadows—here they reign in the manners of this New Arcadia, and the smiles of the sweet Maid of the Oaks.

*Dup.* Who, in the name of curiosity, is she that bears this romantic title? for your letter was a mere eclogue; the devil a thing could I make out, but a rhapsody upon rural innocence, and an invitation from a gentleman I did not know, to an entertainment I never saw—What, are we to have a representation of the Pastor-fido in a Garden?

*Sir Har.* The Pastor-fido is before you *in propria persona*; the business of the day is a wedding, and Charles Dupeley is invited to see his friend, Sir Harry Groveby, united to the most charming of her sex.

*Dup.* The devil it is! What a young fellow of your hopes and fortune, sacrificed to a marriage of romance! But, prithee, relieve my impatience, and tell me who she is.

*Sir Har.* An orphan ward of the worthy old gentleman, at whose seat you now are: His character is singular, and as amiable in its way as her's. Inheriting a great estate, and liberally educated, his disposition led him early to a country life, where his benevolence, and hospitality are boundless; and these qualities joined with an imagination bordering upon the whimsical, have given a peculiar turn to the manners of the neighbourhood, that, in my opinion, degrades the polish of courts—but judge of the original.

*Enter OLDWORTH.*

Mr. Oldworth, I present you my friend; he is just arrived from abroad; I will not repeat how much he is worthy of your friendship.

*Old.* To be worthy of yours, Sir Harry, is the best recommendation. (*To Dupely*)—Sir, your friend is going to receive from my hands, a lovely girl, whose merit he has discern'd and lov'd for its own sake: Such nuptials should recal the ideas of a better age; he has permitted me to celebrate them upon my own plan, and I shall be happy to receive the judgment of an accomplish'd critic.

*Dup.* Sir, by what I already see of Oldworth's Oaks, and know of the character of the master, I am persuaded the talent most necessary for the company will be that of giving due praise.

*Enter HURRY.*

*Hur.* Lord, Sir, come down to the building directly—all the trades are together by the ears—it is for all the world like the tower of Babylon—they have drove a broad-wheel waggon over two hampers of wine, and it is all running among lilies and honey-suckles—one of the cooks stumbled over one of the clouds, and threw a ham and chickens into a tub of white-wash—a lamp-lighter spilt a gallon of oil into a cream'd apple-tart, and they have sent for more roses, and there is not one left within twenty miles.

*Old.* Why, honest Hurry, if there is none to be had, you need not be in such haste about 'em——  
 Mercy on us! my Fête has turn'd this poor fellow's head already, he will certainly get a fever.

*Hur.* Get a favour, Sir!—why there has not been one left these three hours; all the girls in the parish have been scrambling for them, and I must get a hundred yards more—Lord a mercy! there is so much to do at once, and nobody to do it, that it is enough to moider one's head.

*(Oldworth and Hurry talk together.)*

*Dup.* Ha, ha, ha, is this one of the examples you produce, Sir Harry, to degrade the polish of courts?

*Sir Har.* If I did, have you never met with a courtier in your travels, as busy, as important, and as insignificant upon yet more trifling occasions? Why, my friend Hurry's is the true bustle of an anti-chamber, with this difference, that there is rather more attachment and fidelity to the master at the bottom of it.

*(During this speech Hurry is expressing by his action his impatience for Oldworth to go.)*

*Hur.* Law, Sir, if you loiter longer, I tell you they will be all at loggerheads—they were very near it when I came away. [Exit.]

*Old.* Mr. Dupely, you'll excuse me—Hurry convinces me my presence is necessary elsewhere——this is a busy day!

*Dup.* The greatest compliment you can pay me, is not to look upon me as a stranger.

*Old.* I forgot to tell you, Sir Harry, that Lady Bab Lardoon is in the neighbourhood, and I expect her every moment—she promised to be with us long before the hour of general invitation.

*Dup.* Who is she, pray?

*Sir Har.* Oh, she's a superior!—a phoenix!—more worthy your curiosity than any object of your travels! She is an epitome, or rather a caricature of what is called *very* fine life, and the first female gamester of the time.

*Old.* For all that, she is amiable—one cannot help discerning and admiring the natural excellence of her heart and understanding; though she is an example, that neither is proof against a false education, and a rage for fashionable excesses—But when you see her, she will best explain herself—This fellow will give me no rest.

HURRY returns.

*Hur.* Rest, Sir, why I have not slept this fortnight; come along, Sir, pray make haste—nothing's to be done without it.

*Old.* Nor with it, honest Hurry. [*Exit with Hurry.*]

*Dup.* A cunning old fellow, I warrant!—with *his ward and his love of merit for its own sake*—ha, ha, ha!—pr'ythee how came your acquaintance in this odd family?

*Sir Har.* Don't sneer, and I will tell you—By mere chance, in a progress of amusement to this side the country: The story is too delicate for thy relish, suffice it that I came, saw, and lov'd—I laid my rank and fortune at the fair one's feet, and

would have married instantly; but that Oldworth opposed my precipitancy, and insisted upon a probation of six months absence—It has been a purgatory !

*Dup.* All this is perfectly *en regle* for a man of home education—I should like to see the woman that could entangle *me* in this manner.

*Sir Har.* There is not a fellow in England has a more susceptible heart: You may have learnt in your foreign tour to disguise it, but if you have lost it, put all your acquisitions together, and the balance will be against you.

*Dup.* I have learned at least, not to have it imposed upon: Shew me but a woman from an Italian Princess, to a figurante at the French opera; or change the scene, and carry me to the rural nymphs from a vintage in Burgundy, to dance round a may-pole at Oldworth's Oaks—and at the first glance I will discover the whole extent of their artifice, find their true lure, and bring them to my hand as easily as a tame sparrow.

*Sir Har.* And pray, my sagacious friend, upon what circumstances have you formed your suspicions that I am more likely to be impos'd upon than yourself?

*Dup.* Upon every one I have seen and heard; but above all upon that natural propensity of every true home-bred Englishman, to think one woman different from another—Now I hold there is but one woman in the world.

*Sir Har.* I perfectly agree, and Maria is that charming one.

*Dup.* Ay, but Maria, and Lady Bab, and Pamela Andrews, and Clarissa Harlowe, and the girl that steals a heart in a country church, or she that picks your pocket in Covent-Garden, are one and the same creature for all that—I am always too quick for them, and make fools of them first—Oh do but try them by the principle I have laid down; you'll find them as transparent as glass.

*Sir Har.* My own principle will answer my purpose just as well; with that perspective I have looked through the woman, and discovered the angel; and you will do the same when you see her, or never brag of your eye-sight more.

*Dup.* Rhapsody and enthusiasm!—I should as soon discover Mahomet's seventh heaven; but what says your uncle, old Groveby, to this match?

*Sir Har.* Faith! I have asked him no questions, and why should I? when I know what must be his answer.

*Dup.* Oh, he can never disapprove a passion that soars above the stars!

*Sir Har.* He has all the prejudices of his years, and worldly knowledge; the common old Gentleman's character—You may see it in every drama from the days of Terence, to those of Congreve; though not perhaps with quite so much good humour, and so little obstinacy as my Uncle shews. He is ever most impetuous, when most kind; and I dare trust his resentment will end with a dramatic forgiveness. Should it not, I may have pride in the sacrifice of his estate, but no regret.—So much for fortune, Charles—are there any other means to reconcile me to your approbation?

*Dup.* Gad I know but one more—Have you laid any plan for succeeding at the divorce-shop next winter? It would be some comfort to your friends, to see you had a retreat in your head.

*Sir Har.* Charles, I have listened to your raillery with more patience than it deserves, and should at last be out of humour with such an importation of conceit and affectation, if I was not sure your good sense would soon get the better of it. This is called knowing the world—to form notions without, perhaps, ever seeing a man in his natural character, or conversing with a woman of principle: and then, for fear of being imposed upon, be really dup'd out of the most valuable feelings in human nature, confidence in friendship, and esteem in love.

*Enter HURRY.*

*Hur.* Lord, Sir, I am out of breath to find you, why almost every thing is ready, except yourself, and Madam Maria is gone to the Grove, and she is so dress'd, and looks so charming!

*Sir Har.* Propitious be the hour!—here, Hurry, find out this Gentleman's servant, and shew him where he is to dress. [Exit.

*Dup.* Oh, take care of yourself, Corydon, the first, I shall be time enough; Hurry shall first shew me a little of the preparation—what is going forward here? (*Approaching the side scene.*)

*Hur.* Hold, Sir, not that way; my Master lets no body see his devices and figaries there.

*Dup.* Why, what is he doing there, Hurry?

*Hur.* Doing!—as you are a gentleman, I will tell you what he is doing—I hope no body hears us. (*Looking about.*) Why, he is going to make the sun shine at midnight, and he is covering it with a thousand yards of sail-cloth, for fear the rain should put it out—lord, such doings! here, this way, your honour.

*Dup.* But hark'ee, honest Hurry, do stand still a moment to oblige me.

*Hur.* Stand still, Sir!—lord, Sir, if I stand still, every thing stands still; and then what a fine *Sham-Peter* should we make of it! (*Always restless.*)

*Dup.* You seem to know every thing here?

*Hur.* To be sure I do—I am no fool I believe—what think you, Sir?

*Dup.* He that takes you for a fool, is not over wife, I warrant him; therefore let me ask you a question or two.

*Hur.* To-morrow, Sir, with all my heart; but I have so many questions to ask myself, and so many answers to give, that I have not five minutes to spare.

*Dup.* Three minutes will do my business: Who is this Maid of the Oaks, friend Hurry?

*Hur.* A young lady, Sir.

*Dup.* I thought as much. (*Smiling.*) You are a courtier, friend Hurry.

*Hur.* I court her!—Heaven forbid!—she's going to be married, Sir.

*Dup.* Well said, simplicity! If you won't tell me *who* she is, tell me *what* she is?

*Hur.* She is one of the most charmingest, sweetest, delightfulest, mildest, beautifullest, modestest, genteelest, never-to-be-prais'd-enough young creature in all the world!

*Dup.* True courtier again! Who is her father, pray?

*Hur.* It's a wise child that knows its own father; lord bless her! she does not want a father.

*Dup.* Not while Mr. Oldworth lives.

*Hur.* Nor when he is dead neither; every body would be glad to be her father, and every body wishes to be her husband; and so, Sir, if you have more questions to ask, I'll answer them another time, for I am wanted here, and there, and every where. *(Bustles about.)*

*Dup.* Shew me my chamber to dress, and I'll desire no more of you at present.

*Hur.* Bless your honour for letting me go; I have been very miserable all the while you were talking to me—this way, this way, Sir. *[Exit.]*

*Dup.* What a character!—yet he has his cunning, though the simplest swain in this region of perfect innocence, as Sir Harry calls it—ha, ha, ha! *[Exit.]*

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## SCENE II.

*An out-side Building, workmen of all sorts passing to-and-fro.*

*Architect.* *(As speaking to persons at work behind the Side-scene.)* Come, bustle away, my lads, strike

the scaffold, and then for the twelve o'clock tankard; up with the rest of the festoons there on the top of the columns.

*First Gard.* Holloa! you Sir! where are you running with those flowers?

*Second Gard.* They're wanted for the Arcades; we can have no deceit there—if you want more here you may make them of paper—any thing will go off by candle-light.

*First Lamp-Lighter, (running.)* They want above a hundred more lamps yonder, for the illumination of the Portico.

*2d. Lamp-Lighter.* Then they may get tallow-candles; I shan't have enough to make the sky clear in the saloon—that damn'd Irish painter has made his ground so dingy, one might as soon make his head transparent as his portico.

*Enter IRISH PAINTER.*

*Paint.* Arrah! what is that you say of my head, Mr. Lamp-lighter?

*2d. Lamp-Lighter.* I say you have spoil'd the transparency by putting black, where you should have put blue.

*Paint. (Daubing his brush across his face.)* There's a black eye for you; and you may be thankful you got it so easily—Trot away with your ladder upon your shoulder, or the devil fire me but you shall have black and blue both, my dear.

*Archi. (returning.)* Good words, Good words, gentlemen; no quarrelling—Your servant, Mr.

*O'Daub*; upon my word, you have hit off those ornaments very well—the first painter we have here could not have done better.

*Paint.* No faith, I believe not, for all his hard name; sure *O'Daub* was a scene painter before he was born, though I believe he is older than I too.

*Archb.* You a scene painter!

*Paint.* Ay by my soul was I, and for foreign countries too.

*Archb.* Where was that pray?

*Paint.* Faith, I painted a whole set for the Swish, who carries the temple of Jerusalem about upon his back, and it made his fortune, though he got but a half-penny a-piece for his shew.

*Archb.* (*ironically.*) I wish we had known your merits, you should certainly have been employ'd in greater parts of the work.

*Paint.* And, by my soul, it would have been better for you if you had—I would have put out *Mr. Lanternbug's* stars with one dash of my pencil, by making them five times more bright—Ho! if you had seen the sign of the setting sun, that I painted for a linen-draper, in Bread-street, in Dublin—Devil burn me, but the *Auroree* of *O'Guide* was a fool to it.

*Archb.* *O'Guide*!—who was he? Guid-o, I suppose you mean.

*Paint.* And if he has an O to his name, what signifies whether it comes before or behind—Faith I put it like my own of *O'Daub*, on the right side, to make him sound more like a gentleman—besides it is more melodious in the mouth, honey.

*Enter CARPENTERS, &c.*

*1st. Carp.* Well, Sir, the scaffold's down, and we are woundy dry—we have toil'd like horses.

*Archb.* Rest you merry, Master Carpenter——take a draught of the 'Squire's liquor, and welcome, you shall swim in it, when all is over.

*Paint.* Fait, let me have one merry quarter of an hour before we at it again, and it will be no loss of time neither—we will make the next quarter after, as good as an hour—and so his honour and the *sbampater* will gain by the loss.

*1st. Gard.* Well said, O'Daub! and if you will give us the song you made, the quarter of an hour will be merrier still.

*Archb.* Can you rhyme, O'Daub?

*Paint.* Yes fait, as well as paint—all the difference is, I do one with a brush, and t'other with a pen; I do one with my head, and both with my hands—and if any of the poets of 'em all can produce better rhimes and raifins too within the gardens, I'll be content to have one of my own brushes ramm'd down my throat, and so spoil me for a finger as well as a poet hereafter.

*Archb.* Well said, Master Painter!

*Enter the several TRADESMEN.*

### SONG.

*By the IRISH PAINTER, to an Irish Tune.*

*Then away to Champêtre, Champêtre come all away,  
To work at Champêtre is nothing at all but play;*

B

*As I know nothing of it, no more, my dear, will I say,  
But Champêtre for ever, for ever, and ay, I say!*

## II.

*You may guess what a fight, for it never has yet been  
seen,  
Heav'n blefs her sweet face! 'tis a fight for the lovely  
Queen;  
For Lords, and for Earls, and for the Genslefolks too,  
And the busy Beau Monde, who have nothing to do.  
Then away to Champêtre, &c.*

## III.

*While 'tis light you'll see nothing, when darker, O then  
you'll see,  
That the darker it is, the more light it will quickly be;  
The moon and the stars, they may twinkle and go to bed,  
We can make better sun-shine, than such as they ever made.  
Then away to Champêtre, &c.*

## IV.

*Such crowds and confusions, such uproar and such delight,  
With lamps hung by thousands, to turn the day into night;  
There will be Russians, Turks, Prussians, and Dutch-  
men, so bright and gay,  
And they'll all be so fine, they'll have nothing at all to say.  
Then away to Champêtre, &c.*

## V.

*Then let's take a drink to the 'Squire of the Jolly Oaks,  
May no crabbed critics come here with their gibes or jokes;*

ACT II. THE MAID OF THE OAKS. 27

*If they did I could make the dear creatures soon change  
their notes,*

*With my little black brush I could sweep clean their noisy  
throats!*

Then away to Champêtre, &c.

*[Exeunt singing.]*

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ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Oaks. MARIA sitting under a great tree. Sings.*

*COME sing round my favourite tree,  
Ye songsters, that visit the grove,  
'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me,  
And the bark is a record of love.*

II.

*Reclin'd on the turf by my side,  
He tenderly pleaded his cause;  
I only with blushes replied,  
And the nightingale fill'd up the pause.*

DA CAPO.

*- Come sing, &c.*

*Enter OLDWORTH.*

*Old. Joy to my sweet Maria! may long succeeding  
years resemble this, her bridal hour! may health,  
and peace, and love, still inspire her song, and*

B 2

make the harmony of her voice an emblem of her life! but come, my girl, if there is a wish remaining in your heart within my power to gratify, I hope, in this last hour of my cares, I shall not be a stranger to it.

*Mar.* If I have a wish you have not indulged, Sir, I fear it must be an improper one, or it would not have escaped you.

*Old.* You seem disconcerted, Maria, be more explicit.

*Mar.* My mind is incapable of reserve with you; the most generous of men is on the point of giving his hand to your—what shall I call myself? I am almost nameless, but as the creature of your bounty and cares, this title gives me a value in my own eyes; but I fear it is all I have to boast. The mystery you have kept, makes me apprehensive there is something in my origin ought to be concealed—what am I to interpret from your smiles?

*Old.* Every thing that is contrary to your surmises: be patient, sweet Maid of the Oaks; before night all mysteries shall be cleared. It is not an ordinary wedding I celebrate, I prepare a feast for the heart—Lady Bab Lardoon, as I live!—the princess of dissipation! catch an observation of her while you can, Maria; for though she has been but three days out of London, she is as uneasy as a mole in sunshine, and would expire, if she did not soon dive into her old element again.

*Enter Lady Bab.*

*L. Bab.* Dear Maria, I am happy to be the first of your company to congratulate you—well, Mr.

Oldworth, I am delighted with the idea of your Fête; it is so novel, so French, so expressive of what every body understands, and nobody can explain; then there is something so spirited in an undertaking of expence, where a shower of rain would spoil it all.

*Old.* I did not expect to escape from so fine a lady, but you and the world have free leave to comment upon all you see here.

*Laugh where you must, be candid where you can.*

I only hope that to celebrate a joyful event upon any plan, that neither hurts the morals, or politeness of the company, and at the same time sets thousands of the industrious to work, cannot be thought blame worthy.

*L. Bab.* Oh, quite the contrary, and I am sure it will have a run; a force upon the seasons and the manners is the true test of a refined taste, and it holds good from a cucumber at Christmas, to an Italian opera.

*Mar.* Is the rule the same among the ladies, lady Bab? is it also a definition of their refinement to act in all things contrary to nature?

*L. Bab.* Not absolutely in all things, though more so than people are apt to imagine; for even in circumstances that seem most natural, fashion prompts ten times, where inclination prompts once; and there would be an end of gallantry in this country, if it was not for the sake of reputation.

*Old.* What do you mean?

*L. Bab.* Why, that a woman without a connection grows every day a more awkward personage;

one might as well go into company without powder—If one does not *really* despise old vulgar prejudices, it is absolutely necessary to affect it, or one must sit at home alone.

*Old.* Indeed!

*L. Bab.* Yes, like lady Sprose, and talk morals to the parrot.

*Mar.* This is new, indeed; I always supposed that in places where freedom of manners was most countenanced, a woman of unimpeachable conduct carried a certain respect.

*L. Bab.* Only fit for sheep-walks and *Oakeries*!—I beg your pardon, Mr. Oldworth—in town it would just raise you to the whist-party of old lady Cypher, Mr. Squabble and lord Flimzey; and at every public place, you wou'd stand among the footmen to call your own chair, while all the *mâc-caronies* passed by, whistling a song through their tooth-picks, and giving a shrug—*dem it, 'tis a pity that so fine a woman should be lost to all common decency.*

*Mar.* (*smiling.*) I believe I had better stay in the *Oakery*, as you call it; for I am afraid I shall never procure any *civility* in town, upon the terms required.

*L. Bab.* Oh, my dear, you have chose a horrid word to express the intercourse of the *bon ton*; *civility* may be very proper in a mercer, when one is chusing a silk, but *familiarity* is the life of good company. I believe this is quite since your time Mr. Oldworth, but 'tis by far the greatest improvement the *beau monde* ever made.

*Old.* A certain ease was always an essential part of good breeding, but lady Bab must explain her meaning a little further, before we can decide upon the improvement.

*L. Bab.* I mean that participation of society, in which the French used to excel, and we have now so much outdone our models—I maintain, that among the *superior* set—mind I only speak of them—our men and women are put more upon a footing together in London, than they every were before in any age or country.

*Old.* And pray how has this happy revolution been effected?

*L. Bab.* By the most charming of all institutions, wherein we shew the world, that liberty is as well understood by our women as by our men; we have our *Bill of Rights* and our *Constitution* too, as well as they—we drop in at all hours, play at all parties, pay our own reckonings, and in every circumstance (petticoats excepted) are true lively jolly fellows.

*Mar.* But does not this give occasion to a thousand malicious insinuations?

*L. Bab.* Ten thousand, my dear—but no *great measures* can be effected without a contempt of popular clamour.

*Old.* Paying of reckonings is I confess new since my time; and I should be afraid it might sometimes be a little heavy upon a lady's pocket.

*L. Bab.* A mere trifle—one generally wins them—Jack Saunter of the guards, lost a hundred and thirty to me upon score at one time; I have not

eat him half out yet—he will keep me best part of next winter; but exclusive of that, the club is the greatest system of œconomy for married families, ever yet established.

*Old.* Indeed! how so pray?

*L. Bab.* Why all the servants may be put to board wages, or sent into the country, except the footmen—no plunder of house-keepers, or maitres de hotel, no long butcher's bills—Lady Squander protests she has wanted no provision in her family these six months, except potatoes to feed the children, and a few frogs for the French governess—then our dinner societies are so amusing, all the doves and hawks together, and one converses so freely; there's no topick of White's or Almack's, in which we do not bear a part.

*Mar.* Upon my word, I should be a little afraid, that some of those subjects might not always be managed with sufficient delicacy for a lady's ear, especially an unmarried one.

*L. Bab.* Bless me! why where's the difference? Miss must have had a strange education indeed, not to know as much as her Chapron: I hope you would not have the daughters black-ball'd, when the mothers are chose: Why it is almost the only place where some of them are likely to see each other.

*Enter Sir HARRY GROVEBY.*

*Sir Har.* I come to claim my lovely bride—here at her favourite tree I claim her mine!—the hour is almost on the point, the whole country is begin-

ning to assemble; every preparation of Mr. Oldworth's fancy is preparing.

*And while the priest accuse the Bride's delay,  
Roses and myrtles shall obstruct her way.*

*Mar.* Repugnance would be affectation, my heart is all your own, and I scorn the look or action that does not avow it.

*Old.* Come, Sir Harry, leave your protestations, which my girl does not want; and see a fair stranger.

*L. Bab.* Sir Harry, I rejoice at your happiness—and do not think me so tasteless, Maria, as not to acknowledge an attachment like yours, preferable to all others, when it can be had—*filer le parfait amour*, is the first happiness in life: But that you know is totally out of the question in town; the matrimonial comforts in *our* way, are absolutely reduced to two; to plague a man, and to bury him; the glory is to plague him first, and *bury him* afterwards.

*Sir Har.* I heartily congratulate Lady Bab, and all who are to partake of her conversation, upon her being able to bring so much vivacity into the country.

*L. Bab.* Nothing but the Fête Champêtre could have effected it, for I set out in miserable spirits—I had a horrid run before I left town—I suppose you saw my name in the papers.

*Sir Har.* I did, and therefore concluded there was not a word of truth in the report.

*Mar.* Your name in the papers! Lady Bab, for what pray?

*L. Bab.* The old story—it is a mark of insignificance now to be left out: Have not they begun with you yet, Maria?

*Mar.* Not that I know of; and I am not at all ambitious of the honour.

*L. Bab.* Oh, but you will have it—The Fête Champêtre will be a delightful subject!—To be complimented one day, laughed at the next, and abused the third; you can't imagine how amusing it is to read one's own name at breakfast in a morning paper.

*Mar.* Pray, how long may your ladyship have been accustomed to this pleasure?

*L. Bab.* Lord, a great while, and in all its stages: They first began with a modest inuendo, "*we hear a certain Lady, not a hundred miles from Hanover-square, left, at one sitting, some nights ago, two thousand guineas—O tempora! O mores!*"

*Old.* (*laughing.*) Pray, Lady Bab, is this concluding ejaculation your own, or was it the Printer's?

*L. Bab.* His, you may be sure; a dab of Latin adds surprizing force to a paragraph, besides shewing the learning of the author.

*Old.* Well, but really I don't see such a great matter in this; why should you suppose any body applied this paragraph to you?

*L. Bab.* None but my intimates did, for it was applicable to half St. George's parish; but about a week after they honoured me with initials and italicks: "*It is said, Lady B. L's ill success still continues at the quinze table; it was observed, the*

“ same Lady appeared yesterday at court in a *rib-*  
 “ *band collar*, having laid aside her *diamond* neck-  
 “ lace, (*diamond* in Italicks) as totally *bourgeoise*,  
 “ and unnecessary for the dress of a woman of fa-  
 “ *shion*.”

*Old*. To be sure this *was* advancing a little in familiarity.

*L. Bab*. At last, to my infinite amusement, out I came at full length: “ *Lady Bab Lardoon has*  
 “ *tumbled down three nights successively; a certain co-*  
 “ *lonel has done the same, and we hear that both par-*  
 “ *ties keep house with sprained ankles*.”

*Old*. This last paragraph sounds a little enigmatical.

*Mar*. And do you really feel no resentment at all this?

*L. Bab*. Resentment—poor silly devils, if they did but know with what thorough contempt those of my circle treat a remonstrance—but hark! I hear the pastoral’s beginning. (*Music behind*) Lord, I hope I shall find a shepherd!

*Old*. The most elegant one in the world, Mr. Dupeley, Sir Harry’s friend.

*L. Bab*. You don’t mean Charles Dupeley, who has been so long abroad?

*Sir Har*. The very same; but I’m afraid he will never do, he is but half a maccaroni.

*L. Bab*. And very possibly the worst half: It is a vulgar idea to think foreign accomplishments fit a man for the polite world.

*Sir Har*. Lady Bab, I wish you would undertake him; he seems to have contracted all the common-

place affectation of travel, and thinks himself quite an over-match for the fair sex, of whom his opinion is as ill founded as it is degrading.

*L. Bab.* O, is that his turn? what, he has been studying some late posthumous letters I suppose?—'twould be a delight to make a fool of such a fellow!—where is he?

*Sir Har.* He is only gone to dress; I appointed to meet him on the other side of the Grove; he'll be here in twenty minutes.

*L. Bab.* I'll attend him there in your place—I have it—I'll try my hand a little at *naïveté*—he never saw me—the dress I am going to put on for the Fête will do admirably to impose upon him; I'll make an example of his hypocrisy, and his *graces*, and his *usage du monde*.

*Sir Har.* My life for it, he will begin an acquaintance with you.

*L. Bab.* If he don't, I'll begin with him: There are two characters, under which one may say any thing to a man; that of perfect assurance, and of perfect innocence: Maria may be the best critick of the last; but under the *appearance* of it, lord have mercy!—I have heard and seen such things!

*Enter HURRY, (running.)*

*Hur.* Here they come! here they come! give them room! pray, Sir, stand a little back—a little further, your honourable ladyship, let the happy couple stand foremost—here they come!

*Old.* And, pray, when you can find breath to be understood, who or what is coming, Hurry?

*Hur.* All the cleverest lads and girls that could be picked out within ten miles round; they have garlands in one hand, and roses in another, and their pretty partners in another, and some are singing, and all so merry!

*Old.* Stand still, Hurry; I foresaw you would be a sad master of the ceremonies; why they should not have appeared till the lawn was full of company; they were to have danced there—you have let them in too soon by an hour.

*Hur.* Lord, Sir! 'twas impossible to keep them out.

*Old.* Impossible! why, I am sure they did not knock you down.

*Hur.* No, but they did worse; for the pretty maids smiled, and smirked, and were so coaxing; and they called me dear Hurry, and sweet Hurry, and one called me pretty Hurry, and I did but just open the door a moment, flesh and blood could not resist it, and so they all rushed by.

*Old.* Ay, and now we shall have the whole crowd of the country break in.

*Hur.* No, Sir, no, never be afraid; we keep out all the old ones.

*Sir Har.* Ay, here they come cross the lawn—I agree with Hurry, flesh and blood could not stop them—Joy and gratitude are overbearing arguments, and they must have their course.

*Hur.* Now, Sir Harry! now, your ladyship! you shall see such dancing, and hear such singing!

*Enter first SHEPHERD, very gayly, followed by a group of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

S O N G.

*Shepherd.*

*Hüher, ye fwains, with dance and song,  
Join your bands in sportive measure ;  
Hüher, ye fwains, with dance and song,  
Merrily, merrily, trip it along :  
'Tis holiday, lads, from the cares of your tillage,  
Life, health, and joy, to the Lord of the village.  
Scenes of delight,  
Round you invite,  
Harmony, beauty, love and pleasure :  
Hither, ye fwains, with dance and song,  
Join your bands in sportive measure.*

C H O R U S.

*Hüher, ye fwains, &c.*

*Shepherdess.*

*Hither, ye nymphs, and scatter around,  
Every sweet the spring discloses ;  
Hither, ye nymphs, and scatter them round,  
With the bloom of the hour enamel the ground.  
The feast of the day is devoted to beauty,  
Sorrow is treason, and pleasure a duty :  
Love shall preside,  
Sovereign guide !*

*Fetter his wings with links of roses :  
Hither ye nymphs, and scatter around,  
Every sweet the spring discloses.*

CHORUS.

*Hither, ye nymphs, &c.*

BOTH.

*Lasses and lads, with dance and song,  
Join your hands in sportive measure :  
Lasses and lads with dance and song,  
Merrily, merrily trip it along :  
An hour of youth is worth ages of reason,  
'Tis the sunshine of life, take the gift of the season,  
Scenes of delight,  
Round you invite,  
Harmony, beauty, love and pleasure.*

CHORUS.

*Lasses and lads, &c.*

*Hur.* So much for singing, and now for dancing; pray, give 'em room, Ladies and Gentlemen.

Here a GRAND DANCE,  
Of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Garden Gate.*

*(Noise without.)*

**INDEED**, Sir, we can't! it is as much as our places are worth: Pray don't insist upon it.

*Enter Old GROVEBY, booted and splashed, pushing in HURRY.*

**Grov.** I must see Sir Harry Groveby, and I will see him. Do ye think, ye jackanapes, that I come to rob the house?

**Hur.** That is not the case, Sir; nobody visits my master to-day without tickets; all the world will be here, and how shall we find room for all the world, if people were to come how they please and when they please?

**Grov.** What, have you a stage play here, that one cannot be admitted without a ticket?

**Hur.** As you don't know what we have here to-day, I must desire you to come to-morrow—Sir Harry won't see you to-day, he has a great deal of business upon his hands and you can't be admitted without a ticket; and moreover you are in such a pickle, and nobody will be admitted but in a fanciful dress.

**Grov.** This is a dress after my own fancy, Sirrah; and whatever pickle I am in, I will put you in a worse, if you don't immediately shew me to Sir Harry Groveby——

*(Shaking his whip.)*

*Hur.* Sir Harry's going to be married—What would the man have?

*Grov.* I would have a fight of him *before* he goes to be married. I shall marr his marriage, I believe. (*aside*) I am his uncle, puppy, and ought to be at the wedding.

*Hur.* Are you so, Sir? Bless my heart! why would you not say so?—This way, good Sir! it was impossible to know you, in such a figure; I could sooner have taken you for a smuggler than his uncle; no offence, Sir—If you please to walk in that Grove there, I'll find him directly—I'm sorry for what has happened—but you did not say you were a gentleman, and it was impossible to take you for one—No offence, I hope.

*Grov.* None at all, if you do as I bid you.

*Hur.* That I will, to be sure. I hope you are come to be merry, Sir. [*Exit.*]

*Grov.* O, ay to be sure—It is true, I see; I come at the very instant of his perdition—whether I succeed or not, I shall do my duty, and let other folks be merry if they like it—Going to be married! and to whom? to a young girl, without birth, fortune, or without any body knowing any thing about her; and without so much as saying to me, his uncle, *with your leave, or by your leave*: If he will prefer the indulgence of a boyish passion, to my affection and two thousand pounds per annum; let him be as merry as he pleases. I shall return to Gloomstock-hall, and make a new will directly.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.*A Grove. Enter MARIA.*

*Mar.* I wish I may have strength to support my happiness: I cannot get the better of my agitation; and though this day is to complete my wishes, my heart, I don't know how, feels something like distress—But what strange person is coming this way? How got he admitted in that strange dress?

*Enter GROVEY.*

*Grov.* Madam, your servant; I hope I don't intrude: I am waiting here for a young gentleman—  
• If I disturb you, I'll walk at the other end.

*Mar.* Indeed, Sir, you don't disturb me. Shall I call any body to you, Sir?

*Grov.* Not for the world, fair lady; an odd kind of a pert, bustling, restless fellow, is gone to do my business: and if I might be permitted to say a word or two, in the mean time, to so fair a creature, I should acknowledge it a most particular favour: But I intrude, I fear.

*Mar.* Indeed you don't, Sir—I should be happy to oblige you.

*Grov.* And you make me happy by such civility—This is a most lovely creature! *(aside.*

*Mar.* Who can this be? *(aside.*

*Grov.* I find Madam, there is going to be a wedding here to-day.

*Mar.* Yes, Sir; a very splendid one, by the preparations.

*Grov.* A very foolish business to make such a fuss about a matter which both parties may have reason to curse this time twelve months.

*Mar.* I hope not, Sir—Do you know the parties?

*Grov.* One of them, too well, by being a near relation—Do you know the bride, young lady?

*Mar.* Pretty well, Sir; my near acquaintance with her makes me attend her to-day.

*(Maria seems confus'd.)*

*Grov.* Might I without being impertinent, beg to know something about her—but you are partial to her, and won't speak your mind.

*Mar.* I am, indeed, partial to her—every body is too partial to her—her fortune is much above her deserts.

*Grov.* Ay, ay, I thought so—sweet lady, your sincerity is as lovely as your person—you really think then, she does not deserve so good a match?

*Mar.* Deserve it, Sir! so far from deserving it, that I don't know that human creature that can deserve Sir Harry Groveby.

*Grov.* What a sensible sweet creature this is! *(aside.)* Young lady, your understanding is very extraordinary for your age—you sincerely think then that this is a very unequal match?

*Mar.* Indeed I do, very sincerely——

*Grov.* And that it ought not to be.

*Mar.* Ought not to be, Sir! *(hesitating.)* That, Sir, is another question—If Sir Harry has promis'd—and the young lady's affections——

*Grov.* Ay, to be sure, the young lady's affections! they are more to be consider'd than the young man's credit, or the old man's happiness—but pray,

fair young lady, what are your real sentiments of this incognita?

*Mar.* Upon my word, Sir—(*hesitating.*) I scarce know how to answer your question—(*much confus'd.*)

*Grov.* Your delicacy to your friend won't let you speak out; but I understand your objections—Nay, I feel 'em so much, that I am come on purpose to break the match.

*Mar.* (*astonish'd.*) Indeed, Sir!

*Grov.* Ay, indeed am I—a filly young puppy! without acquainting me with it, to go so far—I suppose some interested creature, with a little beauty and more cunning, has laid hold of this precious fool of a nephew of mine——

*Mar.* Your nephew, Sir!

*Grov.* Yes, yes, my nephew; but he must give up his girl, or renounce the relationship.

*Mar.* But consider, Sir: what the poor young woman must suffer!

*Grov.* She *ought* to suffer, a designing baggage! I'll be hang'd if it is not some demure looking chit, with a fair skin, and a couple of dimples in her cheeks, that has done all this mischief; you think so too, but you won't speak out.

*Mar.* But if Sir Harry is contented with such small accomplishments——

*Grov.* *He* contented, a simpleton! don't say a word in his favour; have not you confessed, though her friend, that she does not deserve him? I'll take your word for it; you have good sense, and can see his folly: You can't give up your friend to be

sure; I see your affection struggling with your understanding; but you have convinced me that the fellow's undone.

*Mar.* For heaven's sake, Sir!—I convinc'd you!

*Grov.* Had the young blockhead but half an eye he would have fallen in love with *you*; and if he had there had been some excuse for his folly; on my word, you are so sensible and sincere, I could fall in love with you myself—don't blush, maiden—I protest I never was half so much smitten in so short a time, when I was as young a fool as my nephew—don't blush, damsel—

*Mar.* You overpower me with your goodness: but, Sir, pray, let me plead for him.

*Grov.* Nay, nay, sweet young lady, don't contradict yourself; you spoke your sentiment at first—truth is a charming thing and you're a charming creature and you should never be asunder. My nephew, (as you hinted at first) is a very silly fellow, and in short it is a damn'd match.

*Enter Sir HARRY.*

*(Who starts at seeing his Uncle, and looks ashamed)*

*Mar.* I cannot stand this interview. [*Exit.*]

*Grov.* O, your humble servant, Sir Harry Groveby.

*Sir Har.* My dear Uncle, I am so happy—

*Grov.* O, to be sure—you are very happy to see me here. (*Sir Harry looks confused*) O, ho, you have some modesty left—And so you are going to

be married, and forgot that you had an uncle living, did you?

*Sir Har.* Indeed, Sir, I was afraid to trust your prudence with my seeming indiscretion; but were you to know the object of my choice——

*Grov.* Ay, to be sure, I shall be bamboozled as you have been; but where is the old fox, that has made a chicken of you? I shall let him know a piece of my mind.

*Sir Har.* Mr. Oldworth, Sir, is all probity, he knew nothing of my having an uncle, or he would never have given his consent, without your's.

*Grov.* Ay, to be sure they have set a simpleton-trap, and you have popped your head into it; but I have but a short word to say to you, give up the lady, or give up me.

*Sir Har.* Let me intreat you to see her first.

*Grov.* I have seen a young lady; and I am so put upon my mettle by your ingratitude, that if she would but talk to me half an hour longer, I'd take her without a petticoat to Gloomstock-Hall, and have my Champêtre-wedding too.

*Sir Har.* You are at liberty, Sir——

*Grov.* To play the fool as you have done—— her own friend and companion told me she was undeserving!

*Sir Har.* That Maria was undeserving! where is she who told you so? who is she?

*Grov.* Your aunt, Sir, that may be; if I could get to talk to her again——so don't be in your airs——

*Sir Har.* Should she dare to hint, or utter the least injurious syllable of my Maria, I would forget her sex, and treat her—

*Grov.* And if you should dare to hint, or mutter the least injurious syllable of my passion, I should forget our relationship, and treat you—zounds, I don't know how I should treat you.

*Sir Har.* But, dear Sir, who is the slanderer? she has deceived you.

*Grov.* I don't know her name, and you must not call her names.

*Sir Har.* Where did you see her?

*Grov.* Here, here.

*Sir Har.* When, Sir?

*Grov.* This moment, Sir.

*Sir Har.* As I came in, Sir?

*Grov.* Yes, Sir, yes—she could not bear the sight of you, and went away.

*Sir Har.* Dear Sir, that was Maria herself.

*Grov.* Maria, what Maria?

*Sir Har.* Maria, the Maid of the Oaks, my bride that is to be.

*Grov.* That's a fib, Harry, it can't be, and it shan't be.

*Sir Har.* It can be no other, and she is the only person upon earth, that could speak without rapture of herself.

*Grov.* And she is the person you are going to marry?

*Sir Har.* I cannot deny it.

*Grov.* If you did, you ought to be hang'd—follow me, Sir, follow me, Sir—shew me to her this moment—don't look with that foolish face, but lead the way, and bring me to her, I say.

*Sir Har.* What do you mean, Sir?

*Grov.* What's that to you, Sir—shew me the girl, I say; she has bamboozled you and me too, and I will be reveng'd.

*Sir Har.* But, dear Sir?

*Grov.* Don't dear me, I won't rest a moment 'till I have seen her; either follow me, or lead the way, for I must and will see her directly, and then you shall know, and she too, that I am—zounds! I'll shew you what I am—and so come along, you puppy you. [*Exeunt.*

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### SCENE III.

*A Flower-Garden. Enter Lady BAB, dressed as a Shepherdess, passing over the stage, OLDWORTH following.*

*Old.* Hift, hift! Lady. Bab. Here comes your prize; for the sake of mirth, and the revenge of your sex, don't miss the opportunity.

*L. Bab.* Not for the world; you see I am dress'd for the purpose. I have been out of my wits this half hour, for fear the scene should be lost, by the interruption of the company—what is that he?

*Old.* Yes, he is looking out for us.

*L. Bab.* Step behind that stump of shrubs, and you shall see what an excellent actress I should have made, if fortune had not unluckily brought me into the world an Earl's daughter.

*Old.* Don't be too hasty, for it is a pity Sir Harry should not be a witness; he owes him vengeance too.

*L. Bab.* Away, away—— [*Exit Oldworth.*]

*Lady Bab retires to a corner of the stage.*

*Enter DUPELY.*

*Dup.* Where the devil is Sir Harry? this is certainly the place where I was appointed to find him; but I suppose I shall spring him and his bride from under a rose-bush by and by, like two pheasants in pairing-time—(*observing Lady Bab*) Hah! I wish that was a piece of game, she should not want a mate: is that a dress now for the day, or is she one of the natives of this extraordinary region?—Oh! I see now, it is all pure Arcadian; her eyes have been used to nothing else but daisy hunting; they are as awkward to her, when she looks at a man, as her elbows would be in a French Berline.

*L. Bab.* (*aside.*) My spark does not seem to want observation, he is only deficient in expression; but I will help him to that presently. Now to my character. (*settles herself.*)

*Dup.* (*aside.*) What a neck she has! how beautifully nature works, when she is not spoiled by a damn'd town stay-maker; what a pity she is so awkward; I hope she is not foolish.

(*During this observation, he keeps his eye fixed upon her neck; Lady Bab looks first at him, then at herself; unpins her nosegay, and with an air of the most perfect naïveté presents it to him.*)

*L. Bab.* You seem to wish for my nosegay, Sir, it is much at your service.

*(Offers the flowers, and curtsies awkward.)*

*Dup.* Oh, the charming innocent!—my wishes extend a little further. A thousand thanks, my fair one; I accept it as a faint image of your own sweets. To whom am I so much obliged?

*L. Bab.* To the garden-man, to be sure; he has made flowers grow all over the garden, and they smell so sweet; pray smell 'em, they are charming sweet I assure you, and have such fine colours—law! you are a fine nosegay yourself, I think.

*(Smiles, and looks at him.)*

*Dup.* Exquisite simplicity! *(half aside)* sweet contrast to fashionable affectation—Ah, I knew at first glance you were a compound of innocence and sensibility.

*L. Bab.* Lack-a-dazy heart! how could you hit upon my temper so exactly?

*Dup.* By a certain instinct I have, for I have seen few or none of the sort before; but, my dear girl, what is your name and situation?

*L. Bab.* Situation!

*Dup.* Ay, what are you?

*L. Bab.* I am a bride maid.

*Dup.* But, my sweet image of simplicity, when you are not a bride maid, what is your way of life? how do you pass your time?

*L. Bab.* I rise with the lark, keep my hands always employ'd, dance upon a holiday, and eat brown bread with content. *(With an innocent curtsy.)*

*Dup.* O, the delicious description!—beachen shades, bleating flocks, Pan, pipes, and pastorals. (*Aside.*) What an acquisition to my fame, as well as pleasure, to carry off this quintessence of Champêtre!—'tis but an annuity job—I'll do it.

*During this soliloquy she examines him round and round.*

*L. Bab.* And pray, what may you be? for I never saw any thing so out of the way in all my life!—he, he, he! (*Simpering.*)

*Dup.* Me, my dear—I am a gentleman.

*L. Bab.* What a *fine* gentleman! bless me, what a thing it is!—this is a fine gentleman!—ha, ha, ha! I never saw any thing so comical in all my life—ha, ha, ha! and this is a fine gentleman, of which I have heard so much!

*Dup.* What is the matter, my dear? is there any thing ridiculous about me, that makes you laugh? What have you heard of fine gentlemen, my sweet innocence?

*L. Bab.* That they are as gaudy as peacocks, as mischievous as jays, as chattering as magpies, as wild as hawks—

*Dup.* And as loving as sparrows—my beauteous Delia, do not leave out the best property of the feathered creation.

*L. Bab.* No, no, I did not mean to leave out that; I know you are very loving—of yourselves; ha, ha, ha! You are a sort of birds, that *flock*, but never *pair*.

*Dup.* Why, you are satirical, my fairest; and have you heard any thing else of fine gentlemen?

*L. Bab.* Yes, a great deal more—That they take wives for fortunes, and mistresses for shew; squander their money among taylors, barbers, cooks, and fidlers, pawn their honour to sharpeners, and their estates to Jews; and at last run to foreign countries to repair a pale face, a flimzy carcase, and an empty pocket—that's a fine gentleman for you!

*Dup. (Surprized.)* Hey-day! where has my Arcadian picked up this jumble?

*L. Bab.* I am afraid I have gone too far. (*Aside.*)

*Dup. (Still surprized.)* Pray, my dear, what is really your name?

*L. Bab. (Resuming her simplicity.)* My name is Philly.

*Dup.* Philly!

*L. Bab.* Philly Nettle-top, of the vale.

*Dup. (Still suspicious.)* And pray, my sweet Philly, where did you learn this character of a fine gentleman?

*L. Bab.* O, I learnt it with my catechism—Mr. Oldworth has it taught to all the young maidens here about.

*Dup. (Aside.)* O, the glutton!—have I found at last the *clue*—I'll be hang'd if old fly-boots has not a rural seraglio, and this is the favourite sultana!

*L. Bab. (Aside.)* I fancy I have put him upon a new scent—why, a real fool now would not have afforded half this diversion.

*Dup. (significantly.)* So it is from Mr. Oldworth, is it, my charming innocence, that you have learnt to be so much afraid of fine gentlemen?

*L. Bab.* No, not at all afraid; I believe you are perfectly harmless if one treats you right, as I do our young mastiff at home.

*Dup.* And how is that, pray?

*L. Bab.* Why, while one keeps at a distance, he frisks, and he flies, and he barks, and tears, and grumbles, and makes a sad rout about it—Lord you'd think he would devour one at a mouthful! but if one does but walk boldly up and look him in the face, and ask him what he wants, he drops his ears and runs away directly.

*Dup.* Well said, rural simplicity again!—Oh damn it, I need not be so squeamish here!—Well but, my dear heavenly creature, don't commit such a sin, as to waste your youth, and your charms upon a set of rusticks here; fly with me to the true region of pleasure—my chaise and four shall be ready at the back gate of the park, and we will take the opportunity, when all the servants are drunk, as they certainly will be, and the company is gone tired to bed.

*L. Bab.* (*fondly.*) And would you really love me dearly now, Saturdays and Sundays and all?

*Dup.* (*aside.*) Oh, this will do without an annuity, I see!

*L. Bab.* You'll forget all this prittle-prattle gibberish to me now, as soon as you see the fine strange ladies, by and by—there's Lady Bab Lardoon, I think they call her, from London.

*Dup.* Lady Bab Lardoon, indeed!—Oh, you have named a special object for a passion—I should as soon be in love with the figure of the Great

Mogul at the back of a pack of cards—If *she* has any thing to do, with *hearts*, it must be when they are trumps, and she pulls them out of her pocket—No, sweet Philly; thank heaven that gave me insight into the sex, and reserv'd me for a woman in her native charms—here alone she is to be found, and paradise is on her lips! (*Struggling to kiss her.*) Thus let me thank you for my nosegay.

*During the struggle enter HURRY.*

*Hur.* Oh, Lady Bab, I come to call your ladyship (*pauses.*) Lord, I thought they never kiss'd at a wedding till after the ceremony; but they cannot begin too soon—I ask pardon for interruption.

*(going.*

*(Dupley saves, Lady Bab laughs.)*

*Dup.* Stay, Hurry; who was you looking for?

*Hur.* Why, I came with a message for Lady Bab Larder, and would have carried her answer, but you stop'd her mouth.

*Dup.* Who! what! who!—This is Philly Nettle-top!

*Hur.* Philly Fiddlestick—"Tis Lady Bab Larder, I tell you; do you think I don't know her, because she has got a new dress? But you are surpriz'd and busy, and I am in haste, so your servant. [*Exit.*

*Dup.* Surpriz'd indeed!—Lady Bab Lardoon!

*L. Bab.* No, no, Philly Nettle-top! (*curtsys.*

*Dup.* Here's a damn'd scrape! (*aside.*

*L. Bab.* In every capacity, Sir—a rural innocent, Mr. Oldworth's mistress, or the Great Mogul, equally grateful for your favourable opinion.

*(Slowly, and with a low curtsy.)*

*Enter OLDWORTH and Sir HARRY, (laughing.)*

Mr. Oldworth, give me leave to present to you a gentleman remarkable for second sight; he knows all women by instinct.

*Sir Har.* From a Princess to a figurante, from a vintage to a May-pole—I am rejoiced, I came in time for the catastrophe.

*L. Bab.* Mr. Oldworth, there is your travell'd man for you! and I think I have given a pretty good account of him.

*(Pointing at Dupeley, who is disconcerted.)*

*Old.* I hope the ladies are not the only characters in which Mr. Dupeley has been mistaken!

*L. Bab.* Upon my word, Mr. Dupeley, considering you have not been two hours in the house, you have succeeded admirably, to recommend yourself to your company; why you look as if you had gone your *va-taute* upon a false card.

*Dup.* The devil's in her, I believe; she overbears me so, that I have not a word to say for myself.

*L. Bab.* Well tho' I laugh now, I am sure I have most reason to be disconcerted, for that blundering fellow spoiled my fortune.

*Sir Har.* How so?

*L. Bab.* Why, I should have had an annuity.

*Old.* Come, come, my good folks, you have both acquitted yourselves admirably: Mr. Dupeley must forgive the innocent deceit; and you, Lady Bab,

like a generous conqueror, should bear the triumph moderately.

*Dup.* I own myself her captive, bound in her chains, and thus I lay all my former laurels at her feet. *(Kneels.*

*L. Bab.* The laurels have been mostly poetical—gathered in imagination only; he, he, he!

*Dup.* Quarter, quarter, my dear invincible!

*Sir Har.* Now this scene is finished, let me open another to you—Maria's charms have been as much signalized as her ladyship's wit—my old uncle Groveby—

*L. Bab.* Of Gloomstock-hall.

*Sir Har.* The same, and full primed with the rhetorick of sixty-five, against a marriage of inclination; but such a conversion! such a revolution!

*Old.* Your uncle here! I must chide you, Sir Harry, for concealing from me, that you had a relation, so well intitled to be consulted—which way is he?

*Sir Har.* I left him all in transport with my bride; he kisses her, and squeezes her hand—'gad, I shan't get her away from him, without your help.

*Dup.* Poor Sir Harry!

*L. Bab.* If she has sweetened that old Crab, that his sourness will not set our teeth an edge, she has work'd miracles indeed.

*Sir Har.* There you totally mistake his character, Lady Bab:—no—he has the heart of an Oldworth. *(addressing himself to Mr. Oldworth)* Though I confess with very different manners; his expression of—

ten puts me in mind of the harsh preparation of instruments; your ear is jarred, before it is delighted—but attend to his sentiments, and as Hamlet says,

*He will discourse most excellent Musick.*

He never said or did an ill-natured thing in his life.

*L. Bab.* I wish I had him in town, to contrast with some *smooth* successful characters of my acquaintance, who will smile upon you, even though you affront them, and always flatter your judgement, when they mean to pick your pocket—but here he is, I declare, and looks as if he was quite in tune.

*Enter GROVEY with MARIA under his arm.*

*Sir Har.* (*running to her*) I was coming to seek you, my Maria!

*Grov.* Your Maria! Sir, my Maria—*she* will own me, if you won't—there, Sir, let her teach you your duty.

(*Quitting Maria, who retires with Sir Harry to the bottom of the stage.*

*Old.* Sir, I have many pardons to ask of you; but Sir Harry will be my witness, that my fault was in my ignorance; had I known your name and situation, I should have paid you my respects months ago.

*Grov.* Sir, I don't wonder the graceless rogue forgot me, but I shall be even with him; he shan't have a guinea from me.

*Old.* Good Sir, you are not serious that he has offended you—

*Grov.* I am serious, that I found another inheritor for Gloomstock-Hall—I have got a niece, worth twenty such nephews, (*Maria and Sir Harry approaching*) Ay, you may look, Sir, but *she* shall have every acre of it. (*Taking Maria by the hand.*)

*Sir Har.* I ever found your kindness paternal, and you now give me the best proof of it.

*Grov.* No, Sir, had I been your father, and you had surprised me with a match like this, I should have taken another method.

*Sir Har.* What would that have been, my dear Uncle?

*Grov.* I would have loaded you with all the rents, and you should have been forced to keep me, at your own expence, for the rest of my life, Sirrah.

*L. Bab.* There is a sort of humour about this old fellow, that is not unpleasant; I must have a little laugh with him before the day is over.

*Grov.* Well, Mr. Oldworth, I intend there shall be no more ceremony between us; I shall not quit your Champêtre, I assure you—but what shall I do, to equip myself; one shall look like a fool, it seems, dressed in one's own cloaths.

*Old.* Sir, your good humour and compliance will be a new compliment to the day—you shall be supplied—I took care to be provided with plenty of habits for chance comers.

*Grov.* Why, then, this lady, who looks like a merry one, shall choose for me, if she will do me that favour?

*L. Bab.* With great pleasure, Sir; and before I have done with you, I'll make you look—

*Grov.* Ay, what shall I look, fair lady?

*L. Bab.* Why, like Old Burleigh, revived from the Champêtre, Leicest' gave to Queen Elisabeth, at Kenelworth-Castle.

*Grov.* And no bad compliment, neither—Gad, fair lady, if you could revive more of 'em, it would do the country no harm, I believe.

*Old.* Well, my good friends—now for a slight refreshment, and then for the happy rites. Who must lead the bride?

*Grov.* That will I—she is my niece, and only your ward. Give me your hand, Lady Paramount, of Gloomlock-Hall. *(Leads Maria off.)*

*Dup.* And may I be thought worthy to offer mine to the lovely Phillida?

*L. Bab.* She accepts of your sagacity as Cavalier Servante and Cecisbeo *(going off)* and as we go along, we will talk of the annuity.

*Dup.* *(half aside.)* Gad, you deserve one—and, if I durst, I'd make it a jointure—and now, if you please, you may over-hear that, my Lady Quick-ears. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Grove. Enter HURRY (In great spirits.)*

HURRY.

**H**ERE, lass, take this basket, and run away to the church, or you'll be thrown out, and then you won't be married this year—tell all the girls to be sure they strew in time to the music; and bid Dolly Dump smile, and not look as if she was at a funeral.

*[Exit Girl.]*

What a day of joy is this! I could leap out of my skin, and into it again—here, you, Robin—

*Enter ROBIN.*

*Rob.* What say you, Master Hurry?

*Hur.* What signifies what I say, when you are running and fluttering about, that you can neither hear, see, nor understand!

*Rob.* Law, Master, I try to do every thing after you—where shall I go next?

*Hur.* Run away to the ringers, and set the bells a-going directly—and do you hear (*Robin returns*) Huzza all of you, till no body can hear the bells.

*[Exit Robin.]*

What have I to do now?—ho, I must go down to the Tents. (*Going.*) No, I'll go first to the Shrubbery, and tell the musicianers—(*Going and returns.*)

That I have done already—I must take care that none of the servants—that will do by-and-by. I must bid the maids—’gad I must not go near *them* neither in those rampant spirits—I am so full of every thing, that I can think for nothing but to be mad with joy!

[*Exit singing and capering.*]

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## SCENE II.

*Arcades of Flowers.*

*Procession from the Marriage, Bells ringing, Music playing, and Huzzas at a distance.*

### SONG.

#### FEMALE VOICE.

*Breezes that attend the spring,  
Bear the sound on rosy wing,  
Waft the swelling notes away,  
’Tis Maria’s wedding day.*

#### CHORUS OF FEMALE VOICES.

*Spread the tidings o’er the plain,  
Call around each maid and swain,  
Dress’d in garlands fresh and gay,  
’Tis Maria’s bridal day.*

## MALE VOICE.

*Hence suspicion, envy, strife,  
Ev'ry ill that poisons life,  
Skulking vice, and specious art,  
All that spoils, or cheats the heart.*

## CHORUS OF MALE VOICES.

Here the chastened Loves invite,  
Harmless dalliance, pure delight,  
Choral sonnet, festive play,  
'Tis Maria's bridal day.

## MALE VOICE.

*Plenty come with ceaseless board,  
Mirth to crown the evening board,  
Truth the nuptial bed to guard;  
Joy and Peace, it's bright reward.*

## FEMALE VOICES.

*But the chief invited guest,  
Health in rosy mantle drest,  
Come, and with thy lengthened stay,  
Make her life a bridal day.*

## CHORUS.

Spread the tidings o'er the plain,  
Call around each maid and swain,  
Dress'd in garlands fresh and gay,  
'Tis Maria's bridal day.

*Old.* Thank you, my honest friends and neighbours! if *your* hearts o'erflow with joy, how must it be with *mine*? I beg to retire a moment.

*(they retire.)*

*(He walks about greatly agitated.)*

Oh, my heart! my heart! what a moment is this? I cannot bear it! the tide is too strong, and will o'erwhelm me.

*Mar.* What is the cause of this?

*Old.* You are Maria—you?

*Mar.* Am I, Sir?—heav'n forbid!

*Old.* Heaven has granted it, and I avow it—I have liv'd to see in these times, successful merit, and disinterested love—my hopes and wishes are accomplish'd! my long projected joys are full, and I will proclaim 'em! I have a child!

*Mar.* Sir!

*Old.* Come to my arms, Maria! thy father's arms! If my lips fail me, let my heart, in throbs, speak the discovery.

*Mar.* O, Sir! explain this mystery!

*Old.* I have a father's right! my child's conduct has made it a proud one.

*Mar.* How, how, Sir!—I am lost in rapture and amazement!

*Gro.* So we are all.

*Old.* Excuse me, brother, Madam, all—my story is very short, Maria! the hour of your birth made me a widower, and you a splendid heiress; I trembled at the dangers of that situation, made more dangerous by the loss of your mother—to be the object of flattery, in the very cradle, and made a

prey to interest, is the common lot attending it—These reflections, call them whim, call them singularities, what you please, induced me to conceal your birth; being abroad at the time, the plan was easily executed.

*Mar.* How blind have I been! Benevolent as you are to all, I might still have perceived and interpreted the distinction of your unremitting tenderness—how could I mistake the parent's partiality, the parent's fondness?

*Old.* Your happiness has been the motive of my actions, be it my excuse—The design has answered wonderfully—for though Maria's virtues would have found their lustre under any trial, there would have wanted the humble station of the Maid of the Oaks to give her due proof of a disinterested lover.

*Mar.* O, Sir! expect not *words*—where shall I find even *sentiments* of tenderness, gratitude, and duty, that were not yours before.

*Old.* The life of my ward, is a pledge for that of the daughter and the wife—To you, Sir Harry, I shall make no apology for my secrecy; it has served to give scope and exercise to your generosity, a sensation more gratifying to minds, like your's, than any acquisition of fortune—that pleasure pass accept now, with Maria's hand, the inheritance of Oldworth's Oaks.

*Sir Har.* Sir your conduct does not surprise, but it overwhelms me—long may you remain the possessor of Oldworth's Oaks! when you cease to be so, he will ill deserve to succeed you, who does not make your example the chief object of his imitation.

*Dup.* New joy to the disinterested lover, and to the destined Queen of the Oaks!

*L. Bab.* To the amiable pair, and the rewarder of their merits—Mr. Oldworth, you promised us a singular regale, but you have outdone yourself.

*Grov.* Regale! egad I don't know what to call it—he has almost turned the Champêtre into a tragedy, I think—I never felt my eyes twinkle so oddly before, but I shall be merry by and by; and when I begin, have at you double bottles and long corks!

*Old.* My worthy friend, brother let me call you! I have robbed you of a pleasure; I know you also had your eye upon my Maid of the Oaks, for an exercise of your generosity.

*Grov.* It is very true, I should have been as well pleased as her lover to receive her only with an under petticoat, though not quite for the same reason—but you may perceive how cursedly vexed I am at the disappointment (*pauses.*) Ay, I must alter the disposition of my acres once more—I will have no Nabobs nor Nabobesses in my family.

*L. Bab.* The females would be the better of the two, for all that; they would not be guilty of so much rapacity to acquire a fortune, and they would spend it to better purposes.

*Dup.* By as much as a province is better disposed of in a jewel at the breast of a Cleopatra, than when it is melted down in the fat guts of mayors and burgeses of country corporations.

*Grov.* I agree in your preference between the two; but an honest country gentleman, and a plain

English wife, is more respectable and useful than both—so do you hear, Madam, take care to provide me a second son, fit for that sort of family—let him be an honest fellow, and a jolly fellow, and in every respect a proper representative for Gloom-Stock-hall.

*Enter HURRY.*

*Hur.* An't please your honour and worship, here are all the quality persons in fanciful dresses—you never saw such a sight, they are for all the world like the Turks and Prussians—do but look at 'em, how they come prancing along through the grove; I never saw any thing so fine, and so proud, and so fantastical—Lord; I wonder any body will ever wear a coat and waistcoat again—This is sham-peter indeed!!

*Grov.* My friend Hurry is in the right—Harry, come and help to dress me, for till I have got my fool's coat on, I can't make one among 'em.

*Sir Har.* I'll wait upon you—My sweet Maria, I must leave you for a few minutes—for an age.

*Old.* My heart is now disburthen'd, and free to entertain my friends—Come, Maria, let us meet 'em, and shew in our faces the joy of our hearts—Will your ladyship and Mr. Dupeley assist us?

*(Exit Oldworth and Sir Harry.)*

*L. Bab.* O, most willingly, Mr. Oldworth!

*(As she is going out, she sees Abba coming.)*

“Angels and ministers of grace defend us!”

*Dub.* Hey-day! what is coming, Lady Bab?

*L. Bab.* O, that most hideous of all goblins, a country cousin—and I can neither avoid her, nor overlook her, as I should to do in town.

*Dup.* Where is the barbarian?

*L. Bab.* Mistake her if you can—the lovely Diana there that is talking to Maria, with a tin crescent upon her head, big enough for a Turkish mosque.

*Dup.* (*looking through his glass.*) Oh, I have her—

*By her step the goddess is revealed.*

*L. Bab.* What can I do with her? she'll suffocate me if you don't take her off my hands.

*Enter ACTÆA, followed by six hunters.*

*Act.* O cousin! Lady Bab! here am I at the head of my hunters—I left the company to you—I want to practice my song before I sing in publick, you shall hear me. Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Bab.* O you delicate creature! pray let us hear it—while she is singing we'll steal off and join the company.—(*aside to Dupelcy*) Come, my dear, pray begin.

*ACTÆA sings her HUNTING SONG.*

(*During which Lady BAB and DUPELEY steal off laughing.*)

*Come, rouse from your trances!  
The fly morn advances,  
To catch sluggish mortals in bed;*

*Let the horn's jocund note  
In the wind sweetly float,  
While the fox from the brake lifts his head;  
Now creeping,  
Now peeping,  
The fox from the brake lifts his head:  
Each away to his steed,  
Your goddess shall lead,  
Come follow, my worshippers, follow;  
For the chase all prepare,  
See the bounds snuff the air,  
Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet hollow!*

*Hark Fowler, hark Rover,  
See Reynard breaks cover,  
The hunters fly over the ground;  
Now they skim o'er the plain,  
Now they dart down the lane,  
And the hills, woods, and vallies resound;  
With dashing,  
And splashing,  
The hills, woods, and vallies resound:  
Then away with full speed,  
Your goddess shall lead,  
Come follow, my worshippers, follow;  
O'er hedge, ditch, and gate,  
If you stop you're too late,  
Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet hollow!*

*After the Song, the \* Scene opens and discovers the  
GARDENS illuminated.*

*Actæa and her Followers, join the Company.*

*Another set of Company dance a Country-Dance.*

*Enter OLDWORTH.*

*Old.* This is as it should be—a dance, or a song, or a shout of joy, meets me at every turn; but come, ladies, I shall trust you no more in the gardens; at least not my fair dancers; though the evening is fine it may be deceitful, we have prepared a place under cover for the rest of the entertainment.

*Enter HURRY.*

*Hur.* Gentlemen, nobility, ladies and gentry, you are all wanted in the Temple of Venus, to—but I'll not say what, that you may be more surpriz'd; and if you are surpriz'd here, you'll be more surprized there, and we shan't have done with you there neither—pray make haste or you'll get no places. *(They all crowd off.)*

*Hur. (alone)* Bless my heart, how the whole place goes round with me!—my head seems quite

\* The Painting of this Scene is taken from a Portico in the Gardens of Lord Stanley, as illuminated at his entertainment last summer.

Printed by J. G. & J. H. B. at the Press of the University of Cambridge.

illuminated as well as that there. (*Points to the building.*) See what it is to have more business than one's brains can bear; I am as giddy as a goose; yet I have not touched a drop of liquor to-day—but three glasses of punch, a pint of hot negus to warm me, a bottle of cyder to cool me again, and a dram of cherry-bounce to keep all quiet—I should like to lie down a little—but then what would become of the *Sham-Peter*—no, as I am entrusted with a high office, I scorn to flinch; I will keep my eyes open, and my head clear—ay, and my hands too—and I wish all my countrymen had done the same at this general election.

(*Reck off.*)

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Saloon.\**

A MINUET.

*After the Minuet, enter a SHEPHERDESS, drawing forward a SHEPHERD by the arm.*

DUETTO.

She. SIMON, why so lost in wonder,  
At these folk of high degree?  
If they're finer, we are fonder;  
Love is wealth to you and me.

\* This Scene is also a representation of the temporary Saloon, as designed by Mr. Adam, and erected at Lord Stanley's.

He. *Phæbe stop, and learn more duty,  
We're too lowly here to please :  
Oh, how splendor brightens beauty !  
Who'd not wish to be like these ?*

She. *Prithee, Simon, cease this gazing,  
They're deceitful as they're fair ;*

He. *But their looks are all so pleasing,  
Phæbe, how can I forbear ?*

She. *Simon, stop, and learn more duty ;*

He. *Honest freedom can't displease ;*

BOTH.

He. *Riches give new charms to beauty.*

She. *Riches give no charms to beauty.*

He. *Who'd not wish to be like these ?*

She. *Who wou'd wish to be like these ?*

SONG.

I.

*" O Simon, simple Simon, know,  
" The finest garments cover woe ;  
" The outside glitter never tells  
" The grief of heart, that inward dwells.*

II.

*" We rustic folk so true and plain,  
" Shall ne'er allure the light and vain ;  
" Whate'er without our fortune wears,  
" Within no pang our bosom tears.*

## III.

" O Simon, simple Simon, know,  
 " That lack of wealth, is lack of woe;  
 " Then homeward go, and let us prove,  
 " The greatest bliss, content with love.

*The Character of FOLLY enters from the top of the  
 Stage to lively Symphony.*

## SONG.

## I.

*Make room my good neighbours, of every degree,  
 My name it is Folly who does not know me?  
 Of high ones, and low ones, of great and of small,  
 I've been the companion and friend of you all:  
 Wherever I come, I drive away care,  
 And if there's a crowd, I am sure to be there.  
 I'm here, and there,  
 And every where,  
 All know me—all know me—  
 Where'er I come,  
 Nobody's dumb;  
 Prating, prancing,  
 Singing, dancing;  
 Running o'er with mirth and glee.*

## II.

*From country elections, I gallop post haste,  
 For there, I am always the most busy guest;*

*And whether it be in the country or town,  
 I'm hugg'd very close, by the cit and the clown :  
 The courtier, the patriot, the turn-coat and all,  
 If I do not sweeten—breed nothing but gall.  
 I'm here, and there, &c. &c.*

## III.

*The statesman, without me, unhappy wou'd be ;  
 No lady, so chaste, but gallants it with me ;  
 The gravest of faces, who physic the land,  
 For all their grimaces, shake me by the hand ;  
 At the play-house, a friend to the author, I sit,  
 And clap in the gallery, the boxes and pit.*

*I'm here, and there, &c. &c.*

*(A slow symphony—all the company retire to the  
 wings on each side ; the curtains of the saloon  
 are drawn up, and discovers the company at  
 supper.)*

*Enter DRUID.*

*DRUID.*

*Folly away ! nor taint this nuptial feast !  
 I come, a friendly, self-invited guest ;  
 The Druid of these Oaks, long doom'd to dwell  
 Invisible, 'till beauty broke the spell ;  
 Beauty, which here erects her throne,  
 And every spell dissolves, except her own.*

*Intended to be sung.*

*Beauty breaks the magic spell,  
 Her pow'r can ev'ry power subdue ;  
 Can charm the Druid from his cell,*

**D**

*To revel and rejoice with you !  
What cannot beauty, spotless beauty do ?*

*Stand all apart, while mortals learn.  
The recompence their virtues earn ;  
When thus the gen'rous court their power,  
Celestial guardians find the dower,  
And these are mansions they prepare,  
For the disint'rested and fair.*

*(He waves his wand.)*

*The Scene breaks away, and discovers the Palace of  
Celestial Love.*

*Maria, take this oak-leaf crown,  
The region round is all your own :  
See ev'ry Dryad of the groves,  
With bending head, salute your loves ;  
And Naiads, deck'd in constant green,  
With homage due, avow their queen ;  
Here all of autumn, all of spring,  
The flower and fruit to you they bring ;  
And, while they heap the lavish store,  
A father's blessing makes it more.*

*Mar.* It does, indeed ! my heart o'erflows with happiness.

*Old.* Long, long, may it do so ! my dear, my matchless daughter !—Come then, my friends and children ; I see our joys are too sincere and spirited to be any longer celebrated in magic and allegory.

*Grov.* I ask your pardon, friend Oldworth ; this reverend old gentleman Druid has charmed me, and

I hope we shall have more of his company—A contempt for old times may be fashionable, but I am pleased with every thing that brings them to my remembrance—I love an old oak at my heart, and can sit under its shade 'till I dream of Cressy and Agincourt; it is the emblem of British fortitude, and like the heroic spirits of the island, while it o'ertops, it protects the undergrowth—And now old son of Mistletoe, set that sentiment to music.

Old. And he shall, brother.

*(Druid gives signs to the musicians.)*

S O N G.

Two Voices.

*Grace and strength of Britain's isle,  
Mayst thou long thy glories keep,  
Make her hills with verdure smile,  
Bear her triumphs o'er the deep.*

C H O R U S.

*Grace and strength, &c.*

Dup. Well, Lady Bab, are your spirits quite exhausted, or have the events of the day made you pensive? I begin to believe there are more rational systems of happiness than ours—shou'd my fair instructress become a convert, my ambition wou'd be still to follow her.

L. Bab. I am no convert—my mind has ever been on the side of reason, though the torrent in which I have lived has not allowed me time to practice,

or even to contemplate it as I ought—but to follow fashion, where we feel shame, is surely the strongest of all hypocrisy, and from this moment I renounce it.

*Grev.* And you never made a better renounce in your life.

*L. Bab.* Lady Groveby, accept the friendship of one sincerely desirous to imitate your virtues—Mr. Oldworth, you do not know me yet; you forbid your company masks upon their faces, I have worn one upon my character, to you, and to the world.

*Old.* Lady Bab wanted but the resolution to appear in her genuine charms, to make her a model to her rank, and to the age.

*Dup.* To these charms I owe my conversion—and my heart, hitherto a prodigal, justly fixes with her, from whom it received the first impression of love and reason—There wants but the hand of Lady Bab, to make Oldsworth's Oaks distinguish'd by another union, founded on merit in her sex, and discernment in mine.

*L. Bab.* Sir, your proposal does me honour; but it is time enough to talk of hearts and hands—Let us follow the example before us in every thing—after the life we have led, six months probation may be very proper for us both.

*Old.* Amiable Lady Bab!—Confer the gift when you please; but my Fête Champêtre shall be remember'd as the date of the promise—and now for such a song and dance as will best conclude so happy a day.

*(Short flourish of instruments.)*

VAUDEVILLE.

SHEPHERD.

*Ye fine fangled folks, who from cities and courts,  
By your presence enliven the fields,  
Accept for your welcome our innocent sports,  
And the fruits that our industry yields.*

CHORUS.

Ye fine fangled folks, &c.

*No temple we raise to the idol of wealth,  
No altar to interest smokes,  
To the blessing of love, kind seasons and health,  
Is devoted to the Feast of the Oaks.*

CHORUS.

No temple we raise, &c.

SHEPHERDESS.

*From the thicket and plain, each favourite haunt,  
The villagers hasten away,  
Your encouraging smile is the bounty they want,  
To compensate the toils of the day;*

CHORUS.

From the thicket, &c.

*The milk-maid abandons her pail and her cow,  
In the furrow the plowman unyokes,  
From the valley and meadow all press to the brow,  
To assist at the Feast of the Oaks.*

CHORUS.

The milk maid, &c.

## SHEPHERD.

*The precept we teach is contentment and truth,  
That our girls may not learn to beguile,  
By reason to govern the pleasures of youth,  
And decorate age with a smile ;*

## CHORUS.

*The precept we teach, &c.*

*No serpent approaches with venomous tooth,  
No raven with ominous croaks,  
Nor rancorous critick, more fatal than both,  
Shall poison the Feast of the Oaks.*

## CHORUS.

*No serpent approaches, &c.*

## SHEPHERDESS.

*Bring roses and myrtles, new circlets to wear,  
Ply the flutes in new measures to move,  
And lengthen the song to the star of the eve,  
The favouring planet of love.*

## CHORUS.

*Bring roses, and myrtles, &c.*

*Oh Venus ! propitious attend to the lay,  
Each shepherd the blessing invokes ;  
May he who is true, like the youth of to-day,  
Find a prize like the Maid of the Oaks.*

## CHORUS.

*Oh Venus ! propitious, &c.*

DRUID. (*Stopping the musicians.*)

*Yet bold—though Druid now no more.  
He's wrong who thinks my spells are o'er,  
Thus 'midst you all I throw them round,  
Oh, may they fall on genial ground!  
May ev'ry breast their influence prove!  
The magic lies in truth of Love.  
'Tis that irradiates ev'ry scene,  
Restores from clouds the blue serene,  
And makes, without a regal dome,  
A palace of each humble home.*

[*Exeunt.*]

The whole finishes with a GRAND DANCE.



# RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

A N

HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

MONS<sup>r</sup>. <sup>Michel Scan</sup> SEDAINE.

---

By LIEUT. GENERAL BURGOYNE.

---

ADAPTED FOR

**THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,**

AS PERFORMED AT THE

**THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.**

---

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

*By Permission of the Managers.*

---

“ The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.”

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.**

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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IN adapting the following scenes to the English stage, no adventitious matter has been introduced: some liberty, however, has been taken in effecting the principal incident of the piece; the discovery of *Richard's* confinement being now given to *Matilda* in place of *Blondel*; as well to increase the interest of the situation, as to avoid the less affecting interposition of the heroine in the latter part of the drama.—The elegant author of this Romance will pardon a freedom which has been taken with no other view than that of giving the best assistance of our stage to his admired composition.

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---

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---



---

**DRURY-LANE.**

---

*Men.*

RICHARD,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Kemble.
BLONDEL,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Barrymore.
FLORESTAN,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Williamses.
SIR OWEN,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Bannister.
The SENESCHAE,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Phillimore.
ANTONIO,	-	-	-	-	Miss Romanzini.
GUILLOT,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Suett.
OLD MATHEW,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Fawcett.
WILLIAM, ( <i>servant to Sir Owen,</i>					Mr. Spencer.
A PILGRIM, ( <i>the friend of Blondel</i> )					Mr. Chaplin.

Soldiers, Peasants, &c.

*Women.*

MATILDA,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Jordan.
LAURETTE,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Crouch.
DORCAS,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Love.
JULIE,	-	-	-	-	Miss De Camp.
COLLETTE,	-	-	-	-	Miss Cranford.

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# RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

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## *ACT I. SCENE I.*

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*A View of a strong Castle, situated in a wild, mountainous country—on one side a Rustic Mansion-house—on the other, a Stone Seat.*

*During the Overture several Peasants pass over the Stage, with their working tools as returning from their labour.*

*Chorus of PEASANTS.*

**C**OME sing, come dance,  
To-morrow's the day ;  
Come sing, come dance,  
Old Mathew's wedding day.  
Yes, to-morrow you know,  
To his house we shall go,  
To drink and be gay,  
To dance, sing, and play ;  
Away with all sorrow,  
For joy comes to-morrow.

RICHARD COEUR DE LION.

ACT I.

*He. Nor song, nor dance, nor joking,  
Can make me gay ;  
Antonio—how provoking—  
Is far away.*

CHORUS.

*Come, Collette, sing and play,  
For to-morrow's the day ;  
Yes, to-morrow you know,  
To old Mathew's we go,  
To drink and be gay,  
To dance, sing, and play ;  
Away with all sorrow,  
For joy comes to-morrow.*

*Old Mat. I am happy, I swear,  
My Dercas, my dear,  
To think that to-morrow is our wedding day.*

*Dor. Tho' we're sixty years old,  
Let the young-ones behold,  
Our age, like our youth, is contented and gay.*

CHORUS.

*Come sing, come dance,  
To-morrow's the day ;  
Come sing, come dance,  
Old Mathew's wedding day.  
Yes, to-morrow you know,  
To his house we shall go,  
To drink and be gay,  
To dance, sing, and play ;  
Away with all sorrow,  
For joy comes to-morrow.*

[E

MATILDA *after the last Chorus enters, led in by*  
ANTONIO.

Mat. Antonio: what sounds were those; surely they were singing.

Ant. It is only the villagers who are returning from the fields: the sun is setting, and they have done their work.

Mat. Where are we now, my little guide?

Ant. You are not far from a great old castle, with towers and battlements. And there now, if you had your sight, you might see two soldiers on the walls with their cross-bows.

Mat. I am sadly tir'd.

Ant. Stay—this way—here is a stone—it is made into a seat—what a pity you cannot see the prospect! tho' so wild, it is said to be as fine as any in all Germany. (*they sit down*) Now just opposite to us is a very well looking house, 'tis a farm, but as good as any gentleman's.

Mat. Then go, my little friend, and find out whether we can lodge there to-night.

Ant. I will, and no doubt you may. The owner is a foreigner, from England, as they say; and though he is very passionate, all the village say he is very good-natur'd. (*going, returns*) But shall I find you here when I come back?

Mat. Yes, truly, you may be pretty sure of that; those who can't see are not over fond of wandering. But you will not fail to return.

Ant. No, that I won't. (*going, stops*) But, Sir, there is something I have been wanting all day to tell you.

*Mat.* Well Antonio—What is it?

*Ant.* Why it is—it is—oh! I am so sorry——

*Mat.* Speak, Child!—tell me what is it?

*Ant.* Why it is—and it vexes me sadly—that it will not be in my power to be your guide to-morrow.

*Mat.* How so, my little friend?

*Ant.* I must go to a wedding.—My grandfather and grandmother keep their wedding-day to-morrow, and my grandson, who is their brother——

*Mat.* Your grandson—Have you a grandson, Antonio?

*Ant.* No—their grandson, who is my brother, that's it—is to be married at the same time, to a sweet pretty little girl of the village.

*Mat.* But what will become of me without a guide?

*Ant.* Oh! I'll engage some one for you, I'll warrant; and you may contrive to come to the wedding, and join in the music, while we dance. We'll manage, never fear.

*Mat.* You love dancing, Antonio?

## S O N G.

*Antonio.*

### I.

*The merry dance, I dearly love,  
For then Collette thy hand I seize,  
And press it too when'er I please,  
And none can see, and none reprove;  
Then on thy cheek quick blushes glow,  
And then we whisper soft and low,  
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.*

## II.

*She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more.  
Yet still we are too young they say,  
But we know better, sure, than they,  
Youth should not listen to threescore;  
And I'm resolv'd I'll tell her so,  
When next we whisper soft and low,  
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.*  
[Exit.]

*Mat.* Antonio!—he is gone—now then I may safely use my fight. (*Takes the bandage from her eyes.*) A fortress indeed—there are towers, and moats, and battlements. They say it is strongly guarded and almost inaccessible. It's appearance at least justifies the report that was made to me; for in this wild and sequester'd spot, such a pile could only be employed to hide some mighty captive. Oh Richard! my hero! my lov'd! what hardships may you not be enduring: nor have you even the sad consolation to know that your faithful Matilda, exiled for her love to you, has abandoned every hope and duty, and in this poor and base disguise, pursues your name, and wanders through the world; but here my cares and search shall end. If my foreboding soul misleads me, and this spot affords no tidings of its Lord, then, if my heart breaks not, in the near convent's cell, I'll hide my woes and shame for ever.

## SONG.

*Matilda.*

*Oh, Richard! oh, my love!*  
*By the faithless world forgot;*  
*I alone in exile rove,*  
*To lament thy hapless lot.*  
*I alone of all remain*  
*To unbind thy cruel chain,*  
*By the faithless world forgot;*  
*I, whose bosom sunk in grief,*  
*Least have strength to yield relief.*

*Delusive glory! faithless power!*  
*Thus the valiant you repay,*  
*In disaster's heavy hour,*  
*Faithless friendship's far away.*  
*Tet, royal youth,*  
*One faithful heart,*  
*From tenderest truth,*  
*The' hopeless, never shall depart.*

*Oh, Richard! oh, my love!*  
*By the faithless world forgot;*  
*I alone in exile rove,*  
*To lament thy hapless lot.*

But I hear a noise; I must resume my disguise.  
*Sir Owen. (speaking without.)* I'll teach you to  
bring letters to my daughter.

*Enter SIR OWEN and GUILLOT, and LAURETTE,  
(who remains behind.)*

*Guil.* Sir, 'twas the Governor sent me.

*Sir Owen.* The Governor!—what's the Governor to me?

### QUARTETTO.

MATILDA, GUILLOT, SIR OWEN, and LAURETTE.

*Sir Owen.* *What care I for the Governor?*

*Mat.* *Oh! should it be this Governor. (aside.)*

*Guil.* *He sent me, I know no better,  
——— with the letter.*

*Sir Owen.* *My daughter listen to his art,  
What my Laurette  
So far forget  
The modest virgin's dateous part.  
—— And thou—I pray, (to Guillot)  
Good knave, shall I the postage pay?*

*Guil.* *No, Sir, indeed,  
There is no need,  
I'm gone with speed.*

*Sir Owen.* *Pray tell your Governor,  
His hopes are vain  
Laurette to gain.  
His Lordship is by far too good,  
And I wou'd thank him if I cou'd.*

Mat. *If of this castle he should be  
The Governor—what joy for me. (aside.)*

Guil. *Yet he's my Lord the Governor.*

Sir Owen. *What's he to me, your Governor;  
Begone, I say,  
You'd best not stay;  
And you, if ever I discover—(To Laurette, who comes forward.)  
You lend an ear  
To this designing lover.  
Then, then, you shall have cause to fear.*

Mat. *Ah! should it be, what joy for me. (aside)  
Come, come, my friends, no quarrel, pray,  
Your anger cease, (to them)  
Keep, keep the peace.*

Lau. *What can this be,  
I never see  
The Governor.*

Mat. *Ah! should it be this Governor,  
Ah! should it be, what joy for me. (aside)  
Come, come, my friends, no quarrel, pray.  
Your anger cease,  
Keep, keep the peace, &c.*

[Exit Guillot.]

Sir Owen. Get into the house—in I say. (*Exit Laurette.*) She tells me she never sees him—that she

never speaks to him, and yet he writes to her. The Governor is a very civil gentleman, only he wants to run away with my daughter—and she is very obedient to her father—only she'll do nothing I bid her—I should like to know what all this is now. (*looking at the letter*) The Governor writes a military hand—his letters edge out a Chevaux de frize fashion—all zig-zag—like his own fortification—I can't make any way thro' it—I wish I had somebody to decypher it—Oh! here's a fort of an outlandish lad—I may trust him. Youngster—can you read?

*Mat.* Oh! yes, Sir.—

*Sir Owen.* Well then read me this. (*Gives the letter.*)

*Mat.* Oh indeed Sir! I could once, but the cruel Saracens—

*Sir Owen.* The Saracens—what did the Saracens do to you?

*Mat.* The cruel monsters put out my eyes, having taken me prisoner in a great battle, where I was page to a Captain in King Richard's army! But have you not seen a little boy?

*Sir Owen.* Yes.

*Mat.* 'Tis he who guides me—He can read, and will do whatever you bid him. (*returning the letter.*)

*Sir Owen.* Oh! here he comes I believe.

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Mat.* Antonio, is that you?

*Ant.* Yes, 'tis I.

*Mat.* Take the letter which the gentleman here will give you, and read it aloud to him.

*Ant.* (*reading.*) "Beautiful Laurette,

*Sir Owen.* Pshaw!

*Ant.* "Beautiful Laurette, my heart overflows  
"with extacy and gratitude, for the kind assurance  
"you give me of eternal affection."

*Sir Owen.* Eternal affection—and that puts him into an extacy—very well,

*Mat.* Pray let him go on.

*Ant.* "If my attendance on the prisoner whom  
"I must not quit."—

*Sir Owen.* So much the better.

*Mat.* The prisoner! (*aside.*)

*Ant.* "If my attendance on the prisoner, whom  
"I must not quit, would suffer me to go out dur-  
"ing the day—I would hasten to throw myself."—

*Sir Owen.* Into the ditch of your castle I hope.

*Mat.* Whom I must not quit. (*aside.*)—Read on quickly.—(*to Antonio.*)

*Ant.* "I would hasten to throw myself at your  
"feet.—But if this night."—here are some words  
blotted out.

*Mat.* Well, what follows?

*Ant.* "Contrive some means to inform me, at  
"what hour I may speak to you. Your tender,  
"faithful, and eternally constant;

"FLORESTAN."

*Sir Owen.* Here's a damn'd Governor for you—  
Oh! if I had him in England on the top of Pen-  
manmawr.

*Mat.* What!—Are you a Briton then?

*Sir Owen.* Yes, I am, Sir, and an enemy to slaves of course, in love, or out.—

*Mat.* Glorious nation! But how comes it, Sir, that you are settled so far from your native country?

*Sir Owen.* Oh! that's too long a story to tell you, but it would not have happen'd if I hadn't gone to the Crusades at Palestine.

*Mat.* What, under the brave Richard?

*Sir Owen.* Brave! aye! I would follow him to the world's end—my ruin was no fault of his.—Well you must know, that when I returned from Palestine, I found my father was dead.—

*Mat.* He was very old perhaps.

*Sir Owen.* No—but he was slain by a neighbour of his in single combat.

*Mat.* What was the dispute?

*Sir Owen.* A rabbit—My father shot a rabbit on the right side of a hedge, where his neighbour contended he was entitled only to shoot on the left.—So he slew my father, and I revenged his death.

*Ant.* So there were two men kill'd for one rabbit.

*Mat.* Of course—you fled—

*Sir Owen.* Yes, with my daughter and wife, who is since dead—my castle and my lands were forfeited—and after fighting her battles, I was sentenc'd by my ungrateful country—

*Mat.* A hard and ill return indeed—

*Sir Owen.* No such thing, Sir.—'Twas justice, tho' severe; I suffer no man to abuse my country, but myself.

*Mat.* Heaven forbid I shou'd traduce it.—But, Sir, one request.

*Sir Owen. (looking out)* It must be they—stay good youth—I see some friends whom I expect. If you wish refreshment—the poor and friendless are never driven from my door. [Exit.

*Enter LAURETTE. (from the house.)*

*Lau.* Pray, good youth, tell me what my father has been saying to you.

*Mat.* Are you the pretty Laurette?

*Lau.* Yes, Sir,

*Mat.* Your father is very angry—he knows the contents of that letter from the Chevalier Florestan.

*Lau.* Yes Florestan is his name—and did you read the letter to my father?

*Mat.* No—not I—I am blind, alas!—it was my little guide.

*Ant.* Yes, but didn't you bid me read it? [retires.

*Lau.* Oh! I wish you had not done so.—

*Mat.* Some other person wou'd.

*Lau.* That's true—and what did the letter say?

*Mat.* It says that on account of the prisoner in that castle—and who is that prisoner?

*Lau.* Oh!—no one knows who it is.

*Mat.* The Chevalier cannot come to throw himself at your feet.

*Lau.* Poor Florestan!

*Mat.* ——— But that this night—

*Lau.* This night!

## SONG.

*Laurette.*

*Oh! wou'd the night my blushes hide,  
The truth to thee I wou'd confide.*

*Yes, yes, I own 'tis true,  
When e'er his eyes I meet,  
I feel my heart begins to beat,  
It beats, and trembles too.*

*But when my hand he gently presses,  
A struggling sigh I fear confesses,  
Ah! more than blushes cou'd impart,  
And more than words betrays my heart.*

*Oh! wou'd the night my blushes hide,  
The truth to thee I wou'd confide.*

*Yes, yes, I own 'tis true.  
When e'er his eyes I meet,  
I feel my heart begins to beat,  
It beats and trembles too.*

*Mat.* You love him then, Laurette?

*Lau.* Oh most dearly, that I do, day and night,  
truly and sincerely.

*Mat.* And do you not fear to own it?

*Lau.* No, not to you. You seem kind and tender-hearted, and you speak gently to me; and then you cannot see me. Whether I blush or not—and so—I am not afraid.

*Mat.* Pretty Laurette!

*Lau.* But who told you I was pretty?

*Mat.* Alas, being blind, I guess only by the voice; the softness and sweetness of that is beauty to me. But let me counsel you, my innocent. These knights, these men of high descent, beware of them; when they seem most devoted to your beauty, they are least forgetful of their own rank, and the nobleness of your soul is overlook'd by the pride of their own high birth.

*Lau.* Well!—

*Mat.* Well!—Why then their love must be deceit, and their purpose to betray.—

*Lau.* But my birth is not inferior to his, tho' my father is now in banishment.—

*Mat.* No!—and does he know it?

*Lau.* Yes; and never talks to me but in words of goodness and honour: and if it wasn't that my father is so passionate, I shou'd have told him every thing long ago.

*Mat.* And wou'd you, before you have inform'd your father, meet this man whom you love so, and converse with him, and in the night too?—Listen to me.

## A I R.

### MATILDA and LAURETTE.

*Mat.* *The god of love a bandeau wears,  
Wou'd you know what it declares,  
And why his eyes are clouded;  
'Tis to shew us that his pow'r  
Is ne'er so fatal, ne'er so sure,  
As when in darkness shrouded.*

Lau. Good Sir, repeat that pretty strain,  
Pray again, again.  
A lesson kind it does impart,  
To guard against a lover's art.

Mat. With all my heart.  
The God of love a bandeau wears,  
Wou'd you know what it declares,  
And why his eyes are clouded;  
'Tis to shew you that his pow'r  
Is ne'er so fatal, ne'er so sure,  
As when in darkness shrouded.

Lau. Look, there are two pilgrims meeting my father—see—he embraces one of them—sure, those cannot be the visitors he expected—I must go——

Mat. A moment, Laurette—I have something to say to you.

Lau. About Florestan?

Mat. No!

Lau. Oh! then I can't stay. [*Exit, into the house.*]

Mat. They are coming this way. I can't retire till my guide comes.

*Enter SIR OWEN, BLONDEL, and PILGRIMS.*

Sir Owen. My brave friend; how rejoiced I am to see you—You are well disguised indeed; I myself should never have guessed it was Blondel.

Mat. Blondel! what do I hear. (*Afide.*)

*Blon.* Caution, my friend. My search wou'd be fruitless indeed, shou'd I be discovered?—And fee.

(*Pointing to Matilda.*)

*Sir Owen.* I did not observe—it is a poor blind youth, a wandering minstrel who diverts the peasants.

*Mat.* Shall I play, worthy gentleman? I have a ditty made by a royal lover, on the lady whom he loved. (*Plays.*)

*Sir Owen.* Why are you so much astonished?

*Blon.* That was made by my gallant master—præthee go on.

(*She Plays again.*)

*Blon.* Oh! how it reminds me of happy days!—Tell me boy—where cou'd you learn that tune?

*Mat.* I was taught it, by a servant of King Richard's camp, who said he had heard the King himself sing to it.

*Blon.* Even so;—he made it, for the lovely and unfortunate Matilda; unfortunate indeed!—for passing thro' Artois, I learn'd that she had left her father's court, and fled almost alone, upon the rumour that the royal Richard had been treacherously seized, as he returned from Palestine—O! if her gallant Monarch yet lives, sure heaven will guide some of those who seek him, to the prison that immures him.

*Sir Owen.* Perhaps the fair Matilda alone has had intelligence.

*Blon.* O! no—But yesterday I passed the Seneschal's, her father's trusty friend, who with a chosen band of troops, was searching to reclaim her; and

he has learn'd, that stript of her companions by perfidy, or death—deprived she had fought the sadder prison of a monastery.

*Mat.* The Seneschal so near. (*aside.*) Gracious, Sir, if my music has pleas'd you, will you entreat your kind host to lodge this night a harmless minstrel, who lost his precious fight in Palestine, and I will play all night to sooth you.

*Blon.* Poor Youth.—He will I doubt not.

*Sir Owen.* I had refused him only from the caution I thought due to you. But here is no danger, if yet you chuse to be unknown—my servants are all trusty, and not curious—But come, you must forget the Pilgrim awhile, and we will have a jovial health or two, and recollect old times.—Some wine there! and seats—the evening's fair—we'll into supper soon—and then when we're alone, you shall inform me of your travels, and all that you have heard of Richard's fortunes.

*While he has been speaking, BLONDEL converses with MATILDA, who PLAYS again—SERVANTS bring Wine, Seats, &c. Others Music. Then BLONDEL seems to speak to SIR OWEN.*

*Sir Owen.* The youth is right, so far.—Some prisoner of note is lodged there, doubtless—but it were wild indeed to guess it for the King.—More wine boy!—We'll have a health to Richard wherever he is—and then you shall hear a song of mine—Oh! in England I should have a fine chorus to it.

## MUSIC.

BLONDEL *talks to MATILDA, who seems disappointed to hear RICHARD is not likely to be in the Castle—*  
 BLONDEL *bids one of the SERVANTS bring Wine to MATILDA, who calls ANTONIO and gives it to him.*

*Mat.* Antonio!

*Ant.* Here am I—

*Mat.* Come nearer—here, drink my good boy.  
*(Antonio drinks.)*

*Sir Owen.* Now then—and observe the chorus.

## SONG.

SIR OWEN.

I.

*Let the Sultan Saladin,  
 Play the rake in Palestine,  
 While he claims his subjects duty,  
 He's himself a slave to beauty,  
 Wearing baser chains than they.  
 Well! well!*

*Every man must have his way;  
 But to my poor way of thinking,  
 There's no joy like drinking.*

CHORUS.

*But to my poor way of thinking,  
 There's no joy like drinking.*

II.

*Cœur de Lion loves the wars,  
Richard's joy is blows and scars;  
Conquer'd Pagans fly before him,  
Christian warriors all adore him,  
Watching, marching night and day.  
Well! well!*

*Every man must have his way;  
But to my poor way of thinking,  
There's no joy like drinking.*

CHORUS.

*But to my poor way of thinking,  
There's no joy like drinking.*

III.

*You too, pilgrims, love your trade,  
You recruit the bold crusade,  
Making zealots cross the ocean,  
In a fit of fierce devotion;  
In a fit of fierce devotion;  
Pilgrims love to fast and pray,  
Well! well!*

*Every man must have his way.  
But to my poor way of thinking,  
There's no joy like drinking.*

CHORUS.

*But to my poor way of thinking,  
There's no joy like drinking.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Theatre represents the inner Works of an old Fortification. Towards the front is a Terrace inclosed by Rails and a Fosse; and so situated, that when RICHARD appears upon it, he cannot see MATILDA, who is upon the outer Parapet.*

*The time, the dawn of day.*

RICHARD and FLORESTAN.

FLORESTAN.

THE morning breaks—the fresh air is lighten'd by the dawn—profit of it, Sire, for your health's sake.—Within an hour your guards must do their duty, and you will be again secluded from the day.

*Rich.* Florestan !

*Flo.* Sire !

*Rich.* Your fortune is in your power.

*Flo.* Sire!—my honour is.

*Rich.* Honour to a traitor!—a base! perfidious—

*Flo.* Did I believe him so, I would not serve him; and not believing, I must not listen, where I dare not answer.

*Rich.* But Florestan— [*Florestan bows and exit.*]

*Rich.* Oh heart! burst not!—oh God!—oh misery!—Is this to be my lot for ever!—In the vigour of my days, circled with conquering laurels, the Christians shield! The scourge of haughty Palestine? Am I doom'd, by a vile traitor's craft, to

to wear my life away in ignominious bondage!—  
O that the efforts of my fierce despair could reach  
the ears of my brave distant foldiers!—How would  
it fire their hearts to learn that their king!—their  
leader!—but Richard is forgot, deserted by his people—  
by the world!—O my glory!—O ye records  
of my valour!—O memory of my victories!—  
What do you avail? (*he looks on a picture.*)—Image  
of her I love!—come—O! calm, console my heart  
—soothe for a moment the keen sorrows that destroy  
me!—Image of her I love, sweet smiling witness  
of my former bliss!—canst thou recall my  
bosom's fortitude!—No—thou dost redouble all my  
griefs—thou art my despair.—Oh death! death!  
I call on thee—thy dart alone can break my chains!  
my freedom is my grave!

*[He walks to the farther end of the terrace, and remains in a posture of deep despair.]*

*Enter MATILDA and ANTONIO on the other side the Fosse and Parapet.*

*Mat.* Antonio, stay a while; here on this rising ground we'll rest—I love to feel the pure fresh air—it is the balmy breath of morn, whispering the sun's approach. Where are we now?

*Ant.* Close to the parapet of the castle which you bid me bring you to [*Matilda offering to get upon the Parapet.*] Ah! don't attempt to get upon it—you'll fall into a great moat on the other side and be drown'd.

*Mat.* Indeed! Well, here kind boy—take this money, and go buy something for us that we may breakfast.

*Ant.* You have given me a great deal——

*Mat.* Keep for yourself what is too much.

*Ant.* Oh, thank you!—and pray take care not to go too near the moat. [*Exit.*

*Mat.* When you return we will walk to some shade—shall we?—You don't answer me—he is gone—and nearly out of fight—how quickly youth executes a willing duty.—Now then, (*lifts up the Bandeau, and raises herself on the Parapet.*) Ah! not nearer!—

[*RICHARD returns to the front of the Terrace.*]

*Rich.* A year—a year is pass'd! hope is exhausted!

*Mat.* How still! how silent——Sure if those walls enclose him, my voice may reach their deepest recesses.—O! if he is here he will remember the strain—'twas the offering of his earliest love in happy days—of love for her, who now uncertain of his fate—yet shares his misery.

*Rich.* No cheering thought! no glimmering ray of consolation.—O memory!—O Matilda!

[*MATILDA Plays.*]

*Rich.* What sounds! heavens!—the very strain I once—O let me hear——

*MATILDA Sings.*

“ One night in sickness lying,

“ A prey to grief and pain.

*Rich.* O God, that voice !

MATILDA Sings.

" *When aid of man was vain,*  
 " *And hope and life were flying,*  
 " *Then came my mistress to my bed,*  
 " *And Death and Pain and Sorrow fled."*

(*She stops and raises herself to listen.*)

RICHARD, *while she sings, having expressed the extremes of surprize, hope, and joy, seems to endeavour to recall to his memory the rest of the ditty, and recollecting it, answers.*

RICHARD Sings.

" *The gentle tears soft falling*  
 " *Of her whom I adore,*  
 " *My tender hopes recalling,*  
 " *Did life and love restore.*

MATILDA *during this answer appears greatly agitated ; she even appears almost fainting.*

MATILDA Sings.

" *A mighty king doth languish,*  
 " *Within a prison's gloom ;*  
 " *Ah ! could I share his doom,*  
 " *Ah ! could I soothe his anguish."*

*Rich.* Is it Matilda ?

RICHARD Sings.

" *Could I but view Matilda's eyes,  
" Fortune thy frowns I should despise.*

RICHARD.

" *The gentle tears soft falling  
" Of her so long ador'd,  
" My tender hopes recalling,  
" Have love and life restor'd."*

MATILDA.

" *My gentle tears fast falling,  
" For him so long ador'd,  
" His tender hopes recalling,  
" Have love and life restor'd."*

Together.

*After MATILDA has repeated the strain, shewing great joy, FLORESTAN and SOLDIERS appear. FLORESTAN requests the King to retire into the Castle—he does so; while another party seize MATILDA, and passing a draw-bridge, bring her into the front of the works.*

DUO and CHORUS.

MATILDA, GUARDS, &c.

CHORUS.

Sol. *Speak quickly, quickly, who art thou?  
Who sent thee here? Whence come, and how?*

Mat. *Are you strangers passing near,  
Pleas'd, perhaps, my song to hear?*

CHORUS.

Sol. *To prison straight, to prison straight,  
There he may sing early and late.*

Mat. *Ab, good Sir, no anger, pray,  
With pity hear what I've to say!  
The Saracens, so fierce in fight,  
Have deprived me of my fight,  
And shut me from the blessed light.* }

CHORUS.

Sol. *'Tis well for thee,  
For could'st thou see,  
Thou should'st die by our decree.*

Mat. *I know not what this anger's for,  
I've business with the Governor;  
'Tis of moment you will see,  
And he should know it instantly.*

CHORUS.

Sol. *You know not what our anger's for,  
And wou'd speak with the Governor?*

Mat. *'Tis of moment, you will see,  
And he should know it instantly.*

CHORUS.

Sol. *Well, you shall see the Governor,  
He'll tell you what our anger's for!  
But since your business is of weight,  
We'll suspend a while your fate.*

*Hark! he comes, the Governor;  
And now take heed, take heed, pert youth,  
To tell the truth;  
For if you lie,  
If you lie to the Governor,  
Your fate is fix'd, you surely die.*

*Enter FLORESTAN.*

*Mat.* Where is the Governor?

*Flo.* Here!

*Mat.* On which side?

*Flo.* Here!—

*Mat.* I have something of importance to communicate to him.

*Flo.* Attempt no trifling, or you perish that instant.

*Mat.* Ah Sir! these who have lost their fight, are half depriv'd of life already!—Is it for a poor blind minstrel like me to attempt to deceive you?

*Flo.* Speak then.

*Mat.* Are we alone?—Now I think my device can't fail. (*aside.*)

*Flo.* Retire. (*soldiers retire.*) We are.

*Mat.* Then, Sir, the lovely Laurette.

*Flo.* Speak lower. You may stand farther off. (*to the soldiers.*) (*Matilda expresses her joy at the success of her plan.*)

*Mat.* The beauteous Laurette, Sir, has read to me the letter you sent her yesterday; in which you express your joy at her confessing her love for you, and press so much for an opportunity to speak with her.

*Flo.* Well my good friend, and what says she?

*Mat.* She says you may safely call at her father's house this evening, at any hour you please.—

*Flo.* At her father's house!

*Mat.* Yes; she says her father has some friends with him, to whom he means to give a fete, and takes the opportunity of a wedding in the neighbourhood to invite all the village to his house, where there will be nothing but feasting, dancing, and merriment; during which, Laurette says, she will find means to speak with you; and you may easily make a pretence for the visit.

*Flo.* Tell her I will not fail—but how comes she to employ you in this business?—you are blind.

*Mat.* The less likely to be suspected—she loves to hear me play and sing—and she has been so generous to me, I would risk any thing to serve her—besides, I brought a little guide with me.

*Flo.* You have manag'd extremely well—and the noise you made, I suppose was on purpose to be brought before me.—

*Mat.* For what could it be else?—But with your guards forsooth, I was a spy, a lurking emissary, trying to discover who was imprison'd here—ha! ha!—

*Flo.* Ha! ha! ha! ridiculous enough!—But you have really done it very well—Here is a purse for —[*offers money.*]

*Mat.* Pardon good Governor—should any one be near, and observe that you reward me, they will suspect something—

*Flo.* 'Tis very true—(*he crosses by her.*)

*Mat.* But Mr. Governor, lest they should—

*Flo.* Well!

*Mat.* O, you are on that side—I say, lest they should guess at my errand, hadn't you better seem angry, and so reprimand me, and send me back.

*Flo.* —(*Signs to the Soldiers to come down.*) You are right—upon my life this is a very 'clever lad—tho' he is blind.

#### DIALOGUE and CHORUS.

*Mat.* *Sir, to blame me is most hard,  
For the noise pray blame the guard.*

*Flo.* *They should not send such foolish boys,  
For such a message—such a noise.*

#### CHORUS.

*Sol.* *Silence fellow, and begone,  
'Twas you alarm'd the garrison.*

*Enter ANTONIO frighten'd and crying.*

*Ant.* *Ab! good Sir, forgive him pray,  
Ab! hear with pity what I say,  
The Saracens so fierce in fight,  
Have deprived him of his fight  
And shut him from the blessed light.* }

CHORUS.—SOLDIERS. (To MATILDA.)

*'Tis well for thee,  
For could'st thou see,  
Thou had'st died by our decree.*

*So haste away,  
Begone I say,  
And if again we catch you here,  
Be assur'd 'twill cost you dear.*

Mat. *Sirs, I believe you,  
Nor will deceive you,  
Never more will I appear,  
Never more offend you here.*

Ant. *In truth if here  
He does appear,  
It shall be  
Without me.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A great Hall in SIR OWEN'S House.*

BLONDEL and FRIEND with SIR OWEN.

BLONDEL.

My friend, I wou'd without profession trespass on your hospitality, but in truth we must away—our search I do perceive is fruitless here—and till I learn some tidings of my royal master's state, I cannot tarry for mirth's sake—therefore we leave you to your rural guests, and may gay content be with you.

*Sir Owen.* I cannot blame your haste, tho' I lament it—yet one night methinks—you will see gay pastimes, and simple jollity, but such as will divert you, believe me; and see here is my little prattler Julie will join in my request.

*Enter JULIE.*

*[She is going to speak, but seeing the Strangers, she runs to SIR OWEN and whispers him.]*

*Sir Owen.* Surely my child.—She tells me she has a song which she must sing to-night after the dance, if I approve it.

*Julie.* Oh, Sir—but it was to be a secret—you were not to have said a word about it yet.

*Sir Owen.* No!—well, they will not betray you—they are going to leave us Julie—can't you persuade them to stay.

*Julie.* They look so grave, I am afraid of them.

*Sir Owen.* Oh! go—try.

*Julie.*—(*goes to Blondel and takes his hand.*) Pray Sir, don't leave us; how can you think of going away when we are all going to be so merry.

*Blon.* We are very sorry, my pretty hostess, that it must be so.

*Julie.* But indeed you shall not go—for if you go away, my father will have no one to talk to while we are all dancing and running about.

*Sir Owen.* You little rogue, how do you know but I intend to dance myself.

*Julie.* Lord, Sir, that wou'd be pleasant—ha! ha! I should like to see *you* dance!

*Sir Owen.* Well you are very good however, Julie, to wish me to be some way amused—it is very considerate in you..

*Julie.* Yes, Sir, because then you wou'd have something else to do than to mind us——

*Sir Owen.* So!—very well innocent!

*Julie.* Then pray gentlemen don't go—let me intreat you to stay for our festival.

SONG.

JULIE.

I.

*Let me, gentle Pilgrim, entreat you comply,  
I'm sure by your looks you cannot long deny;  
Kind Sir we beg you'll deign to stay,  
To hail with glee our wedding day,  
All on the green, with garlands fresh and fair,  
Oh! what delight, wou'd you our pastimes share.  
With dance and song  
We'll join the throng  
And banish every care;  
For such a theme,  
Tho' young I seem,  
Yet sing I may one tender lay.  
Oh! Love, O! gentlest pow'r  
Smile on the wedding hour.*

II.

*You see, my dear father, tho' young I can please,  
The pilgrim will stay, I have won him with ease.*

*Yes, yes, I am sure he can't say nay,*

*We all shall keep this holyday.*

*Then on the green, your pleasure to enhance,*

*If you but think to Julie to advance,*

*Altho' not yet*

*Tall as Laurette,*

*I think you'll own I can dance.*

*With sprightly step*

*I'll bound, I'll leap,*

*And sing all day*

*That happy lay,*

*O! Love, O! gentle pow'r,*

*Smile on the wedding hour.*

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Ser.* Sir, the Seneschal is come, leaving his troops above the wood; with a few followers, he waits impatiently to speak to you——

*Sir Owen.* I come. (*Exit Servant.*) My friends it shall not be farewell, yet; I will return.

[*Exit, leaving Julie, who looks back, and makes signs to Blondel not to leave them.*]

*Friend.* You still avoid being known to the Seneschal.

*Blon.* Perhaps I may safely disclose myself; but wherefore if Richard——

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Ser.* There is a youth without, who says he must be admitted to you.

*Blon.* To me?

*Ser.* He that you heard play and sing yesterday.

*Blon.* —Pray let him come.—[*Exit Servant.*  
And after we will pursue our journey.

*Enter MATILDA.*

*Mat.* How Sir? Did you doubt to see me? I have spent the day requesting it. You shou'd not have paus'd upon it, but hear me, and alone.—

*Blon.* I knew not your desire sooner—but how is this good youth—you were blind yesterday?

*Mat.* True; and ought I not to bless heaven, that the first object which presents itself to my restor'd sight is—Blondel!

*Blon.* Ha!—you know me then?

*Mat.* Yes;—and can it be that you prepare to fly from hence? O! has no powerful impulse work'd upon your heart? has no instinctive warning check'd the ill-guided purpose, stir'd in your alarm'd bosom, and chid the rash desertion of your valor's duty? Then perish royal Richard! waste on proud soul, in base captivity—thy careless friends pass by thy prison gates, and man and heaven desert thee!

*Blon.* What can this mean? my royal master—

*Mat.* Blondel—your king—your leader—your friend—pass but these gates and you behold his prison—but hold—

*Enter SIR OWEN speaking to the SENESCHAL and two KNIGHTS.*

*Sir Owen.* Nay, but the youth you speak of, is—

*Sen.* Matilda—my noble mistress! (*kneels*) thus let me excuse the abrupt intrusion of my duty—

*Blon.* Matilda!

*Mat.* Rise Seneschal!—Yes, Matilda—a fugitive from all she ow'd her station and a father's love—but tell them peerless Richard was the cause—and tell them too, that heaven at length has sanction'd what resistless love resolv'd—away reserve—Seneschal I know your zeal, and firm attachment to your master's friend—Sir Owen your monarch is in chains—and you are a Briton——

*Sir Owen.* We will deliver him, or die!

[*While the symphony plays, some of the SENESCHAL'S party go out and return with more of their friends, to whom they seem to relate what has pass'd as they range themselves behind MATILDA.*]

#### DIALOGUE and CHORUS.

*Mat.* Ye Cavaliers, yon castle drear,  
Great Richard is a pris'ner there.

*Cava.* Strange the tidings that you bring,  
Great Richard—England's mighty King!

*Mat.* Ye Cavaliers, yon castle drear,  
Great Richard is a pris'ner there.

*Cava.* Can it be what you relate?  
Who explor'd the monarch's fate?

*Mat.* 'Twas I, with song and veiled eyes,  
Approach'd the walls in safe disguise.

*His voice I heard—Ah! doubt ye yet?  
And cou'd my heart that voice forget.  
No Cavaliers, yon castle drear,  
King Richard is a pris'ner there.  
But long a pris'ner shall he be,  
Whom love and valour join to free?*

Cava. *Not long a pris'ner shall he be.  
Let us arm;  
Here we swear to set him free.  
Give th' alarm!*

Blon. *Haste in vain,  
'Tis prudence must his freedom gain;  
Prudence must your rage restrain.*

Cava. *Let us arm.*

Mat. *Blondel, check the rash alarm.  
What shou'd be done, oh, quickly tell;  
Cavaliers, oh listen to Blondel.*

Cava. *Blondel! Blondel! it is Blondel.*

Mat. *Yes, Cavaliers, it is Blondel,  
The friend of Richard—mark him well.*

Blon. *Let our deeds our friendship tell  
In the battle—mark Blondel.*

Cava. *Let us arm, &c. &c. &c.*

*Mat.* Oh, now you give me life—O generous Sir Owen—O faithful Blondel!—and you my gallant friends.—But thanks wou'd wrong you—the cause is yours.

*Senef.* No moment must be lost; the troops I head, select and brave, though small their number, will attempt at least whatever you command.

*Blon.* Our cause and valour shall supply the rest.

*Mat.* You, Sir Owen, know this Governor. Is he a man whom gold——

*Sir Owen.* I must be just. He's one whom neither fear nor interest will sway.

*Blon.* Then force alone's our hope.

*Mat.* Attend a moment.—Sir Owen, Florestan is appriz'd, that you intend this night a rural feast; he means to be partaker of your mirth, in hopes of speaking with Laurette.

*Sir Owen.* How!

*Mat.* I cannot now explain this; but be assured he will be here. Some chosen guards may then surround him, and demand the king's deliverance. If he refuses—

*Blon.* Then to arms!—Here indeed is hope. Seneschal direct your men to pass the wood, and nearer the morass attend our signal. Let us prepare and arm.

[*Exeunt Blondel, Seneschal, and Cavaliers*]

*Mat.* The just avenger of the brave inspire an guide you!

*Enter LAURETTE and SERVANTS.*

*Lau.* My father, your village friends will be here straight, and the music is not yet come—then how shall we dance?

*Sir Owen.* They will be here my child—fear not my dear Laurette. (*Sir Owen seems to give directions to the servants.*)

*Lau.* My dear Laurette, so! he's not angry with me now—my dear father (*to Sir Owen*) now I am happy! only I wish Florestan cou'd be here to-night.

*Mat.* (*aside.*) Charming Laurette! but I dare not trust her yet—'tis happy, however, that the course we have determin'd on, is free from any peril to Florestan—in the midst of my own anxieties, I am interested for her happiness.

[*Matilda goes to Laurette and talks to her. Laurette expresses surprise at seeing her no longer blind.*]

*Sir Owen.* And mark me, you William, set my old buckler and great sword in my closet.

*Wil.* Sir they'll be cumbersome to dance in.

*Sir Owen.* Fellow do as I bid you. (*pushes him out*) Oh, more lights here in the hall—and d'ye hear—be ready to welcome all comers—so—(*calling thro' the side scene.—Observing Laurette and Matilda.*) I must not however appear in their secrets yet.

## T R I O.

MATILDA, LAURETTE, and Sir OWEN.

MATILDA—(*aside to Laurette.*)

*Yes, yes, Florestan will be here,  
After the dance he will appear.*

LAURETTE.

*Oh! what delight what joy 'twill be;  
Sure he'll find means to speak to me.*

MATILDA—(*to Sir Owen, seeing him approach.*)

*We no secrets have, good Knight,  
I am saying that my fight  
Is again restor'd to light.* }

LAURETTE—(*very demurely.*)

*Yes my father, very true,  
We no secrets have from you,  
The youth's well bred and honest too.* }

Sir OWEN.

*I'm sure you have no mystery,  
Pray talk on, and don't mind me.*

LAURETTE—(*to Matilda aside.*)

*But does he know how well I love,  
And does he swear he'll constant prove?*

MATILDA.

*Had you but seen the generous youth,  
He knelt and vow'd eternal truth.*

LAURETTE.

——— *Kneel and vow,  
Ah! he'll be true, I'm happy now.*

Sir OWEN.

*What, he tells thee that his fight  
Is again restor'd to light?*

LAURETTE.

*Yes, my father, very true,  
We no secrets have from you :  
He is saying that his fight  
Is again restor'd to light.*

MATILDA.

*We no secrets have, good Knight,  
I am saying that my fight  
Is again restor'd to light.*

}

*Sir Owen.* What he tells thee, &c. &c. &c.

*Lau.* Yes, my father, &c. &c.

*(Tabor and pipes heard behind the scenes.)*

*Sir Owen.* So, our guests are at hand. My Laurette give them welcome.

JULIE runs in.

*Julie.* They are all coming, and all so gay, and so neatly dress'd—indeed, Sir, they are—and I saw the little bride myself, blushing, and looking

so pretty.—Dear it must be a charming thing to be married !

*Lau.* Yes, they are coming indeed, Sir.

*Sir Owen.* And are you ready, my little Julie, with the dance you——

*Julie.* Yes, that I am. But pray what are all those fine knights gathering about the house for ? They don't look as if they came to be merry. Indeed, sister, they look so fierce, you'd be frighten'd.

*Sir Owen.* Oh no, my child, they will not hurt us.

*Julie.* No!—then I vow they shall all dance, swords, and helmets and all.

*(She runs to meet the Peasants, who appear.)*

#### CHORUS of PEASANTS.

*Join hearts—join hands,  
In loving bands,  
None are happy till they're pair'd,  
Nothing's joy that is not shar'd.*

#### PEASANT.

*When alone the maid sits pining,  
Nature's beauties seem declining,  
Nothing can afford delight ;  
But the favour'd youth appearing,  
With his presence all things chearing,  
Flowers how sweet—the sun how bright.*

#### CHORUS.

*Join hearts—join hands,  
In loving bands,  
None are happy till they're pair'd,  
Nothing's joy that is not shar'd.*

## ANTONIO.

*O'er the sultry mountain ranging,  
Shade and pasture ever changing,  
Soon I tire my flock to tend;  
But if chance Collette address me,  
Toil and heat no more oppress me,  
Soon, too soon my labours end.*

## CHORUS.

*Join hearts—join hands,  
In loving bands,  
None are happy, &c. &c.*

## (DANCE OF PEASANTS.)

FLORESTAN, *having enter'd, and requested LAURETTE to be his partner, is preparing to dance.*—(*Drums beat to arms.*)

*Flo.* Ha! what do I hear!

[*Sir OWEN and MATILDA's KNIGHTS approach him.*]

*Sir Owen.* Sir—you are my prisoner.

*Flo.* Sir!

*Sir Owen.* You.

*Flo.* What treason is this?

## CHORUS of CAVALIERS.

*Vain defiance, strive no more,  
Yield our King—our chief restors;  
Vain resistance—fate's decrees  
Sets imprison'd Richard free.*

FLORESTAN.

*Threats he fears not who is just  
To his honour, to his trust.*

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE II.

*Changes, and represents the Castle assaulted by MATILDA's troops—BLONDEL and Sir OWEN encouraging them—the garrison receives a reinforcement, and repels the attack with advantage—BLONDEL then puts himself at the head of the pioneers, and leads them to the attack—the assault continues—RICHARD appears on the Fortress without arms, endeavouring to free himself from three armed Soldiers—at this moment the wall falls with great noise—BLONDEL mounts the breach—runs to the King, wounds one of the Guards, and snatches his sword—the King seizes it—they put the rest of the soldiers to flight.—BLONDEL then throws himself at RICHARD's feet, who embraces him—at this moment is heard a loud and animating flourish of all the instruments, with the grand Chorus of Long live the King!—The besiegers then display the colours of MATILDA, who appears followed by attendants, the SENESCHAL and all the rest of the people—She sees RICHARD at liberty and led by BLONDEL, flies towards him and sinks in his arms.—FLORESTAN is then conducted to the King by the SENESCHAL and Sir OWEN—RICHARD returns him his sword.*

[*The whole of this action passes during the march which commences immediately after the flourish and Chorus of "Long live the King."*]

*Rich.* Oh love! oh gratitude! you impede and not inspire my efforts to express the fond transports which swell here—Neglected by my subjects, forsaken by the thankless world.—When sorrow had beat down my heart's defence--courageous hope! —But oh! Matilda!—what can I say to thee, my soul's beloved! my deliverance! my reward! (*Embraces her.*) (*To Sir Owen, &c.*) I have more thanks to pay. My heart feels all it owes. And when to my native England I return, so may I prosper in my subjects love, as I cherish in the memory of my sufferings here—a lesson to improve my reign—compassion should be a monarch's nature—I have learn'd what 'tis to need it—the poorest peasant in my land, when misery presses, in his *King* shall find a friend.

## F I N A L E.

*Oh! blest event!—Oh! glorious hour!*

*Liberty and love we sing;*

*Oh! may they with resistless pow'r,*

*Protect the blessings which they bring.*

MATILDA—(*to Laurette and Florestan.*)

*Tho' Florestan you've been just*

*To your honour, to your trust,*

*Nothing will your truth avail,*

*Guilt with tyrants is to fail.*

*A worthier fortune you may prove,*

*Yield to us, Laurette, and love.*

*Faithful lovers banish fear,*

*Our delight, our triumph share.*

} joining their hands,  
} Sir Owen assisting.

## CHORUS.

*Faithful lovers, &c. &c.*

## T R I O.

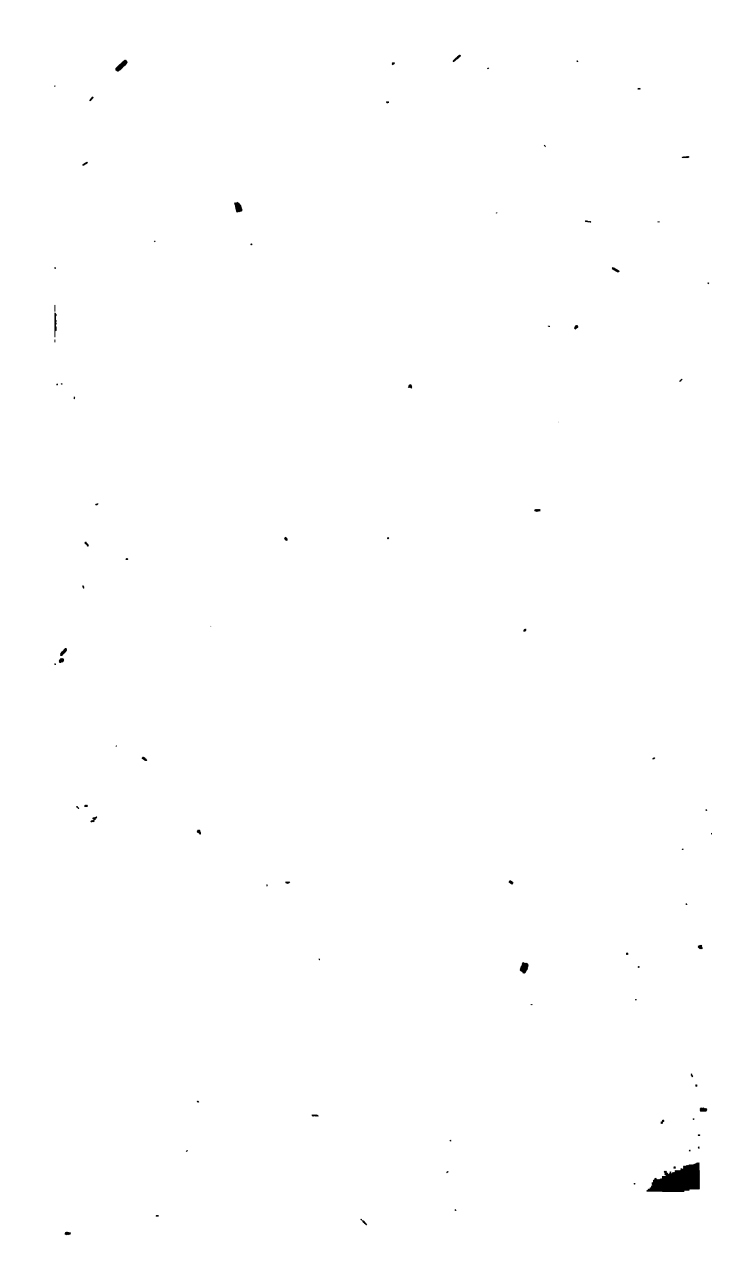
MATILDA, LAURETTE, and BLONDEL.

*No more shall doubt or sorrow  
Disturb my anxious breast,  
The sun that gilds to-morrow,  
At length beholds me blest.*

## CHORUS.

*Oh! blest event!—Oh! glorious hour!  
Liberty and love we sing;  
Oh! may they with resistless power,  
Protect the blessings which they bring!*

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[REDACTED]

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